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11 Jan. 1892.

THE

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## A MAGAZINE

OF

## LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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# MARITIME MONTHLY.

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## ARCTIC AND WESTERN PLANTS IN CONTINENTAL ACADIA.

### HOW THEY CAME HERE, AND WHY THEY REMAIN.

[Read before the Natural History Society of New Brunswick, 13th April, 1869.]

[Abridged from the Canadian Naturalist.]

BY G. F. MATTHEW.

TO the botanist this portion of the American continent presents an inviting field for research; for although one cannot expect to find new species in a region the greater part of which, when viewed from a geological standpoint, has but recently emerged from the ocean, and has therefore received its *flora* from countries older and better known; yet the many peculiarities which may be observed in the distribution of plants in Acadia, form of themselves a subject in the study of which leisure hours may be profitably spent.

From the correspondence of natural features in Maine and New Brunswick, and from their situation, being alike exposed to the same variations of temperature, we would naturally expect to find no very marked differences between the floras of the two countries. This, indeed, is in a great measure the case, if we look upon Maine as a whole; but if we separate from it that portion of the State northward of the mountains which crosses its centre, and eastward of the Penobscot River, a palpable difference in the vegetation of the section north and south of this divisional line is apparent.

The northern section, with the adjoining province of New Brunswick may be designated *Continental Acadia.* Apparently merging into New England on the south—for there is no conspicuous natural barrier between the two countries—it is, nevertheless, as regards the indigenous plants which grow within its borders, closely allied to the neighboring province of Quebec, although a mountain range intervenes. This portion of Acadia contains four principal districts, viz.: an *upper plain* or *plateau* varying from about 200 to 500 feet above the sea, watered by the Upper St. John and its tributaries, the northern affluents of the Penobscot and the River Restigouche. A triangular plain expands from a point within a few miles of the Maine boundary to a width of 150 miles or more, where it passes beneath the waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. This *lower plain* rarely rises more than 300 feet above the sea. Between the upper and lower plain lies a broken country rising into a knot of *high hills* in northern New Brunswick, and lastly, there is a series of parallel ridges in the south, forming a *hill-country* of less altitude than the last, lying along the north shore of the Bay of Fundy. About two-thirds of Continental Acadia is drained by the River St. John, which breaks from the level of the upper plains at the Grand Falls; and descending through several rapids and quick-waters, reaches tide-level at the western border of the lower plain, whence its course to the sea (distant ninety miles) is comparatively sluggish.

The rest of the Maritime Provinces of Canada, consisting of Nova Scotia and the twin islands of Prince Edward and Cape Breton, may be comprised under the term Insular Acadia.

Before describing in detail the peculiar groupings of species in the continental part of Acadia, it may not be amiss to mention a few of the agencies which have given rise to the diversified forms of vegetation now existing on the earth; and then to add some remarks upon their peculiar manifestation in that part of America to which these observations more particularly relate, and to show their influence upon the range of plants within it.

Of these agents perhaps the most important is *Variation of Temperature.* It is well known that there are two directions in which this variation occurs, one on going north or south from the Equator, and the other in ascending from the level of the ocean to the tops of mountains. In both of these the temperature becomes lower in proportion to the elevation in the one case, or to

the distance from the equatorial circle in the other. This decrease in temperature exerts so great an influence over plants that few species are found to be common to places widely differing either in latitude or altitude.

*Soil* is another influential agent in the limitation of species and the modification of individuals; some plants being peculiarly adapted to certain kinds of soil, and rarely found growing in any other, while others, although they may exist, present a puny and sickly appearance when found growing in soils not adapted in texture and composition to their nature.

*Moisture* also is of the utmost importance to the well-being of all cellular bodies, as well vegetable as animal; and is in fact so much a necessity that when deprived of it they cease to live. These three agencies are those which have played the most important part in diversifying the vegetation of the globe; but two of them, viz.: temperature and moisture, present themselves under a somewhat peculiar aspect in Acadia.

In its relation to the ocean, this region differs from all New England and Canada; and while holding an intermediate place between the two, is open to climatic influences peculiar to itself.

The renovation of the ocean by the interchange of waters throughout its vast expanse, is affected through the medium of ocean currents, flowing alternately to and from the poles. Such of these "ocean rivers" in the northern hemisphere as flow northward, are continually thrown further and further east as they approach the arctic circle, by the retarded rotation of the earth from west to east; while such as run southward are thrown to the west. Hence, while Europe is bathed in the warm waters of the Gulf stream, running in a long arc northward across the Atlantic, the polar current, having a westerly momentum, clings to the American coast, and Acadia not only shares the cool climate prevalent along this seaboard, but owing to its semi-insular position, has its temperature still further lowered. This is strikingly evident when the climate of St. John is compared with that of cities in Europe—such as Bordeaux, Turin and Venice,—under the same parallel of latitude. The principal cause of this difference of temperature is the fact that here we have on the north-east a refrigerator in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, traversed as it is by a branch of the polar current, which, entering at the Straits of Belleisle, sweeps around the shores of the Lower Provinces and

finds an outlet in the Gut of Canso and further east. We have also a cool vapor bath in the sea fogs, which in summer bathe our south-eastern shores, and whose influence on vegetation will be noticed in the sequel. Thus it may be seen that within the limits of these Maritime Provinces there are variations of temperature, which mere extent of surface or elevation of land will not account for, but which are mainly dependent on ocean currents and their concomitants.

Not only the coldness, however, but the humidity of the atmosphere in many parts of Acadia, exercises a powerful influence upon its flora.

It is a well-known fact that the land and sea breezes which alternately fan districts bordering the sea in inter-tropical regions, result from the periodical heating and cooling to which such lands are subject every twenty-four hours. Analogous to this is the prevalence of certain sets of wind on the coast of large areas of land in temperate latitudes, during the summer, and of others during the winter months.

Mr. G. Murdock, in a paper on the Meteorology of St. John, read before this Society in 1863, pointed to this phenomenon as exhibited in the vicinity of this city, in the following words: "In the wind columns, it is observed that the increase and duration of southerly weather follows very nearly that of the temperature. July is the month of *maximum* southerly weather, and December of *minimum*. From July to December, there is a constant diminution, and from this latter month to July again a steady increase." Of these southerly winds, the south-west is by far the most frequent, and, if continuous, sooner or later brings upon the southern coast of Acadia those fogs for which St. John is notorious.

During each of the two hottest months of the year, St. John is enveloped for nearly a week in constant fog; and this misty curtain, by its presence, not only excludes the direct rays of the sun, but by its coolness lowers perceptibly our summer temperature.

During the months of July and August there is also a large rainfall, and if we add to the rainy and foggy days those which are cloudy, but nineteen days out of the two mid-summer months remain during which the sun shines upon us in unclouded splendor.

If we give due weight to these sources of humidity and cold, and consider, also, that our position on the sea-side is an additional cause of a diminished temperature, we need feel no surprise at the

sub-arctic summers which prevail at St. John, nor at the sub-arctic type of vegetation which flourishes around us. It is well known that humidity, in its influence over the distribution of Arctic plants, in a limited degree represents cold. But when a climate is both cool and moist, as ours is, it presents a double attraction to these little northern adventurers.

Having seen what a chilling effect these south-west winds, with their accompanying fog and rain, have at the coast, let us now follow the same breezes into the interior.

As soon as the fogs pass the coast, they are rapidly absorbed by the atmosphere (expanded by warmth radiated from the heated earth), and may be traced in their progress inland, in the long banks of cumuli-clouds which hang over the southern hills; and are finally dissipated entirely in the onward progress of the southerly winds, which now possess nearly the original warmth and most of the moisture that they had when first they began their journey from the Gulf Stream. Now pre-eminently invigorating and refreshing, these winds course onward toward the shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, stimulating the growth of many species of plants, which cannot abide their chilling influences at the coast. As may be inferred, they bear a very different reputation along the Gulf from that which attaches to them with us. In spring and early summer they blow down the valleys of the Miramichi, and other streams debouching on that coast, as warm breezes, prevalent during the night and morning, giving a great stimulus to vegetation; but in the evening they are pushed back, or forced upward by a strong, cold wind from the Gulf, but lately relieved from its wide fields of floe-ice. The latter (N. E. winds) often blow with much violence about four or five o'clock in the afternoon, and such is their chilling influence that flowers which have been in bloom in Fredericton for a fortnight are (about 1st June) only opening their petals on the Miramichi. There is nearly the same difference between St. John and Fredericton at this period, although the first flowers of spring, such as the Mayflower (*Epigæa repens*) usually opens with us a little in advance of their time of flowering at the capital. The advent of spring is undoubtedly first felt at St. John, but the increase of fog and chilly winds in the month of May checks the growth of plants with us, while the very same winds give an increased impetus to their growth and expansion in the interior, where, at the 1st of June, vegetation,

in its summer development, is a fortnight in advance of the coast, and subsequently much more.

The valley of Cornwallis, in Nova Scotia, has a summer mean of sixty-five degrees, and it is probable that a large area in the interior of Continental Acadia will be found to have, at that period, a temperature equally high. At Fredericton "ninety degrees in the shade" is not rare, and at Woodstock the mercury is said to rise to one hundred degrees Fahrenheit.

As there is no systematic register of the heat of this region accessible, it is necessaay to bear in mind the prevalence of the south-west winds in summer time, in order to judge of the diverse influences which this important agent exercises over the growth of plants in the interior as compared with its effect upon the vegetation of the coast.

Of *soils*, Continental Acadia possesses a great variety, which have a proportionate influence with the causes already noted upon the range of plants within its borders.

The Highlands, both north and south, being mainly made up of metamorphic rocks, which are comparatively impervious to water, the drainage of the soil upon them is thereby much impeded. Hence, it happens that, notwithstanding the hilliness of these districts, there are, especially in the southern hills, numerous peat-bogs, interspersed with bare rocky tracts known as "barrens." These barrens extend for many miles along the coast of the Bay of Fundy, where granite and hard metamorphic rocks prevail, and where the natural drainage is imperfect, and the soil scanty and unproductive. The drier portions are covered with a profusion of ericaceous shrubs, etc., such as blue-berries (*Vaccinium Pennsylvanicum*), Labrador Tea (*Ledum latifolium*), Leather Leaf (*Cassandra calyculata*), Sheep Laurel (*Kalmia augustifolia*), *Rhodora Canadensis*, etc. In the swamps, and on mossy slopes, knee-deep with sphagnum, grow the Sweet Gale (*Myrica Gale*), Marsh Rosemary (*Andromeda polifolia*), Cranberries (*Vaccinium oxycoccus*), etc. The larger depressions are occupied by peat bogs, or lakes and ponds, with which such tracts are often studded. There is a striking resemblance in the aspect of these barrens, dotted as they are with numerous little sheets of water, and interspersed with belts and clumps of evergreen trees, to the open tracts in Newfoundland, and to the region occupied by Laurentian rocks in the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario.

The arable lands along this coast are chiefly clay flats, usually covered with terraced beds of sand. The soil on the ridges is mostly gravelly, and here the forest growth is of Black and Yellow Birch (*Betula lenta et excelsa*). Beech, Maple, and other forest trees of the interior are seldom or never seen. Beneath the shade of the evergreen growth on the clay flats we find the Twayblade (*Listera cordata*), the Mitrewort (*Mitella nuda*), the Rattlesnake plaintain (*Goodyera repens*), the Dwarf orchis (*Platanthera obtusata*), the one-flowered Pyrola (*Moneses uniflora*), and other shade-loving plants.

We have seen that the prevalence of a moist climate and impervious soil, coupled with a low temperature, give rise to thick evergreen forests, peat-bogs and swamps saturated with moisture; and while producing, even during clear weather, great radiation of heat and moisture, these causes have contributed to encourage the growth of such northern plants as those above mentioned on the maritime slopes of our southern hills.

On the declension of this hill-country toward the plains of the interior, however, another set of agencies comes into play. It has been already intimated that the summer skies of the central districts are clearer than those of the coast, and the precipitation of moisture less profuse. In the valleys, among the more northerly ranges of the southern hills, much of the soil is loamy, and naturally well drained, as well as fertile. These rich loams are co-extensive with the Lower Carboniferous and Middle Devonian formations in New Brunswick. They border the Lower Plain throughout, fill the valleys of the Kennebeccasis and Petitcodiac Rivers, form islands on it along its north-west side, and re-appear in the valley of the Tobique among the northern hills. The fertility of other loams, such as those of the interval lands on the St. John river, and the upland tracts around Houlton and Woodstock (where the slates are of the Upper Silurian formation) on the Upper Plain, is evidenced by the growth of such species of plants as the Dwarf Ginseng or Ground Nut (*Aralia trifolia*), Closed Gentian (*Gentiani Andrewsii*), Showy Orchis (*Orchis spectabilis*), Bass Wood (*Tilia Americana*), *Desmodium Canadense*, the two Osmorrhizas, Wild Ginger (*Asarum Canadense*), and Butternut (*Juglans cinerea.*)

It is on these lands in going north from the coast that we meet with a new group of species which range thence up the St. John

river and its tributaries into Northern Maine. The influence of natural drainage of soils upon the distribution of species in the neighboring Province of Canada, has been observed by Professor Macoun, of Belleville, in some remarks drawing attention to the occurrence of certain western species on the dry gravel ridges in that neighborhood; and the presence of continental forms in certain parts of the interior of Acadia, such as the valleys of Kings County, in the southern hills, the dry terraced lands of the St. John river and its tributaries, and the rich calcareous districts in the south-west part of the upper plain, are but manifestations of the same law of distribution, lands thoroughly drained being in a condition to absorb and retain more heat than those which are wet. Were it not for the depressed position of a portion of the lower plain, along the base of the southern hills, which is little above sea-level, and the imperfect drainage which results from the flatness of this region, there would be a more decided exhibition of western species in the southern countries than we now find.

With these preliminary remarks upon the conditions of soil, temperature and moisture which attend the growth of vegetation in New Brunswick, let us turn to the plants themselves.

As foreign to the subject in hand, we at once pass by such plants as have had an *eastern* origin, and have come to Acadia in the train of European immigration. Nor will we dwell upon the characteristics of the New England *flora*, which forms the basis of vegetation in these Provinces, and of which, perhaps, three-fourths of any collection of species made in New Brunswick will consist. A knowledge of these plants may be readily had from the works on the Eastern and Middle States, and from the abundance of examples around us. So we confine ourselves to such forms as to a New England botanist would appear stragglers and waifs from distant lands. Among these may be recognized three principal groups, viz.:

I. Arctic and Sub-Arctic.
II. Boreal.
III. Continental.

I. *Arctic and Sub-Arctic (or Alpine and Sub-Alpine.)*—This type, as being the most ancient flora of the country, and also being found at the sea-level on the parallel of 45° N., half way between the equator and the pole, deserves our first attention.

The species so far as known are the following:

Alsine Grœnlandica (Greenland Sandwort.)
Rubus Chamæmorus (Cloud-berry or Baked Apple.)
Solidago virga-aurea (Mountain Golden Rod.)
Solidago thyrsoidea (Thyrsoid Golden Rod.)
Senecio pseudo-arnica.
Calluna vulgaris (Common Heather)
Vaccinium Vitis-Idea (Cow-berry or Hill Cranberry.)
Euphrasia officinalis (Eyebright.)
Carex capillaris.
Asplenium viride (Green Spleenwort.)

Of these species *Senecio pseudo-arnica* occurs at Grand Manan, and the Mountain Sandwort (*Alsine* or *Stellaria Grœnlandica*,) is found at the sea level on the coast of Eastern Maine. The common Scotch Heather (*Calluna vulgaris*), has been found near Halifax, and is more abundant at Cape Breton and Newfoundland. It was accredited to New Brunswick years ago by Loudon, but on whose authority is not known. Professor Bailey noticed the Bog Bilberry (*Vaccinium uliginosum*) and the Cow-berry (*Vaccinium Vitis-Idea*,) growing on Bald Mountain, the culminating point of the Northern Highlands, but does not seem to have met with any other representatives of this type at the North. We may, perhaps, except the mountain Cinquefoil (*Potentilla tridentata*,) gathered on the Tobique River, but which, although commonly considered Sub-Alpine, has such a range in Acadia as to show that it may, perhaps, with more propriety, be looked upon as a Boreal form. These, and the remaining species of the list, not noticed above, find a congenial climate at St. John. One very obvious cause of their presence here, as already observed, with regard to other species, is the abundance of cool sea fogs in summer time, and consequent low temperature and moist atmosphere. The more thoroughly Arctic species, such as the Cloud-berry (*Rubus Chamœmorus*) and the Crow-berry (*Empetrum nigrum*) show a partiality for the peat-bogs, so common in our "Barrens," where they grow in company with the Bastard Toad Flax (*Comandra livida*,) and other high northern forms.

The Sub-Arctic species of our list, have been mostly gathered on the cliffs and terraced banks, bordering the Bay of Fundy. Of these, the Eyebright (*Euphrasia officinalis*,) and the Thyrsoid Golden Rod (*Solidago thyrsoidea*) abound. The first of them

has also been met with at Dalhousie, on the Bay of Chaleur. The Mountain Cinquefoil has an extensive range throughout Acadia, having been seen near Mount Katahdin, on the Lower Tobique, at several points around the Bay of Fundy and on the coast of Maine. It even flourishes at Windsor, Nova Scotia, where the mean summer temperature cannot be far from sixty-five degrees Fahrenheit. The Green Spleenwort (*Asplenium viride*) a rare native of Newfoundland, Gaspé, Labrador and the Rocky Mountains, grows on the sea cliffs near this city, in company with *Carex canescens* var. *vitilis*, *Cinna arundincea* var. *pendula*, *etc.* I may add that the Cow-berry (*Vaccinium Vitis-Idea*) which goes by the name of Hill Cranberry with us, is not only quite common near the coast of the Bay of Fundy, but has also been met with at Richibucto.

The comparison of the position of this little group of Arctic forms, with that of a similar assemblage of Alpine plants on the White Mountains of New Hampshire, is one of great interest, when it is considered that the Acadian Sub-Arctic flora grows at the sea-level. Let us then look at the vertical range of some of the plants above named on those eminences, the highest peaks of North Eastern America.

Dr. Dawson gives 5,000 feet above the sea as the upper limit of evergreens in the White Mountains. Here firs cease to grow, and the mountain side is covered with small shrubs and herbs. On the Plateau between Mounts Washington and Munroe, at a height of 5,000 feet, the Arctic flora is in full possession, and extends thence to the summit. If we note the range of such of our own Arctic and Sub-Arctic species as grow there, we find that they come no lower down the mountain side than to points varying from 4,500 to 3,500 feet above the sea. It is supposed that the principal masses of rain clouds hang at a height of from half a mile to one mile above the earth, in regions near the sea level, encircling the mountain tops with their vapory masses; and the clouds clustering at such a height around Mount Washington, would wrap those little Alpine plants which grow towards the top of the mountain in those thick mists in which they delight. Need we wonder then that such lowly forms should find a congenial home on the cool mist-covered hills of the Acadian sea-coast.

By its cool summer temperature, its humid climate, and conse-

quently its vegetation, St. John, when compared with these New England mountains, may be looked upon from a botanical point of view, as standing upon an eminence nearly 4,000 feet high; for it is at this height on the White Mountains that evergreens cease and Alpine plants take their place. Fancying ourselves standing upon this elevation, and looking around us through the medium of Mr. Murdock's observations, and those of Acadian botanists, we see across "the Bay," and beyond the fertile valley of Annapolis, the hills of Nova Scotia, rising ridge upon ridge to a mountain range equal in height to our own, and our sister city of Halifax on its crest; for she has more fog and rain than we have. Around her grow the Scotch heather, the Mountain Cinquefoil, and other Alpine forms enumerated in the preceding list.

Immediately north of us, but, as regards its flora, about 1,000 feet below, is the elevated plain of the Kennebeccasis Bay, beyond which we may look down another 1,000 feet into the sunny valley of Kings County, while, to the south-west our imaginary mountain top connects, by scattered peaks rising through the fogs of the Bay of Fundy, with a similar elevation in eastern Maine, whence it declines, and finally sinks beneath the waters of the Atlantic.

Our second group consists of plants which, on account of the regions in which they grow, may be denominated a Boreal or High-Northern type of vegetation. The individuals of this group may be seen mingling with the Arctic forms on the sea-coast of Acadia, but also extends over extensive areas where the latter group is not found. Of this boreal character there are about sixty species, which range north-westwardly through Northern Maine, the Province of Quebec and the Hudson's Bay territories to the Rocky Mountains.

So little is known of the flora of the northern counties of New Brunswick, with the single exception of Kent, that we know of the occurrence of but a limited number of these species on the streams flowing to the Gulf, but nevertheless feel satisfied that the majority of them will yet be gathered there. *Anemone multifida* have been met with on the Restigouche, and *Shepherdia Canadensis* at Grand Falls, on the St. John river. The last named species has also been gathered near Dalhousie. Mr. Fowler has collected in the Gulf Counties the sour Blueberry (*Vaccinium Canadense*) and the sweet Coltsfoot, *Nardosmia palmata* (common) the rare *Juncus Stygius*, *Carex lenticularis*, *Cinna*

*arundincea* var. *pendula*, *Triticum caninum*, and *Elymus Mollis*. Professor Bailey observed the Wild Chive (*Allium Schœnoprasum*) during his descent of the Nepissiquit.

Some of these, as well as the remaining species of this group (except about half a dozen species still known only on the Upper St. John) have been gathered in the southern highlands.

Near the outlet of the St. John river is a sheet of water known as the Kennebeccasis Bay, which is as deep as Behring's Straits, and deeper than the Straits of Dover. This basin is bordered by mural cliffs, bold hills from four hundred to six hundred feet high, rising from the water's edge at some points, in and by sawmills, factories, shipyards, broad cultivated fields and scattered villages at others where the shores are lower. Hither the citizens of St. John resort in summer, not to avoid the heat, but to escape the fog.

In this basin the spring floods of the St. John river, unable to find free egress to the ocean, are pent up until the middle of June, exerting their chilling influence on the surrounding air. Even in midsummer should a bather more venturesome than his fellows swim out of the shallow coves which line the shore, he will soon find his limbs stiffened by the refrigerating power of these profound waters.

As there are here the conditions favorable to the growth of northern forms of vegetation, it will not excite surprise that the boreal type of Northern Acadia should re-appear around this Bay. Its shores have as yet received only an occasional summer glance from the botanist, and therefore the discovery of many more northern forms will probably reward the search of a diligent explorer. Among the species thus far recognized, I may instance a stone-crop or live-for-ever (*Sedum Rhodiola*), a Saxifrage (*Saxifrage Aizoon*), and the fern *Woodsia hyperborea R. Br.*, as common on the perpendicular cliffs near Rothesay. The first-named species was gathered many years ago on Cape Blomiden, N. S., by the late Dr. Robb, and, strange to say, has recently been found on the cliffs of Delaware River, Pennsylvania. On the rocky ledges and gravelly beaches around Kennebeccasis Bay flourish the American primrose (*Primula farinosa*) in great abundance; the Wild Chive (*Allium Schœnoprasum*), a small *Aster graminifolius*, and Hooker's *Nabalus racemosus*. The Northern Green Orchis (*Habenaria hyperborea*) is also sparingly

met with. But the most conspicuous plant is the Northern Scrub or Princis Pine (*Pinus Banksiana*) which here attains gigantic dimensions, one individual noticed rising to the height of more than forty-five feet, with a girt of six and a half feet. This tree, in its elm-like habit of growth, is in striking contrast with all the other evergreens around. At the end of May the numerous pyramidal erect spikes of flowers give it the aspect of a chandelier studded with yellow wax-lights. In Acadia it has an extensive range, for it is not only abundant throughout the Gulf districts, whence it spreads over to Grand Lake and the Petitcodiac river, but Goodale also met with it in Northern Maine, where, however, it is scarce.

Around the shores on the upper part of Kennebeccasis Bay, where the waters are shallow, species of a more southern type grow, such as the Nodding Wake Robin (*Trillium cernuum*), the Yellow Violet (*Viola pubescens*,) and the two Anemones (*A. nemorasa* and *A. Pennsylvanica*.) The shrubby cinquefoil (*Potentilla fruticosa*) also is very abundant.

There are two other positions in which the species of this type are found in Southern New Brunswick. One beneath the cool shade of evergreen trees which cover the abrupt hills between Kennebeccasis Bay and the sea-coast. On the mossy slopes under these trees the sweet Coltsfoot (*Nardosmia palmata*) opens its flowers in early spring; and the Round-leaved Orchis (*Habenaria rotundifolia*) may be found in bloom at a later period. Kalm's Lobelia (*L. Kalmii*) and the spurred gentian (*Halenia deflexa*) intermingled with other sub-Arctic forms, abound in the open pastures. Other species, such as the swamp chickweed (*Stellaria uliginosa*), for which, like *Sedum Rhodiola*, a station in Pennsylvania is known; the large-leaved Geum (*G. macrophyllum*), and the willow-leaved dock (*Rumex salicifolius*), have been found at the sea-side, on the borders of salt marshes, near St. John.

Looking at the known range of this type throughout Acadia, we may fairly suppose that the whole of its northern continental portion (except the Tobique valley and part of the Miramichi) will be characterized by the presence of the foregoing and other boreal forms; and that these may also be looked for around the whole southern bight of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. In Insular Acadia it probably occupies Prince Edward Island, mantles over the hills

of northern Nova Scotia, and in Cape Breton blends with the sub-Arctic flora of the Atlantic coast.

III. *Continental Type.*—In the Interior of Continental Acadia there is a large area overspread by a group of plants of a more southern type than those we have been considering. West of the Alleghanies they range as far south as New York, Ohio, and the south-west part of the Province of Ontario. Many of them, however, cross the Appalachian range, and are found more or less abundantly in west New England. The valley of the Connecticut river generally limits their range eastward.

This group includes many of the species found by Mr. Goodale to characterize the rich lands of the Aroostook valley, which he mentions in his report on the Botany of Northern Maine; but the range of others is such as to exclude them from this eastern fragment of a flora which finds its home west of the Green Mountains of New England. The following are the principal species:

Dicentra Canadensis.
Adlumia cirrhosa.
Nasturtium palustre var. hispidum.
Lathyrus palustrus var. myrtifolius.
Œnothera chrysantha (Evening Primrose.)
Hippuris vulgaris (Marsetail.)
Artemisia biennis (Wormwood.)
Blitum captitatum (Strawberry plate.)
Listera convallarioides (Tway blade.)
Carex cylindrica.
Anemone Pennsylvanica (Pennsylvanian Anemone.)
Claytonia Caroliniana (Spring beauty, Mayflower of the Loyalists.)
Conosilenium Canadense.
Aralia quinquefolia (Dwarf ginseng.)
Pogonia verticillata.

Goodale's remarks on the vegetation of the Aroostook country apply well to the valley of the main St. John river from Eel river to the southern hills, and represent with almost equal fidelity the aspect of the western and central part of the Lower Acadian Plain, where the soil is deep and drainage good. In approaching the Gulf this type of vegetation gives place to a collection of species having a more northerly range. In the valleys of the southern highlands, in King's County, it mingles with the New England

flora prevalent to the south-west, of which several species appear to be rare or wanting along that part of the Lower Acadian Plain facing the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

In concluding this division of the subject, it may be added that our present knowledge of Acadian botany would lead us to suppose that the *Continental* type, besides occupying the southern half of the Plateau of Continental Acadia, also spreads throughout the valley of the St. John and its tributaries, to the heart of the Southern hills, and reappears in the valley of the South-west Miramichi. That the *Boreal* type lies around it to the north-east and to the south-east, as far as the outlet of the St. John river. Here it mingles with the few sub-Arctic species which still hold their ground along this coast, and in like manner flourishes in company with these same species on the low points of land jutting into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The *sub-Arctic* species form, as it were, a fringe to the general vegetation of the country skirting the shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Bay of Fundy. The occurrence of an Alpine group in the northern highlands seems as yet scarcely established, since, on the highest of those hills, Professor Bailey met with but one species which could be referred to this type, viz., *Vaccinium uliginosum*. The plants of New England are widely spread throughout Acadia, but appear to be more especially prevalent in the south-western counties. Several species, such as the Blue-bell *(Campanula rotundifolia)*, and Hemlock *(Abies Canadensis)*, are reported by Mr. Fowler as scarce or wanting in many districts along the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the Cedar *(Thuja Occidentalis)* appears to be a rare tree in Nova Scotia, and even entirely wanting in most parts of that Province.

# A PLOT WITHIN A PLOT;

OR,

THE MYSTERIES OF THE DOG'S NOSE.

## CHAPTER IX.

"YE SEE!" said Barney, "It was just this way: I was sittin' mendin' my net on the gunwale av the bit coble that was lying half out from the tide, when I see them come ridin' down wid Mounseer Divvle at the head av' them, an' the minnit I clapped eyes an him, says I, "Here's himself to pay, sure enough, this time anyhow! He's up to some divilment, I know by the looks av' him! Well, who cares? An' if he *be* a roarin' up an' down the arth seekin' whom he may devour, isn't the *say* left, sure? An' with that I gin the boat a shove aff, an' jumped in. Next thing he rides up, rampagin', an' says he:

"'Surrindher, Barney Bralligan! I arrist ye in the Queen's name.'"

"An' fwhat for?" says I.

"For the crime o' murdher," says he.

"I jist dhrapt at the word."

"Come out o' that," roars he, "this minnit, or I'll put a bullet through yez."

Thinks I, "It's betther shootin' than hangin' anyway." So I grips the oar, slid it aisy over the fur side, and gave a hard shove that sent her flying out. An' if I did, sure enough, he blazes away, but as luck 'ud have it, he didn't hit me."

Who's the murdherer now?" says I, givin' another shove. "Isn't it yerself, jist, Misther Divvle, that's the murdherer from the beginnin', as the good word says? An' more nor that, I fling the durty lie back in yer own black troat, where it belangs, for it's well seen ye're the father of lies, and there's Scriptur' for that too!"

Wi' that he rips out a sthring o' Frinch oaths, an' shakes his fist at me, for I was out av' range av his popper. Thin, he turns round an' speaks to the men, an' I saw one start off, full split, to the village beyant."

"That's for another boat, I reckon," says I.

"An' then, I sees him jump fram his harse, an' start for the house 'to sarch it,' I heard him say.

"Pullin' in shore I axes the boys what it wor all about, an'

they ups an' tells me how the Colonel was shot, an' all about yer ride. An' I wor wild wid the grief, an' how at all they'd put it an me. In a minnit or two I sees the Frencher come out again, flourishin' my ould tin cap-box,—ye mind it, Masther Calvert?"

"'There's enough there to hang ye,' says he. Whatever did he mane by it, I dunno, at all, at all?"

Unobservant of the meaning glances interchanged between his three listeners, Barney went on.

"'An' will ye come ashore, or will ye not?' roars he. 'If ye don't, I know a thrick will bring ye!' An' sayin' something to the men, he starts for the cabin again.

"What's he afther?" says I, seein' the boys kind o' hang back.

"'It's to put a turf to the thatch!'" says they.

"I backs in my boat in a hurry, for I heard the schrames o' the wife an' childher. But, first thing I saw, there was the Frinchman racin' out like mad, an' Biddy afther him, wid the ould rusty baggonet that she has stuck on a broom-handle for a poker, an' it red hot. An' atune whiles, she'd kape givin' him the t'other prod behind,—savin' yer presence, an' wint on tratin' him to the nate spaches I was tellin' ye av." And at the recollection of his wife's gallantry, the tears stood in the poor fellow's eyes, as he led off the general laugh that greeted the recital.

"Well done, Biddy!" cried Harvey. "But let us hear the upshot, Barney."

"Well, ye see, Sir," resumed he, "the Frinchman jumps on his harse in a hurry, an' dhraws his pistol and levels it at her, an' even the men round cried 'shame!' whilst I yelled wid the tirror.

"'Hould back, thin, ye ould faggot!' says he, 'or I'll shoot ye.'

"'The Divil thank ye!' says Biddy, noways daunted: 'It's yer thrade, ye murdherin' villain,' and wid that she let's dhrive at the harse, and it rairs an' runs for half a mile afore it 'ud shtop.

"'More power to yer elbow! Mrs. Bralligan,' says the rest ov them, laughin', an' rode away.

"But that minnit I spies a boat comin' round the point, an' I takes to my oars, an' Biddy she schrames the blissins afther me. A tough pull it was I had for my life afore I got into the Dog's Mouth anunder here! But there's none o' them all daur folly me there, for it takes a quick eye an' a sure stroke to tap the wave that'll land ye safe over the grinnin' teeth that 'ud tear yer boat

like a wet rag, if ye gave but wan scrape in the by-goin'. There's few knows the thrick av it like me: an' none knows the road I tuk to get up here but them that's sworn nivir to let mortial know. Mind yez don't let out about that stone slab though."

With this caution Barney concluded his narrative.

"Now Barney," said the American, "I have something to ask you. Everything depends on your answer,—your own innocence and the discovery of the guilty party. You spoke of Delaval's shewing a tin-box."

"Throth did he! An' said that was enough to hang me."

"Just so. Where did he say he found it?"

"In the cabin, sure."

"Was the lid with it?"

"Sartin'! But throth I didn't give a look."

"No. The lid was not with it. The lid was found where the murderer was in hiding, found in the brush behind the boulder by Calvert when he charged up the hill—found and hid at the peril of his own life, because he knew it belonged to his friend. Would you know it?"

And at a sign Calvert drew it from his bosom, and held it out.

Dumb, and pallid as a corpse, with the sweat-drops of agony on his brow, and the grey eyes distended in horror, Barney glared at the damning proof of his guilt.

"That lid was not left there by you, however; neither was the box it fits found in your dwelling. That is all a cunning pretence. Calvert saw a concealed hand fling it to Delaval, as he started on his mission to arrest you. Who got hold of it, and employed it as a blind to throw suspicion on you? That is the question."

"Augh! the murdherin' villains! an' they'd swear away a poor boy's life that-a-way!" ejaculated the bewildered Irishman.

"But, Barney, remember," continued Harvey: "Did you lend the box to any one of late?"

"Sure an' I nivir linds it. The bla'gards has stole it, whoever they were, on purpose to ruinate me!"

"Calvert tells me you had an alarm this morning with some ruffian lurking about."

"Tare-an-ages! an' is it yon *omadhaun* that's in it?"

"Calvert swears it is the very same that tossed the box to Delaval:—he chased, and all but captured the villain. You didn't make out who he was this morning, did you?"

"No; the spalpeen! He ran too fast. I thought for a minnit I had seen the gallows face av him somewheres afore; but I couldn't be sure."

"Describe him, Calvert; perhaps that will help Barney to the clue."

As nearly as he could remember, the young man gave the description, and Barney sat with his hands run through his grizzling hair, and his elbows supported on his knees, trying vainly to fit the sketch to some one or other of his acquaintance whom he judged capable of such a deed.

Suddenly a voice rang out in the gathering darkness:

"Yield! I arrest you in the Queen's name!"

## CHAPTER X.

"WHO goes there?" cried Calvert, leaping up and drawing his revolver, but it was dashed out of his hands before he could see a foe, and a strong gripe withheld him whilst a desperate struggle went on before his eyes.

Barney formed the centre of a tumultuous group. Though his collar was grasped by two powerful men, he was far from considering himself arrested.

First, however, he had commenced parleying. At the words, "I arrest you in the Queen's name," pronounced in both his ears at once by his two captors, he had answered:

"Arrist me, is it? An' what for?"

"No nonsense! You know well enough. You had better come along quietly," was the reply.

"Nivir a ha'porth av me knows what ye mane," said Barney, casting a glance right and left on his two guardians, as if measuring the chances of resistance.

Whilst speaking, his hand had been feeling in his bosom. Suddenly the gleam of a knife was seen, and death would have followed, swift as the thunder-clap follows the lightning flash, if one of his two captors had not seen and anticipated the stroke by seizing the uplifted arm with both hands.

Though foiled in this, he had small thought of yielding, nevertheless. Summoning up all the force that a determined will can lend in a moment of extremity, he broke loose from the double

grasp, and with a bound stood defiantly flourishing his weapon in the midst of his foes. A dozen bludgeons were lifted, and he would doubtless have fallen like a bull under the butcher's cleaver had not a voice cried:

"Alive! Take him alive!"

Feeling they were fighting under the eye of their leader, the police-agents rushed altogether on their prisoner.

For an instant there was a frightful *mêlée*. One man stood fighting in the midst of a dozen; then he fell on one knee; then in the midst of his captors.

The American, by no means an uninterested spectator, now stepped forward, and repeated with emphasis Barney's question:

"On what ground is this man arrested?"

"For the attempted murder of Colonel Ansdell then, if you wish to know," said a voice in the background.

"*Attimpted* murder! It's not *finished* it was thin," broke in the irrepressible Barney. "Sure an' the Colonel is much beholden to yez for lettin' him aff so aisy, Mounseer Divvle. But indade an' indade an' was it the Colonel's silf that sint yez afther me?"

"Of course it was," replied the former voice.

"That's a lie and you know it, Delaval!" shouted Calvert indignantly. "My father is opposed, as you very well know, to any proceedings against this man."

"The son is opposed, at all events, it seems," was the rejoinder.

"Gentlemen, this matter is a grave one," said Harvey, addressing himself for the second time to the intruders. "I oppose myself formally to any further proceedings until a legal warrant be shewn."

"And who are you?" said Delaval, stepping forward.

"I am an American citizen, Sir."

"By name Harvey, and resident for the present at the Queen's Arms' Hotel?"

"Just so."

"Then you, Harvey, confessedly an alien, and by common report styled General of the Fenian organization, stand chargeable with the guilt of inciting to sedition Her Majesty's liege subjects. I myself assume the responsibility of this person's arrest. Gentlemen," said the Frenchman, turning to the *posse* surrounding him, "Gentlemen, do your duty."

"Beware how you lay a finger on me, lightly. The first motion

and I fire," said Harvey, drawing up his lengthy form and steadily covering Delaval with his revolver.

Though the Frenchman's was also levelled, yet, so determined was this new antagonist's aspect, that the former, without lowering his weapon, motioned with his other hand to the men to fall back.

"It is madness to resist," said he, with set teeth.

"I shall no longer resist when satisfied that your proceedings are legal. Produce your warrant for my arrest," rejoined Harvey, still with the fire-arm extended.

"That is not necessary in a case of suspected treason. In such case, by English law a formal warrant may be dispensed with, and is so now. Again I summon you to surrender," said the Frenchman, furiously.

"That stale trick will not avail you here, Sir," said Harvey, calm and contemptuous. "I recognize no British law, even if this were law, as authority in the case of an American citizen. I claim the protection of the nearest United States Consul. So now, touch me at your peril. Meanwhile, with respect to this poor man, Can you shew any warrant against him?"

With a bow, Delaval, now considerably sobered, lowered his weapon, and produced the document in question.

After a careful inspection, "All seems perfectly regular, with one slight exception," said Harvey, handing it back: "The instrument purports to be issued by Colonel Ansdell as magistrate, but only through yourself as claiming to be his acting deputy, and only on the ground of information sworn before *you*. Now who are *you*? And on what ground do you assume to act in his name?"

"That you and your tools will soon discover to your cost," replied the Frenchman, irritated at the last taunting remark.

"I insist upon it. Until you produce your commission, that warrant has no legal value whatever," said Harvey.

Apprehensive that after all his prey might escape him, Delaval broke in roughly:

"We have no time to waste on these refinements, Sir. The man is an all but convicted felon, and with or without warrant, it is the duty of every honest man to make sure that he shall not escape justice. As to yourself, you are simply under detention for the moment, pending investigation. Ample opportunity and all legal means for clearing yourself will be afforded you. Whilst

under surveillance you will not be treated as a prisoner. Comfortable apartments will be provided you at the Hall, and Mademoiselle, your sister, I trust, will not consider it an indignity to be invited to form one of the household until these painful complications be unravelled!" A graceful inclination to the maiden pointed the last part of this speech.

"I shall certainly not leave my brother," was her quiet rejoinder, whilst Harvey simply answered:

"You may use your pleasure, Sir, and take the consequences. I only yield to force. Whilst I do not fear investigation, I reiterate my protest against your whole procedure as illegal."

"You're a precious scoundrel, Delaval," said Calvert, burning with rage at the turn affairs had taken, "to use my father's name as stalking-horse for your rascally doings. But I'll put the Governor up to your tricks, never fear!"

"You will have enough to do, young man, to explain away your own connection with this murderous assassin and his instigators," said Delaval. "If I refrain from clapping the irons on you it is only through respect for your father."

A sudden dash forward and a buffet on the cheek of the insulter marked the youth's resentment.

The Frenchman turned livid, and was aiming a blow at the temple of the unarmed youth, when his wrist was caught in the strong grasp of the sergeant commanding the little troop that had accompanied the constabulary.

"Come, come! Fair play's a jewel!" said the fine fellow. "So long as you have paper to shew for it, all right! But I don't see no warrant for either insulting or using force against this here young chap."

"Never mind. This shall cost you dear!" said Delaval in hissing French, and he turned away with a dark scowl.

"Threatened men live long, my amiable cousin!" retorted Calvert, and forthwith went in search of his beast, which all this while had been contentedly grazing around the old courtyard.

The animal was speedily secured, and being offered by him for the accommodation of the young lady, was by her gratefully accepted.

The youth seized the rein; but ere they left the enclosure they both turned, as by a simultaneous impulse, and cast a long, eager gaze over this, the scene of their first meeting.

The fair moonlight was silvering the old ruins, and sweeping broad shadows from the ivy-mantled walls, and a network of rich tracery from the ornate oriel over the green sward; her shining sickle seemed to have swept up the diffused light of the heavens into one broad swath of glory, which stretched from the silver thread marking the horizon down to where the long Atlantic swell struck against the rocks beneath, with a heavy measured boom like minute guns at sea!

After a long survey of the bewitching scene, the eyes of the youth and the maiden met, and each read in the gaze of the other that this recollection was to be a marked page in the record of their lives' memories, one to be pored over in joy and in sorrow, to be reverently cherished henceforth as the most sacred *souvenir* of their youth.

Candid, pure, trustful, mutually admiring, the blue eyes gazed lovingly into one another's depths, and the pressure of the linked palms tacitly ratified the compact that henceforth, through all coming time, their lives were indissolubly bound up together!

And the silent stars, like attendant spirits, and the still, calm moon, like the eye of the Eternal, served as sole witnesses of the solemn contract. No blush of consciousness, no tremor of passion served to mar the sanctity of that first soul-betrothal, where spirit, meeting spirit, recognised its affinity.

The earthly and the sensual have small space in those ethereal ecstacies that kind Heaven sends the innocent alone!

* * * * * * * * * * * *

A shrill bugle-blast sounding "the boot and saddle" for the troop, loud at first and then re-echoed faint and far from the heights and headlands around, and the clanking of the men's military accoutrements as they wound down the steep causeway, warned the young couple to hasten their departure.

They had passed the old gateway, and the youth, after cautioning the maiden against being flurried at leaping the narrow chasm before them, had flung her the reins, when a shriek of agony and a hubbub of voices raised in alarm, told of some dreadful catastrophe ahead.

One glimpse of a falling figure, with wild face turned up to the sky, and two clasped hands flung aloft that the flash of the moonbeam shewed were manacled, revealed the too probable fate of poor Barney!

By accident (or was it possibly by design?) their hapless friend had tripped his foot, at the instant his guards on either hand had made the spring, and after vainly struggling a moment, had fallen down the black abyss!

Now in all probability he lay a mangled mass in some crevice of the rocks, or had been sucked in by the lashing swirl of the waves that they could hear sobbing and gurgling far below.

A few snap-shots fired by the men as they peered downwards, only brought out into more terrible relief the jagged protuberances that lined the horrid pit of darkness that had just swallowed up a life.

The men were evidently sick of their work. As they, one after another, gave over the hopeless search, their blanched faces, and the sweat-drops starting on their brows, told that conscience accused them of having assisted at a judicial murder.

Poignant regrets, and keen emotions of any sort, in the vulgar mind soon assume the form of anger. And so, as they gathered around their unprincipled leader, many were the threatening glances, and many the muttered curses, momentarily growing louder and deeper, that were levelled at him.

With an air of bravado, Delaval tried to face them down, and drawing forth his purse, flung it among them, saying:

"The fool has saved us the price of a halter. Go and drink confusion to all Fenian rebels and cut-throats."

A general groan of execration greeted the unfeeling speech, and one of the police advanced, crying:

"Don't touch it, boys; it's the price of blood. It's blasted wid Heaven's curse and burnin' wid the fires of hell. Away wid it!" and with a powerful kick he sent the proferred gold flying down the gulf.

So great was the excitement of the men, that had not Delaval prudently retired behind the soldiery, he himself might have shared the same fate.

As it was, a storm of imprecations burst forth against him, and then by ones and twos the constabulary dispersed, leaving the military detachment alone in charge of the captured party.

(To be continued.)

## DOMINION BALLADS—No. 2.

### I.

### ST. EUSTACHE.

"JEAN-BAPTISTE, go not to the war;
What booteth it to such as thee?
No matter what these troubles are,
They 've nought to do with you and me.
You have your little woodland farm
That grows us both of wheat and rye;
You have your axe and strong right arm,
And those you love,—your Jeanne and I.

"Think of the time,—so quick to pass,—
When I, a little maid, like Jeanne,
Oft thought the gayest dancer was
My Jean-Battiste upon the green:
Since then, my friend, this peaceful cot
Hath been my happy home with you,
Where proud I 've been to share your lot,—
Think twice, dear Jean, what is 't you do."

"Mon pere," cried Janette, "do remain,
I 'll be so very kind and good,—
Who would we have to thrash the grain,
And plough our land, and chop the wood,
And go with us to church and fair,
And drive our sleigh when comes the snow?
If bad men fight, what need you care?
O do not from our mother go!"

Jean slowly stepped towards the wall
And took his long, light fusil down,
"Tush! Margôt, tush! 't is honor's call,
And I must muster at the town:
To guard you well and work the farm,
I wish our Jeanne had been a boy;
But tyrants rage, and Frenchmen arm,
And I must go,—I, too, Leroy."

He went; and on the battle ground
For what he fought he knew not well,
Yet fought,—until a bullet found
Its billet, and Jean-Baptiste fell.
His fate each kind heart must deplore,
Unlettered, brave, misguided, rash,
For poor Veuve Margôt mourneth sore
The fight in the mill at St. Eustache.

## II.

## AFTER ST. EUSTACHE.

THE curé in his easy chair
Felt it was time to take his ease,
For past the hour of evening prayer,
A ponderous tome was on his knees,—
Thomas Aquinas,—rather tough
He found the Father's labored strain,
But as—helped by a pinch of snuff—
He caught the tangled clue again
To doctrine of original sin,—
His ancient housekeeper came in.

"Two strangers, travelling o'er the plain,
Are standing at the gate, alone,
Amid the heavy-falling rain,
And tired they seem and woe-begone."
"Admit them straight, Bettine!" said he,
"Heap on the maple billets higher;
On night like this, whoe'er they be,
They 're welcome to my study fire,—
Who would refuse a bed and bone
Must surely have a heart of stone."

Two weary men came dripping in
And gladly took the proferred seat,
For soiled their garments were, and thin
The shoes half worn from off their feet.
When Bettine spread the frugal fare,
Near famished, too, they must have been,

So quick they swept their trenchers bare:
  Then, much improved in look and mien,
They thanked their host in courtly phrase,
And sat and warmed them by the blaze.

The curé was a worthy soul,
  Yet loved a little gossip well;
So to his guests he made parole:
"As you are travellers, can you tell
How go affairs? I fear but ill,—
  Indeed have heard some men below
Are out in arms, and march and drill,
  But Heaven grant it be not so!
Sad, sad to think how wicked men
Can mischief work by tongue and pen!"

"Doctor," said one, "do you relate,—
  I have no heart to tell the tale."
He they called Doctor said: "Too late!
  The soldiers everywhere prevail;
The patriots bravely stood in arms;
  The half are ta'en, the rest are dead;
The troops are ravaging the farms;
  The widowed wives and children fled;—
Too true! and, all that need be said,
The canton is in ashes laid."

"Just Heaven, forgive!" the curé cried,
"Those men who led these people on!
Would that the only one who died
  Were Papineau, that master one,—
A price is on his head even now;
  On him this bloodshed rests alone."
One of the guests, with troubled brow,
  Said gloomily in broken tone,
"You would be less hard if you knew:
I am that Joseph Papineau."

"Unhappy man!"—a gathering tear,
  Bedimmed the curé's honest eye,—
"Be safe with me this night, but hear,
  Even by the mouth of such as I,

The solemn truth: On you the guilt!—
  Heaven save me if I judge you wrong,—
Too much blood is already spilt;
  You suffer and had needs be strong,
So take some rest, whate'er betide,
And e'er day dawns I 'll be your guide."

Next evening fell ere old Bettine
  Saw the good priest come down the way,
Who to her questions said "he'd been
  Engaged in duty all the day."
When once more in his easy chair,
  With good St. Thomas on his knee,
His face wore quite a pleasant air,
  And he would smile benignantly;
For both his guests, as I divine,
Were safe beyond the British line.

HUNTER DUVAR.

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## FACTS IN THE CASE OF THE GREAT MORIARTY ESTATE.

WRITTEN FROM ORIGINAL PAPERS BY THE ESTATE SOLICITOR.

WHEN my too ambitious parents made a solicitor of me, little did they think of the trouble they were entailing on the Hope of the House, or of the steepness and crowded state of the ladder, on the lowest rung of which they so proudly placed me. Visions of a Judgeship floated before their eyes, and the path to the Paradise of the Bench was strewn with bulky briefs, and crowded with importunate clients. How I survived my four years of honest study I hardly know. Perhaps the tobacco that shut out the vision of the money-demanding world, and the whiskey in moderation that moistened the dryness of the statutes, may have been the means of preserving for mankind a life that but for them might have terminated in a fit of the blues; but which is destined, perhaps, if not to add to the lustre of the Bench, at least to give dignity to the place of the crier.

Up to this time the briefs have not been either bulky or numerous, and clients have not, I may add, jostled one another in their struggle to reach my chambers. My friends in other lines of business have passed me on the road, some of them in their carriages, others on swifter feet and with more pushing shoulders. Brown, whose Latin I corrected at school, and whose English themes were mainly of my composition, now revels in the elevating pastime of groceries, lives in a stone house, and pities my professional impecuniosity. Smith has "turned his attention to coals" in a manner that promises him a speedy fortune now that coal stock is rising in the market. I, in the meantime, am wasting years in waiting for clients who do not come, and for a success to which, perhaps, I shall never attain.

But I have not been altogether without clients, as the following veracious history, taken from "original documents now in my possession," will testify.

Deborah Moriarty, *nee* O'Hoolihan, died suddenly on the blank day of the blank month, at Blanktown, in the year of Our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Blank-ty One, intestate.

If that had been all that had happened, this history would never have been written. Deborah would have been dumped into her grave after a hearty and hilarious "wake," and the family solicitor, meaning me, would never have made out of the transaction the sum of seven pounds three and fourpence halfpenny, sterling money of Great Britain, besides collecting the materials for this veracious story. As a matter of fact, the descent of Deborah into the shades caused the rising up of a host of evil spirits. No sooner was her breath out of her body than her "frinds" took possession of the corpse, of the corpse's rooms, and the corpse's general belongings. One female "frind" undertook to "lay out" the poor craythure, and took possession of the poor craythure's clothes. Another bound herself benevolently to look after the "little things," meaning the business affairs of the deceased, who had kept a little shop in a poor quarter of the town. In the process of looking after these "little things," a wonder came to light. First, it was whispered in corners of houses; then it was mooted at corners of streets; then it began to be a regular topic of conversation in the quarter; the utmost excitement, in fine, prevailed over the startling fact that Deborah Moriarty had left a BANK BOOK!!

It was a hundred pounds! It was a thousand pounds!! It was a fortune for all her relations!!! The excitement grew so great that the chief creditor of the deceased, a merchant of standing, stepped in, and the landlord, an Alderman, took out administration. I was retained in the affairs of the "Estate." That Deborah should have had a bank book, and that Deborah should have an "estate," were two such remarkable things that the neighbourhood did not recover from the shock for a month. Every old woman who kept a shop became the object of popular adulation. Several elderly women set up shops instantly. And it was the dream of every little girl in the ward, as she knelt with her hands in the scrubbing tub, that she would be an old woman and keep a shop, and die leaving an estate to perpetuate her memory forever.

As soon as the necessary advertisements appeared, the claims upon the "estate" of Deborah were sent in. For a poor old woman with money in the Bank, it was wonderful how deeply in debt she was. For a poor old woman who had never had the reputation of having money in the Bank, it was wonderful how people had trusted her. For a poor old woman with a rather vixenish temper, it was wonderful what a "power" of nursing she had got. For a poor old woman who had no backing up at all in a financial way, it was wonderful how many people had lent her cash without any acknowledgment.

When we gathered in the bills against Deborah's estate, we found that her baker had a long account against her; that several of her female "frinds" had been retained to nurse her for ever so long at so much per week,—they all swore to it solemnly; that all her nurses had lent her cash in sums of four or five dollars at a time; that she had "promised to pay" her boarders for splitting up kindling wood; and, in fine, that a man who had never been known to do anything o' nights but hang round Deborah's store, had a large bill against her for "helping her in the shop."

But that wasn't all. As soon as it became known that Deborah Moriarty had died intestate, leaving an estate, every Moriarty in the city discovered that he or she was a cousin or half-brother, an uncle or a "frind" who had lent her cash. The rumor spread wider and wider. The Moriartys in this country, with diabolically litigious propensities, communicated with the Moriartys in the old country. The truth of the matter was not, as a matter of course, strictly adhered to; and the fortune that had been left in

America by Deborah Moriarty became the talk of every village in which a single Moriarty resided, and of every city in which the Moriartys had congregated.

Does the reader remember Thackeray's little essay in the Cornhill on "Thorns in the Cushion," and how pathetically he bewailed the postman that brought him so many letters? Well, there were thorns in my legal cushion too. All the Moriartys wrote out to me:

> Brothers, sisters, uncles, cousins,
> Moriartys by the dozens,
> Grave old plodders and gay young friskers,

all poured out their gushing tenderness on the man who was supposed to have the wealth of the "Injies" left by Deborah in his hands for distribution. Some of them had got the story in an awfully twisted shape, and wrote to me for information. Some dropped private little letters full of rascality and flattery, desiring to be preferred in the distribution. Others got up meetings of the tribe; and, like the heirs of Anneke Jans, raised subscriptions, and appointed agents to negotiate the distribution of the great fortune of the defunct Deborah. Sim Moriarty wrote that he was informed that a man named Moriarty had died in our city, leaving a great fortune to his brother, and as he "onct" had a brother whose name was Moriarty, and who went to America, there was no doubt he was the same party that died, and he hoped I would send him the money. Thade Moriarty, Mike Moriarty, Tom Moriarty, Kate and Bridget and Maggie Moriarty all wrote to me, telling me of the relations they had in America, and requesting me to send them the money that had been left to them by the return of the mail. Every post from England brought me a file of letters from pestilent Moriartys. The postman grinned as he staggered playfully (like those facetious Eastern slaves that stagger woefully under the pretended gifts that guests *should* have brought to their masters) coming in with "another" batch of letters from those incendiary Moriartys. My sleep was disturbed by visions of armed factions of Moriartys, with double-barreled, breech-loading shillelahs. My very prayers were distracted by those blasphemous Moriartys; and when I invoked, after a fashion I had learned from a pious grandmother, "Matthew, Mark, Luke and John," to "bless the bed that I lay on," I did so with a hideous desire to grin, for I couldn't help associating even the

blessed saints with those maledictory Moriartys. And to complete my disgust with the case and the family and the estate, an event now occurred which for insolent audacity I have never seen surpassed. Up to this time the chief human characteristics that had been exhibited by the "claimants" of the estate were greed, falsehood, meanness, malice; but at last a fellow bearing the family name appeared with a letter from the deceased Deborah, written freshly on new fashioned paper, though Deborah had been dead now nearly two years, and acknowledging her indebtedness to him, this blackguard Moriarty, in the sum of five hundred pounds or thereabouts. Thus forgery came in to crown the edifice of evil which the estate had reared. At this period we, that is the administrator and myself, concluded to hasten on the settlement of Deborah's "estate" in the Probate Court. An account was submitted, vouchers were examined, and the Judge of Probates approved of our dealings. And in order to give the reader a better idea of the value of this remarkable estate, and of the howl of disappointment there was in all Moriarty-dom, I submit a copy of the circular I addressed to the chief correspondents among that nation at the conclusion of the business:

SIR (or MADAM.)

Your frequent communications on the subject of the Moriarty estate have been neglected till now. I have the honor to inform you that the estate has at length been passed upon; and your share amounts to—nothing. In fact, you will be surprised, perhaps, to learn that the deceased had been for ten years or more a widow; that her family name was O'Hoolihan; and that the proper relations of the deceased have been paid their shares out of the estate, amounting, each share, to the sum of fifteen dollars and forty-seven cents. Hoping that this will be satisfactory to you, I remain, Yours, &c.,

PHILIP FIRMEN, *Solicitor.*

This concluded my dealings with the great estate of the Moriartys. Since that time I have had and seen a good deal of litigation of one kind and another, but never a case that afforded me so fine an opportunity of currying favor with the anti-legal parties who quote scripture against going to law. There is a passage in the Golden Legend, the exact words of which I do not at this moment remember; but which includes the idea that a priest who has passed years in the confessional cannot have any

faith in human virtue. Surely a lawyer's case is as bad. He deals with the bad side of human nature. He comes constantly into contact with meanness and malice, with falsehoods, with deceit, with petty trickery, with forgery, with perjury, with all "the passions that make earth hell;" and often he has to labor for men who are influenced by all evil feelings, and to give them his time and his brains.

All that is bad enough to be sure; but it is worse to have to think, as many do think, that much of all these evils might be prevented by the profession which is afflicted by them. Yet no attempt seems to be made to prevent the evil operation of evil passions. How much malice is encouraged by lawyers! How much meanness is supported by lawyers! How much petty trickery is developed by lawyers! How much forgery is concealed by lawyers! How much perjury (and this is a serious matter, gentlemen) is suborned by lawyers! These are questions that might have a little discussion; and if I can provoke the partial ventilation of the condition of a profession that is socially on the decline, for the chief reason that it is also professionally on the decline, it will be to some purpose that the story of the facts in the case of the Moriarty estate has been told so boldly, but not, it is to be hoped, so uninterestingly, by

PHILIP FIRMEN.

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# PHILIP BLAIR;

OR,

## School Days in the Dominion.

BY E. LAWSON FENERTY, ESQ., HALIFAX, N. S.

### CHAPTER IV.

THE clocks of Winder were solemnly booming out the hour of nine when the volunteers, dusty and travel-stained, passed through on their way to the camping ground situated just outside the town.

Our youthful adventurers, feeling very tired and looking quite as sleepy, trudged along wearily. Phil's opinion in reference to the fun of walking fifteen miles had undergone a very material

change; in fact he had become a willing convert to his companion's view of the matter. But it was, as McLeod said, looking exceedingly disgusted, "after you had lugged a fellow all the way here to find that out."

"Well;" replied Phil philosophically, "we're here, so it's no use to grumble."

"Does your aunt live near here?" asked McLeod anxiously; "I am awful tired."

"So am I, and hungry."

"Well then, let us go. We can go over to the camp to-morrow."

"It's too far," objected Phil. "She lives away across in the other side of the town; besides, it's too late now; I'm going over to the camp. Come on!"

"Look here;" exclaimed McLeod indignantly, abruptly halting before a shop window, the light from which streamed over the two boys, "you have just been cramming me about having relations here;" and he looked steadfastly at Phil. "It's just like you though. I ought to know you by this time; I'll find a place to stay;" and he turned and strode away.

"See here, Cloudy;" said Phil, hastening after him, and laying his hands on his companion's arm, "it's no use having a row here; you can believe me or not, but I won't go there to-night. Come along over to the camp! I'll risk finding a place to sleep; come on;" slipping his hand into his companion's arm.

McLeod suffered himself to be led along, grumbling at being used so shabbily, Phil wisely not replying, fearing another hitch.

They had proceeded this way for some time when, by mere good fortune, they came upon the camping-ground. Having been so intent upon their differences as to have allowed the company to pass completely out of sight, they were hunting for the place from very general directions obtained from a person they had met just on the verge of the town.

"We're all right now;" exclaimed Phil, turning aside to climb a fence that separated the muster-ground from the road. "See the tents, what a slew!"

"Are we all right though;" grunted McLeod, incredulously, as he followed Phil. "I won't be all right till I'm asleep. I wonder where the company is?"

"It's no use to try and find that now," said Phil. "Just look

at the tents; we might hunt all night and then not find it. Let us turn in the first good chance."

"I *would* like to punch your head;" said McLeod suddenly, after they had been walking for some time in silence.

"Would you?" Phil replied grimly.

"Yes I would, for lugging a fellow about."

"Well what did you want to go for first? I wouldn't have thought of it only for you; so stop your growling. Here is a bully place," he continued, stopping before a huge pile of hay that was stacked beside a large tent, which they afterwards discovered to be the commissariat.

McLeod walked around, eyeing it contemptuously. He was not in a mood to be satisfied with anything. "Well," he said at last with a grin, "if that is one of your aunt's beds it's big enough; but I s'pose it will do. Good night Mrs., what's your aunt's name, Phil?" and he bowed very politely to a cow that was tethered a short distance off. "She looks uncommonly like you Phil, or I mean you look like her, only younger."

"O stop your rubbish. I thought you were sleepy." The night was beautifully clear and warm, and the two boys slept in their bed of fragrant new mown hay as quietly and soundly as if at home, their true boyish hearts not having a care to disturb their slumbers.

But while they were sleeping on peacefully there under the stars, it was anything but peace in their homes in Croasdale. Mrs. Blair had not seen Phil since morning; dinner time came and passed and no Philip, but that was not unusual, he might be with his friends; tea time, and not home yet, but still she did not feel alarmed; but as the sun went down and the shadows of night deepened around, she almost unconsciously went to the door for every passing sound, hoping, yet hardly believing it was her boy. The great clock across the way tolled out the hour of nine, when he was always home unless by special permission. Its deep tones struck on her ear like a knell, and involuntarily she shuddered, as she hastened to the door to look anxiously out into the darkness. Oh! she murmured, if Horace would only come; her prayer was answered, as a strong, steady step resounded along the sidewalk, stopped at the gate, and then turned in.

She did not wait for him to come to the door, but met him in the path.

"Well, what is the matter, Sis?" he asked, using the old pet name, as he observed the voice tremble when she spoke.

She told him all her trouble.

"You must not fret about it," he replied, "the boy is safe enough, he has been off somewhere and is late getting back, that is all; trust him for taking care of himself." All this was asserted in a thoroughly confident tone, nevertheless he had doubts, and very serious ones, as to Phil's whereabouts; but he did not allow them to become apparent, or at least did not wish to. "He is so infernally mischievous, hard to say where he has gone," he thought; and unconsciously the thoughts shaped themselves into words.

"What did you say?" she asked eagerly, after he ceased thinking aloud.

"That he would take care of himself."

"No, no, not that, but the last words," and she looked anxiously into his face; they were standing in the hall now under the lamp.

"Did I say anything more?" he asked, looking embarrassed, half suspecting that he had committed himself.

"Yes, yes, you muttered something, but I could not catch the words."

"Oh, it was nothing, at least I can't remember saying anything else."

This was strictly the truth, but only half of it; he was a lawyer and used the article sparingly, on the principle, I presume, that it was too valuable a commodity to use indiscriminately; and then the circumstances justified a "*suppressio veri*," he thought.

But this only half satisfied her, and she looked it. "Alice, go in and sit down or lie down, all this is folly; to allow a few hours absence to upset you," said her brother as he observed a big tear well up beneath the eyelids, and the lips quiver He spoke kindly but firmly, and, opening the sitting room door, led her in.

"There, Grandma," he said cheerfully, "look after this girl, or she will make herself sick about that—scapegrace."

The old lady who was sitting up straight as a rush sewing, raised her eyes. "Not the least necessity for it," she replied, crisply; "Philip can take care of himself anywhere; he is a real little man," (proudly.) "I shall not allow *myself* to fret, even if he is out all night."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Mr. Morel, feeling the contagious influence of the old lady's bright convictions. Mrs. Blair for a time sat

quietly, her brother leaving them to discover if possible any tidings of the runaway.

"Curse that boy," he muttered, as he stepped out into the night, "if any thing has happened it will kill her." This was a strong expression, but she was his only, his pet sister, and when she had needless trouble inflicted on her, it angered him almost beyond endurance.

She sat in her room after all were asleep waiting hour after hour, each adding to the agony of suspense. The little ray of hope still flickered on,— but oh! so dimly,— until a neighbor, more kind than prudent, brought the news that a boat on the river, belonging to her brother, was gone from its moorings, and had been found bottom up on the shore near the bridge; then it went out altogether, and with it the proud hopes she had fondly entertained for his future. The air-castles built, of which he was the hero,— these thoughts and their kindred clustered around her like a panorama of the future that was to have been; and as the night wore on, there she sat, till the grey dawn came flickering between the openings in the curtains, falling upon a face that looked as if time had drawn a veil over all hope, and fixed it there forever. Her heart was too full for utterance; but when Regy came in to receive his morning kiss and ask for his brother, she caught him in her arms and sobbed pitifully. The little fellow turned his wondering blue eyes to his mother's, and with childish instinct tried to comfort her by nestling closer.

Mr. Morel did not come in until nearly eight o'clock, deferring his visit until he had heard something definite to communicate. He had heard about the boat; this looked as bad as it well could. However, a dozen other causes might have brought that about; but he did not for an instant suspect that his sister knew of this circumstance. He was on his way down to the river to verify the rumor, when, by the merest accident, he discovered that his nephew had left town in company with the volunteers the afternoon previous. Without losing any time he at once hastened to his sister's with the good news.

He was shocked beyond measure when he saw the effect of the night's vigil on her face. As he entered alone she looked up sadly.

"Was any one here during the night," he asked, half suspecting the cause of the wan face.

"Yes, Horace," she said in a hopeless tone. "I know I try to hope, but it is very hard."

"You foolish girl," he said, laying his hand tenderly upon her shoulder! "Philip is safe enough; he went away to Winder with the volunteers yesterday afternoon, he and Willie McLeod. A precious pair of scamps! Mrs. McLeod was nearly as bad as yourself, but then he is the only child she has; I sent her word at once. Only heard it about ten minutes ago."

The return to hope almost proved too much for Mrs. Blair's strength; but after the first shock she rapidly recovered something of her former spirits.

"Mr. Corbel was in about an hour since and told me of the accident to the boat."

"Mr. Corbel," growled her brother, "is an old—" here his voice became indistinct, but I am inclined to think his language was strong, very strong, in reference to that old gentleman, who would hardly have felt flattered had he heard all that was said.

When Mr. Morel had recovered his usual voice, he was saying that "some men were old women." Whether this Hibernicism was strictly in accordance with his convictions, or only a metaphor, I will not endeavor to decide, but that he thought that Mr. Corbel was not very wise we may safely infer.

"He only did it out of kindness," returned his sister. "The news you have brought is so cheering, I have not the heart to find fault with him."

"That is all very well; but to think of what you have suffered because people will gossip," returned her brother savagely. "That is something that we cannot expect to enjoy in this world."

Mrs. Blair looked up inquiringly at the last remark, "what is that?"

"The privilege of attending to your own business without the interference of the world. But I must go and dress, and get a bite of breakfast. I want to catch the half-past nine o'clock train,—just an hour," he added, looking at his watch.

"Breakfast will be ready in a few minutes; better wait and get your's with us, or with mother and the children rather, as I must lie down."

"Can't wait; must go to the office a moment before I go; leave me little time enough; good bye; I will send you a telegram when I see him."

Mrs. Blair thoroughly exhausted went to her chamber to get a little sleep if possible.

## CHAPTER V.

THE day broke bright and clear over the encampment at Winder; the white tents that dotted the valley looked like pyramids of snow in the brilliant sunlight; the grass, with beads of dew still glittering on each blade, seemed to have put on its freshest green in honor of the occasion; to the left lay the river, broad and silvery, its placid surface now and then broken into ripples that danced and twinkled like jewels giving back the sunlight from their numberless surfaces, as a gust from the morning breeze swept down the valley.

All along the banks the citizen soldiers were busily intent on their morning ablutions in all variety of costumes, some Adamic in their simplicity. Barely a mile from the camp up the river lay the town with its clean white houses, snug fences, wide streets and spreading trees, showing clear and bold in the pure morning air; while further down the valley nestled a pretty cottage, or trim farm house, looking but half awake as the blue smoke curled lazily upwards from its chimneys in the early morning.

The boys were awakened by the roll of the drum beating the *reveille:* springing from their homely beds, bewildered by the strange sights that surrounded them, it was several moments before they fully comprehended their situation; they soon remembered, however, the occurrences of the previous day.

Phil, with a terrific yawn that threatened to dislocate his jaws, announced his intention to have a dip; McLeod agreeing, they at once proceeded to the river. After a refreshing bath in the clear, cool waters, their inner man protested in terms unmistakable against fasting any longer.

"Let us find Tom Delwyn," suggested McLeod; "he'll get us something to eat. Don't you know what he said, hey?" and he looked at Phil, who was standing gazing vaguely out over the river.

"Say!" he continued, impatiently, "are you coming? I am so precious hungry."

"I'd like to know which way to look in such a place as this," replied Phil.

"Ask that volunteer," said his companion.

Phil did so. "The — Guards," replied the volunteer, "let me think. They are from the other county; you will find them over in

that direction," pointing to a hillock that rose to the left of where they stood. "That is the best I can do for you."

"Thank you; come on Phil;" and McLeod started off; "if we can't find them now," he continued, as Phil came up beside him, "I am off for town to get my breakfast; I have money enough for that and to take me back in the cars,—you can stop at your aunt's, you know," he added, maliciously, quite convinced from his silence on the subject that Phil's aunt was a myth. The latter stopped abruptly and was about replying, but thought better of it, and held on his way in silence.

They had gone some distance, looking carefully among the different groups for the familiar faces of the Guards, but without success; their faces lengthened perceptibly, as it became apparent that they would have to tramp into the town to get something eatable, it being yet too early for the huxters. Just on the point of turning back, they were startled by a tremendous "halloo" behind them; turning, they beheld the good natured phiz of their huge friend of the bâton.

"We're all right now," exclaimed Phil, with a broad smile, and giving his companion a suggestive punch in the ribs.

"That is enough of that," remonstrated McLeod, twisting his shoulders, "that hurt."

"Where did you slip off to last night?" inquired the Drum Major. "Go to your aunt's?" looking at Phil.

"No," exclaimed McLeod, "we stayed out all night; slept in a pile of hay; he," nodding his head towards Phil, "was too bashful to go there. He is awful bashful, is Philip Blair; but then sometimes he forgets how to be bashful,—about once a day. He didn't this time though; but I *am* hungry."

Phil flushed angrily. "Look here Cloudy, stop that chaff; I wouldn't have said I had an aunt here, only you were so cowardly about coming." "He asked me to come first," added Phil, turning to the Major, "and then wanted to back out; I'd like to know which is the worst of the two?"

"Stop that row now," interposed the big friend, good-naturedly, as McLeod was opening his mouth to reply, "or I'll bump both your heads. You want something to eat; if you get that you will be better natured; come with me." And he stalked away, the two boys following obediently, the prospect of a good breakfast proving too much for their belligerent inclination.

They threaded their way among tents innumerable, and past groups of men and officers. Fires were blazing up brightly from the rude fireplaces improvised hastily, the savory odors of cooking meals filling the air.

"Come in boys," said their conductor, stopping before one of the tents that was quite empty.

"Our men breakfasted early," he explained; "some of the fellows wished to have a shot at the plover before parade; I think we will be able to find something eatable. However, if there is nothing left we must get some; you see I am cook to-day; being only an ornament, they wont require my services before Saturday, when the swells and ladies put in an appearance."

The boys looked their thanks, as he placed before them on the rude table (two boards on two barrels) biscuits and butter, cold meat and coffee, with a liberal slice of cold tongue for each from his private stores. They breakfasted as only boys can who are thoroughly hungry.

The Drum Major eyed them quizzically as they sat back after their superhuman efforts, looking as comfortable and contented as two amateur aldermen.

"If you two were as big as I am, and with such appetites, phew!"

"But we haven't had anything to eat since yesterday afternoon until now," replied Phil, flushing, "but if you think—"

"There now," interrupted their host, "don't lose your temper; I am only pleased to think that you did not have to go without longer."

"We were just going to town to buy some," replied Phil in an independent tone,—he had eaten enough to last all day and he did not care a rap,—"wasn't we Cloudy?"

Cloudy, thus appealed to, nodded his head knowingly, "I guess so, got lots of money, besides our aunt."

The huge friend looked amused. "I'll tell you a story, boys, and I want you to listen attentively, as there is a moral. It's only a short one: 'Last winter,—it was the latter part of December,— I was taking a constitutional on the back road. You know where I mean?'"

"I should think so," chorussed the boys.

"Well, as I was tramping along I met half-a-dozen darkies or thereabouts, looking very pinched and miserable indeed; they stopped to tell me their troubles, how hungry they were, and all

that sort of thing. I inquired where they came from. One of the men, a strapping big fellow, whined out very humbly, "From 'de cullud setttlements, sah; God help us.' I gave them a trifle each and went on. A short time since I was on the same road, and again met a lot of darkies. Among them I recognized my big friend of last winter, endeavoring to make himself agreeable to a lady. This time they looked decidedly comfortable—baskets filled with spring vegetables, berries in plenty, and so forth. I stopped them this time and inquired how they were getting along. The big fellow, acting as spokesman, curtly replied: 'I guess we're getting along well enough,' and while he was saying it, looked 'mind your own business.' 'Come along,' he added, looking ferociously at the rest, 'what yer stannen' there for?' Something prompted me and I asked the same question as before, 'Where do you come from?' The big fellow roared out, 'From de plains blast yer,' and then travelled. I pursued my way a wiser man."

Phil looked doubtfully at McLeod as Mr. Delwyn finished the story. He hardly knew whether to get cross or not. McLeod, not quite so thin-skinned, grinned vigorously; the story was an old one and they both understood it perfectly.

"You must not apply it to yourselves or I shall think you deserve it," he said, good-humoredly, as he watched the varying expressions on their faces. "Walt," he continued, turning to one of the volunteers, who was lazily lolling on the grass in the shadow of the tent, "I wish you would get me some water!"

"Can't do it, Bear-skin; foot's too lame. Sandy Wilson has taken my place to-day. He has just gone up for rations," replied Walt, rolling over with a yawn.

"Confound your laziness!" retorted Delwyn. "Lame indeed! I suppose I must go myself."

"I'll go," exclaimed Phil, pricking up his ears and seizing a tin pail that stood near.

"Not with that one though," said Mr. Delwyn smiling. "If you think you can carry it, take this," and he handed him a wooden pail.

"Of course I can, if it ain't too far. Anyway, Cloudy can help me. Which way will I go? To the river?"

"No, no; there is a spring over in that direction," pointing to that part of the field that lay nearest the town. "Do you see that hollow?"

"Yes."

"Well, there."

"All right, come on Cloudy," and the two boys started off.

"Quick youngsters, Tom; who are they? belong to our place?"

"One is McLeod, the hardwareman's son; the other is Horace Morel's nephew, Dr. Blair's son. He was always a wild youngster, but since his father died he has done pretty much as he pleases; defies Morel, who tries to help his sister curb him, and laughs at his mother; as full of mischief as he can be, and obstinate as a little pig, but a better hearted boy after all you will hardly find."

"I suspect your good nature prompted the last sentence," said the other with a smile.

"No, it is really the case."

The boys obtained the water, and had climbed to the top of the hill that rose from the spring with their burden. Great was the puffing and numerous the grunts with which this part of the journey was achieved, but the rest was easy,—down hill you know. They were gazing calmly, from their elevation, out over the pretty scene below them, with that peculiar feeling of satisfaction that a difficulty overcome gives, when Phil was startled from his serenity by the word "cracky," exploded from McLeod's lips with tremendous emphasis.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed Phil hastily, looking alarmed, "anything up?"

"I should think there was," replied McLeod dryly, "look there."

Phil did as directed, and then gave vent to his feelings in a prolonged whistle.

It was the tall figure and familiar hat of his uncle, that induced him to become musical.

"Come on, Cloudy," and Phil caught up the pail.

"It's no use, he has seen you."

"I don't care, I'm going to cut for it; won't I get fits? Come along." Suiting the action to the word, off he started down the hill, water and all.

"Drop the bucket," said McLeod, as Phil started, but he was in too much of a hurry to hear him.

McLeod made off in another direction, while Mr. Morel hurried on after the fugitive nephew.

Phil struggled bravely on down the hill, holding fast to his load; he was just thinking of leaving it behind and making good

his escape, when his foot caught a projection and over he went helpless. The pail upset, and after giving him the full benefit of its contents, rolled away to the foot of the hill.

He regained his feet in time to face his uncle, with very much the appearance of a drowned rat. He was very wet,—which, however, did not matter much as the sun was warm,—and looked exceedingly disgusted with the course of events; but it was the idea of his uncle catching him that troubled him far more than the wetting.

"Well sir, what is the meaning of this? What do you think of yourself?" said his uncle, sternly.

"I'm wet," looking up soberly.

Mr. Morel could hardly forbear a smile; "I can see that plainly, and also that you look anything but respectable."

Phil's looks indicated that the respectability of his appearance troubled him very little. "Pooh," he said, "that's nothing, if you'd seen Charley Moore the day he tumbled into the river, he was in a jolly mess, he—"

"Never mind that," interrupted his uncle, sharply. "Have you any idea of the suffering and anxiety you have caused your mother? You left your home yesterday without thinking or caring about her; she sat up all last night,— passed such hours as I hope I may be spared. How could you be so heartless!"

Phil looked sullenly on the ground when his uncle interrupted him, but his face softened when his mother's name was spoken. Mr. Morel did not notice this, and getting angry at what he conceived to be the boy's want of feeling, broke out, passionately, with "You! it is almost a pity that she should waste her love on such a contemptible object. Ah! if it were not so public I would thrash you now."

Phil's face hardened, and he looked up defiantly.

His uncle continued in a contemptuous tone, "To run away from home and for what? to become a servant for the Volunteers!"

"I am not a servant for any body;" Phil broke forth fiercely, stung by his uncle's taunt, "the Volunteers do it themselves, and they are as good as you, I—"

"Stop sir," said his uncle in a low, deep voice, that warned Phil he was on dangerous ground. "How dare you? Have you no care for your mother, who would willingly give her life for you? Just think of all she has done, and say would you willingly cause her pain?"

The boy's eyes filled with tears; for he loved her dearly. "Oh uncle Horace," he sobbed, "I did not think of it that way; I did not indeed; I thought she would know somehow; I am very sorry, —Poor mother!" he continued, as though speaking to himself, "I didn't think, indeed I didn't."

"There Phil," said Mr. Morel, softened by the boy's evident sorrow, "don't fret now; it is all over and cannot be helped. Only in the future try and think of others, and you will save not only them but yourself many hours of pain. I will telegraph home at once and let them know I have seen you; you can amuse yourself until evening; we will go home in the half-past five o'clock train. Be at the station by quarter-past. Have you any money?"

"A yorker," replied Phil, fishing the solitary coin from the bottom of his pocket and eyeing it lovingly.

His uncle smiled. "Here is a half dollar that will get you your dinner and something in the evening; be sure and be at the station."

Phil's eyes twinkled as he took the money; "catch him spending it, when he could get his dinner with his huge friend," he thought. "I'll be there sir," as his uncle left him.

For some time after his uncle left, Phil stood gazing vacantly before him. The events recorded had made him thoughtful for the moment—running away from home, for that was the name for it; his mother's anxiety, and the search. He was indulging in the brownest of brown studies, when the empty pail at the foot of the hill caught his eye; his disaster and its cause had almost entirely escaped his memory, but the sight of the bucket at once brought to mind his errand.

Hardly knowing what course to pursue, he mechanically made his way down the hill; the remembrance of his uncle's taunt almost determined him to clear out and leave it, his better sense prevailed, however, and, picking it up, he filled and carried it to the tent, where he explained the cause of his detention.

Mr. Morel eyed his nephew quizzically, as he found him patiently sitting in the station at the appointed time.

"You look tired," he said.

"Guess I am," both eyes blinking, "awful."

"Rather sorry you came, eh?"

"No sir-ree; but I'd just as soon be home now."

"So I should judge. Where is your companion?"

"Over at the camp, not going till to-morrow."

"If he was here, I would make him go now."

Phil looked up incredulously; he would like to see another fellow's uncle try that on with him.

Further conversation was impossible, as the down train rumbled into the station; and another half hour served to take the runaway home, where, after sundry admonitions, he received the information that he was to leave home for school at once, and had all night to digest the news.

(To be continued.)

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## THE ROBIN.

My old Welch neighbor over the way
  Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,
Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,
  And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson, playing at marbles, stopped,
  And, cruel in sport as boys will be,
Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped
  From bough to bough in the apple tree.

"Nay!" said the grandmother: "have you not heard,
  My poor, bad boy! of the fiery pit,
And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird
  Carries the water that quenches it?

"He brings cool dew in his little bill,
  And lets it fall on the souls of sin:
You can see the mark on his red breast still
  Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

"My poor Bron rhuddyn! my breast-burned bird,
  Singing so sweetly from limb to limb;
Very dear to the heart of Our Lord
  Is he who pities the lost like him!"

"Amen!" I said to the beautiful myth;
"Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well:
Each good thought is a drop wherewith
To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

"Prayers of love like rain-drops fall,
Tears of pity are cooling dew,
And dear to the heart of Our Lord are all
Who suffer like him in the good they do!"

—*Whittier.*

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## HOW COUSIN GEORGE FELL IN LOVE.

BY BERTIE THORBURN.

### CHAPTER I.

COUSIN GEORGE was an orphan, and I was another! He had lost his father, and I had lost my mother. These facts established a bond of sympathy between us; and, besides, he was tall and handsome, and very fond and very proud I was of him. I thought that the compliment was returned; but ah! we must all live, and learn, and weep in this sad world.

The lonely village in which resided George and his mother, and I and my father, not to mention the other inhabitants, and my auntie Fan, was called Rivermouth, for what reason I know not, as only the very slightest sort of brook flowed thereby; but grand old wooded hills encircled the spot, and many a happy stroll I have taken around their base, in the sweet company of cousin George (but there, I am growing sentimental, and letting salt tears fall into the inkstand, and over the paper.) The people of Rivermouth, without one exception, were respectable but rustic, eminently genteel but innocent and credulous to an alarming degree. This will partly account for the strange events that follow. I must tell you about our society, for perhaps the knowledge of its customs may prove of great advantage to you in after years. Our ways were simple as ourselves. Rich and poor, all ranked the same in our one circle. If the world at large would follow our example, even to the smallest extent, how much envy

and strife, and all uncharitableness might be stamped out, and how much happier some of us would feel! We were not without *dignities* in the village. There were the Judge, the Minister, the Doctor and the Postmaster, not to mention the gentleman that kept the shoe store, which was mostly shut, and he away in the woods picking berries.

The Judge lived in a wooden house, painted brown, in squares, to make believe that it was built of stone. The Minister dwelt in a two-story and pitch-roof house, with bow-windows. The Doctor lived so far away from the road, and was such an inveterate old bachelor, who never gave parties, that it did not signify, except to himself and those whom he *tortured*, what sort of a house he inhabited. When I say tortured, I do not wish to show disrespect to the profession. Our doctor principally extracted teeth, and those who suffered at his hands were oblivious of time and place.

The Postmaster was a widower, poor soul, and lived in the office, which was a sort of small shed, guiltless of paint, with a large porch, which gave it a sinister appearance.

I will not tell you where George and his mother dwelt, and I won't mention the name of the party who resided in the log-house; for I am not bound to tell every one's family history and belongings as some busybodies do. But I will tell you where father and I and auntie Fan were domiciled, because you are dying to know, and I like to gratify a laudable curiosity. Our home was a long, narrow, old-fashioned building very much out of repair, but sunny and cheerful, and covered with hop-vines and creeping things. Virginia creeper and climbing roses struggled fiercely for the possession of the premises, and in the summer months our old house was a regular fairy bower. Roses and hops and the child of Virginia crept and clambered on the roof in a wild mixture, and would have garnished even the old chimney-stack; but it was too warm and burnt their clinging fingers, so they left it in unadorned ugliness. I used to fancy that it stood forlorn and surly, looking down on the sweet masses of leaves and bloom at its foot, as I have seen a soured, disappointed, hungry old man look down on a group of toddling, prattling children. He hated their youth, their mirth, their innocent glee, and yet God alone perhaps knew the bitter loneliness of his heart, the strong craving for the sympathy, comfort and society of just such blossoms as those that gambolled

near him, although he pushed off, with a growl, their baby hands. Around our house spread rich pastures and meadows; on the right was a well-stocked orchard; and on the left, quite near, so that I could have it always in my sight, was a garden. I thought it a grand one, and the hollyhocks and sunflowers were a great comfort to me. It was my very own, and I prided myself on the proprietorship, for there I acquired more freckles and more knowledge of Botany than I did elsewhere, which is not saying much. I knew that the sunflower turned to her god in the west, but it did not scare me. In addition to cultivating the ground, I kept bees, and all the lovely honey that we had at our table was their careful gatherings. I knew how they "dottied," and I also knew how they *stung;* and the wild woods rang with my agony when they swarmed, and flew on me. George put mud on the *stings*, and I forgot the pain as I gazed on his yellow curly head. I must leave the insects, however, and return to the human society of Rivermouth.

It has been said that we were all on an equality in the social scale, and nobody was better than the other one, or more thought of than they should be; and yet it must be added, for the sake of telling the whole truth, that intellectually speaking the Minister's family and the Judge's family ranked above even the highest, and their consciousness of lofty and superior brains gave these dignitaries a sort of wrapped and abstracted air, like the inhabitants of Laputa. They always treated the rest of us as equals, however, so we had no cause for complaint. The doctor and the farmers, and the gentleman that made shoes, and the little lame girl who had the bed-ridden mother, and made her living by doing "coronation work," or "mortification work," or whatever it is called — a sort of elaborate embroidery, well known in rural districts, partly manufactured by pulling all the threads out of a piece of cotton and then sewing them in again,—I was never clever enough to learn how to make it myself,—all these before-mentioned persons, and cousin George and auntie Fan and I, felt quite at home in the Judge's big parlour, and gazed with wondering eyes on his Boston pianoforte, and smelt with equal appreciation the decaying odor of his case of stuffed birds. By the way, where do all the variegated and wonderful deceased songsters come from? It's hardly fair to always blame the Tropics. I was gazing at them admiringly one evening, by the charming and sweet-scented light

ship of the Croppley family. They were amiable, hospitable, and kindness itself. Such people as these are precious as diamonds. The young folks were, if possible, nicer than their parents, and as pretty as it is possible to be when good-looks do not run in the family.

Amoret was my favorite; she was a tall, slight girl, who had cut her wisdom teeth in the very same six weeks that I spent cutting mine, with this difference, that she was the smartest and cut all four teeth, and thought it an excellent joke, whereas I whined and refused my meals, and only ground through two. Here was sympathy indeed! It is needless to say that we became great friends. She even offered, with heroic self-sacrifice, to teach me to perform on the Chickering, and my eyes still fill with tears at the recollection; for she had just conquered the plaintive, but painfully monotonous, wail of the Broom Girl herself. Although affected beyond measure by this proof of her devotion as a friend, I respectfully declined. I already had mastered that difficult musical instrument, the Concertina, and I dreaded fresh instructions, for I thought "too much learning will surely make me mad."

Amoret is a singular name, and it seems to me that country people are fond of giving such names to their children. They are horribly sentimental and awfully poetical in the rural districts; and this is one of the modes in which they pour forth their soul, so to speak. But the result does not, to the city ear, justify the deed, however well meant; for they might just as well call them Antimacassar, Alligator, Caterpillar and Gorilla, as name them Armidilla, Amoret, Amerilla, Evelina and Corilla. What's in a name, though, where friendship is true and hearts are young? Amoret and I loved each other just as fervently as if we had never been christened.

When you are going to divide a short story into chapters you must draw the line somewhere, so, by your leave, I draw the last line here.

## CHAPTER II.

WE were not sitting on the stile, but we were swinging on the gate and chewing gum together, Amoret and I, on a fine summer morning, in loving company. My friend had come across the fields and paid me quite an early visit, and it appeared to me that she had something on her mind; but what it was, who could tell

but she? and she did not seem inclined. She was a girl that thought slowly and spoke heavily. Perhaps you have seen such persons, and have realized that questioning and hurrying only confuses and drives them farther from the subject and the intention of communicating it to you. I knew that she could not be hurried, so I waited patiently; for I am not in the least curious, I am happy to say. After she had swung and chewed a good while, she stared at me for a minute, and then said abruptly, "We are going to have a visitor next week—a widow." So the murder was out at last, and all at once. "Ah!" I said, with a relieved air, and then added interestedly, "perhaps she is musical; how nice that would be!" "O! she will be musical enough," said Amoret, with another stare, "and I don't know why I think so, but I'd rather that she did not come!" "Why, that is strange. You like her, don't you?" "No, I don't," replied my friend. "It is years since she visited us, and then we were children; but I remember well how ugly she called me, and how she slapped me, and said that I was vulgar because I ate bread and molasses, and told how she always drank tea at home with white sugar in it; and she made up fibs and told them to Eva Marshall, who was my friend till then, and afterwards she died of measles and never forgave me, and she never asked me to go and see her body or to 'tend the funeral, and every girl in Rivermouth was there." And here poor Amoret, whose voice was getting more husky at each sentence, put her apron to her eyes and wept at the sad remembrance.

I comforted her as well as I could, and told her "never to mind the ugly old thing." "Oh, no!" sobbed my friend, "she is not ugly or old; she is six months younger than I, and is very beautiful; and now she has lost her husband, and is very sad; and I know that I ought to be glad to see her—but I am not. Oh! no, I am not." And Amoret wept afresh.

I might have wept, too, if I could have foreseen the consequences of this young widow's visit. But alas! I could not peer into futurity. I think our eyes in this respect are mercifully blinded. I thought Amoret foolish to cry about things that had happened so long ago.

I might just as well have shed tears at the recollection of the sad time when a neighbouring child, who was much larger and stronger than I, pounded me and made me eat mud pies at the

tender age of six years. I remember it went terribly against the grain with me then, but I care nothing about it now. I lived to have my revenge, too; for, "after long years," she knocked down one of my hives, when she was trying to climb a tree, and the infuriated insects nearly stung her to death; and I think she wears a "bee in her bonnet" to this day as the sad result. No, I never cherish ill-will. I "let the dead past bury its dead," and more too; so, although I sympathized with, I still wondered at, my friend's sorrow.

After spending a quarter of an hour in affliction, she recovered her spirits, and told me, with another prolonged stare, that they were going to give a party for the widow's benefit soon after her arrival. "Why, I thought that she had just lost her husband and was sad," I said, in surprise. "So she has, but then she is coming to us to be cheered up; besides, people always make parties for strangers, you know, Belle," replied Amoret with another stare. She was the greatest girl to stare that I was ever acquainted with. She did not look at you either impudently or scrutinizingly, but she fastened her eyes on your face in a paralyzing and mesmeric way, as if your head was a magnifying glass through which she viewed a lovely scene beyond. As a starist she was a success. I was accustomed to her ways, but they greatly disconcerted strangers.

"Well, all this time you have never told us how cousin George fell in love, and we thought that that was the sum and substance, plot and incident of your story!" Thus indignantly cries the deluded reader.

Patience! Patience! I was just going to escort Amoret home, and arrange things methodically; but if you won't wait a moment longer, I shall just leave her swinging on the gate, and go on with double speed to the said cousin George. I told you before how proud and fond I was of him, and also that I thought he was proud and fond of me; so I need not repeat it. We had walked and talked and escorted each other to parties, and *he* drove me to picnics and selected me the oftenest as his partner, in the hazy and mazy whirligigs of the "Eights" and "Fours," of our rural and primitive dances. I was, so to speak, allotted to him by the district, along with a piece of burnt land. They guessed that George Morse would soon buy that piece of burnt land that joined his mother's farm, and they also guessed that he would marry that

cousin of his, Belle Barnaby. And their talk often ended in this manner. "They do say, he asked the '*old man*,' two months ago you know."

Of course, like all gossips, they took a great deal for granted; but, although my cousin had never asked the old man at all, we both believed firmly in the popular delusion. You may judge then of my conflicting emotions when George came into my little garden one fine afternoon, and with any amount of confusion of face and stammering of speech, told me that he had fallen in love —and it was not with me. Now this *was* trying, especially to a girl that believed in the *burnt land* theory. While he was speaking, my head buzzed inside as noisily as my own bees. I tried to summon up my courage and look pleased and interested; but alas! my smiles were more like grimaces, and the few words of congratulation and friendly counsel that I tried to say, came from my lips by jerks and were only half intelligible. George never noticed how embarrassed I was, being in the clutches of the rosy god, and consequently very much embarrassed himself; and he stammered on in a confiding way about the grace and accomplishments of his inamorata. Poor fellow, he was far gone! I did not hear his concluding remarks, for my thoughts were confused. It was enough to disarrange the contents of a harder head than mine. To think of his coming to me with his love affairs!

His very last words I comprehended, and they were perfectly exasperating. "I suppose, Belle, you will think it strange that I should come to you and talk about it; but you know you have always been so kind and nice, and we have been such good friends, that I thought I would tell you first." "Thank you; very much obliged, I'm sure," I said with hidden sarcasm. Perhaps my answer sounded coldly to him, for after a moment's silence he bade me good bye, and walked away. I watched him depart; and his bright curly head drew away with it all the sunshine out of my life, and left it as dreary as a rainy day. I turned and went towards the house, but I had almost to grope my way at first, for a thick mist seemed to have enveloped me, and a darkness and shadow settled upon me that has never left me, or lightened till this day. Before I reached the vine-garlanded door, I heard George's clear voice calling "Belle! Belle!" "Grant me patience," I thought; "he is coming back." But I went not, as of old, with springing step to meet him; I only turned and stood in

silence. Back he came with a light tread and an eager face, and eyes like 'forget-me-nots.' "Belle, there is to be another party to-morrow evening at the Judge's; do go like a good girl. I want you to become acquainted with her. I am sure that you and she will be great friends." "Not much," I thought to myself. "And Belle," he continued, still more eagerly, "you will say a good word for me if you have a chance." His voice had sounded as if he were speaking miles away from me; but now he took one of my limp hands in his, and the warm, nervous grasp drew me back to the reality of my own wretchedness. I tore away my fingers, and I could have wailed aloud, but I only said hurriedly, "yes, yes," and ran into the house, and shut the door upon myself and my grief.

Well, of course I ran up stairs to my own little room and had a good cry. It was no joke, you know, although I would have to make the best of it; and when I thought of the wondering River-mouthians and their condolences and perhaps sarcastic remarks, I nearly went mad, never to mention that I liked George, nor the wear and tear to my lacerated heart.

After devoting half an hour to mourning and lamenting, I began to get angry with myself for caring so much, and I regarded my red eyes wrathfully in the glass. "Belle Barnaby, you are the most pitiful kind of a fool!" I said in husky accents. "Do have some kind of pride in yourself. Remember the soldier on the battle-field expecting a cannon-ball, most likely; remember the criminal on the eve of execution; remember your great uncle that was hanged for piracy; remember the house where you were born, and stir up your courage, and *forget* this unnatural cousin who forever has forfeited such an endearing title." But even the touching and bygone episode in the life of my *exalted* and deceased relative did not have an inspiring effect, and I was just going to burst into fresh tears, when I heard my auntie Fan calling me to tea. Now tea is a meal that I dearly love, and I am blessed with a singularly good appetite, as were *Anne of Cleves* and other distinguished people. So I dried my tears as the smell of toast and the fragrant Bohea was wafted up the stairs. Hunger triumphed over the tender passion—for a time, at least. I hastily splashed my face with water, and went down, trying to feel as if my eyes were not red and swollen. Auntie and father thought that I had headache, and marvelled greatly that I ate so much.

(To be continued.)

## LARRY McGUINN'S PROMISE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

"DRAW up to the hate, Sir, draw up to the hate, for it's a cowld, *bitther* night, and there's a storm risin' that promises little good to any poor hooker it catches in the bay; but, thank God, most of them came in this mornin', so we needn't be unaisy. Kitty, alannah, dust the chair, and throw a few more sods on the fire,—and whisper, darlint, just see what's in the house, for his Honor looks famished." Such was the hearty greeting I received one wild autumn evening on entering the cottage of a fisherman a few miles from the pretty village of Bundoran, on the Donegal coast. I had passed the summer at Brighton, and, at the end of the season, was in the unenviable position of not knowing what to do with myself. Not being in love, I had no daintily bronzed, or bewitchingly freckled mermaid to follow to London, and the other delights of the capital offered but little attraction to one already tired of them. At this juncture an old Irish friend and school-fellow happily came to the rescue by reminding me of a farewell promise I had made to spend a few weeks at his residence in the west of Ireland. Over I accordingly went, and after a very rough passage to Kingston, and a most diversified journey by railway, stage-coach, and jaunting-car (the latter being "the two sides, top and bottom of a raal convayniency," as a mad-looking Enniskillen "jarvey" told me) arrived safe at my friend's house. I have ever recollected that visit with the liveliest pleasure; and even now, after a lapse of thirty years, every incident connected with it is as vividly pictured in my imagination as if it had occurred but yesterday.

Business matters occasionally deprived me of my friend's society, and then I was wont to take long, solitary rambles with my gun,—sometimes through stubble and bog, but oftener along the rocks and sand, with the mighty Atlantic rolling in at my feet. It was on one of these latter occasions, heedless of time, and wandering farther than usual, I found myself suddenly overtaken by one of those storms so common in the west. Shelter was the first consideration, and Larry McGuinn's cottage being luckily close by, thither I hurried, feeling certain of a hearty welcome from Larry and his pretty young wife. A few trifling kindnesses I had shewn

them—hiring the husband's boat for my fishing excursions, presenting their chubby little boy with a wonderful box of toys direct from Dublin, etc.,—had made them my fast friends, and they considered nothing in the house too good for me. Kitty, insisting that I must be perfectly ravenous, prepared a dish of bacon and eggs fit for Fin McCool, and Larry, after half an hour's absence, returned with a bottle of whiskey, which he assured me was the best poteen to be found in Ulster. "Not, Sir," he continued, "that I taste it myself, for it's nigh han' six years since a drop of it passed my lips; but I have Andy Feely's word for it, and a betther judge of speerits never buried a noggin." I had often wondered, when out in Larry's boat, that he would never accept the offer of a "swig" from my flask, and now felt much surprised at finding a teetotaller of some years standing in the midst of such a whiskey drinking community. Larry noticed my look of astonishment, and affectionately nodding towards his wife, said: "It's the truth I'm tellin' ye, Sir; and the divil a one I may thank for it but the darlint that's sittin' there smilin' at us."

"Don't believe him, yer Honor," said Kitty, modestly. "It was his own good sinse made him do it; and maybe the prayers iv some one he knew nothin' about; for the ould women, as well as the girls, doated on him afore I got him. And sure, sir, if I had a hand in it, haven't I my reward now in seein' him sittin' there well and happy, a prosperous man, and owner iv the four best hookers in the bay."

"Thrue for ye, ashtore," said Larry, with much feeling, "and as Mr. Clayton must wait till the storm blows over, maybe he'd like to hear how Larry McGuinn, the leader at every dance, wake, hurlin-match, and faction fight in the parish, became a quiet, steady man and a teetotaller."

On expressing my willingness to play the part of a listener, Larry lit his "dhudeen" at the blazing turf, threw himself into an easy attitude, and fixing his eye on the rafters, with that reflective air so much favored by story-tellers, thus commenced: "This is October, sir,—yes, October. It's just eight years since I first saw Kitty, on a fine Sunday mornin', comin' from Chapel; and though I had seen many a purty girl in my time,—aye, and kissed many a one too—she was the first that put the 'comether' on me properly. That's quare, sir, now isn't it? How we're sometimes knocked all in a heap, afther years iv sluderin' and

flirtin' about, and when we think ourselves as hard as adamant, by some quiet, purty little girl that's a regular raw recruit in the 'Tender Warfare.' Well, there's no doubt, Kitty conquered me at first sight, and I felt I was mortally wounded; but, as I often tould her, sir, it wasn't fair, as she took me by storm. You must know that her father was a Sligo man, and on his death Kitty and her mother came here to live with her uncle. And sure it was like an angel swoopin' down and takin' me off a prisoner to heaven, when she gave me a quiet glance that mornin' and made a slave of my heart forever. She is laughin' at me now, sir,—but the divil a matter,—she often heerd it afore; and if we are beginnin' to get an ould married couple, shure the more rayson we have not to forget our courtin' days, for sorrah haporth ever kept love stronger and truer than thim same soft recollections. Well, as I was goin' to till you, sir, Kitty's uncle had a purty comfortable farm on the Ballyshannon road, and my own father was a well-to-do man with a snug house and bit iv ground, to say nothin' of our boats, which wor ginerally the luckiest in the bay. You know—as indeed most that has ever seen the salt-wather does—that a fisherman's life is none iv the softest; and with us, hard work and hard drink always wint hand in hand. We made our own whiskey, and woe to the guager that was found lookin' for a still about the Finnar Hills! The boys 'ud have thought no more iv makin' him ate the worm nor if it was a penny-winkle. The speerits was thin, iv coorse, mighty chape and plentiful, and afloat or ashore the bottle wasn't forgotten. We drank in the winter to keep out the cowld, and in summer to drive off the hate, sometimes because we wor wet through, but oftener because we felt as dry as our own sand banks. It wouldn't do to call us drunkards, sir, but still I think we wor about as heavy conshumers as you'd find in Ulster, and that's sayin' a good dale. So things used to go on up to the time I saw Kitty, but from that day I felt a change come over me. Her uncle, Lanty Brien, was an ould friend of my father's, and a wonderful ould politician, and nothin' gave him greater delight than to see me droppin' in iv an evening, with an ould newspaper I'd get at the Priest's house, or from some gintleman like yourself, sir. There we'd sit for hours, slaughterin' Parliament, and arrangin' the affairs iv the nation; while Kitty would be sittin' bye, so demurely, all the time, knittin' or sewin', though the rogue knew

well that I was thinkin' more iv her purty blue eyes, than iv "Agitation," "Tinint Right," "or Repale iv the Union."

Well, you see, sir, these evenings kept me out iv a power iv mischief; and I have always looked upon them as the dawn iv the long and happy day that it has been my lot to enjoy. By the time summer came, Kitty and me understood one another; and many's the pleasant ramble we had away over by the Fairy Bridges, and across to the Finnar Sand Hills. Did you ever do any coortin' at all yourself, sir? But, iv coorse you did: in some grand drawin'-room, sittin' on a sofy; or rowlin' along in a splindid carriage, may be. Take my advice, sir, if ever you try your fortune again with a sweetheart, let it be in some place like our own lonely green hills here, and your success is sartin. On a lovely summer's evenin' earth and sky, land and wather, will all be coaxin' her for you; and the sea gull will scream, the cormorant dive, and the rabbit scamper off in disgust, if they see by her eye that her heart is too hard to be melted. So I used to tell Kitty, sir, and begorra she believed me too, though now she says its all moonshine, and that she never did; but I know betther, for up to the present day she doesn't like to see a gull lookin' crooked at her, afeer'd he knows what she's thinkin' iv. At the end of the year we wor engaged, with the consint iv our people, and wor to be married as soon as my manes would allow. Day and night I worked hard, and still I wasn't getting much richer. Hard earnins' are aisy spint, Sir, if a man is iv a pleasant, rollickin' turn, and known in every house in the townland, and whiskey floats many a shillin' out iv a poor man's pocket, often farther away than the strongest swimmer can bring back. And so it was with me, though all the time I thought I was keepin' mighty steady, and actin' like a regular ould skin-flint. You may be sure I was mighty down-hearted to find how slow and dead things was dragging on with me, and iv an evenin' I'd go over to Kitty—not bein' in the best iv sperits, many's the the time I'd get a false one out iv the bottle. The girl that loves you has a quick eye: others saw nothin' wrong with me; but she knew it as well as if she saw the glass in my hand. Many's the sorrowful night it brought her; though for fear iv troublin' me the crather never let on to a sowl that she seen anythin' astray. So the long wild winter went past, and though our boats wor often mighty lucky, I was still a poor man. Fortune often stands to

us, sir, when we least expect it, and about the month of March by a few iv the luckiest takes that had been made on the coast for years, I found my pocket swellin' out to the long-looked for diminshins. I bought this little place from a fisherman's widdy that was goin' out to her sons in America, and made everythin' as nate and comfortable as I could to bring home my darlint. Patrick's Eve came—I'll rimimber it till my dyin' hour—and I went across the hills to tell her that, at last, after our long waitin', everythin' was ready, and that it only wanted herself to name the day. You may be sure, sir, it was a joyful evenin' we had, and the day *was named*, and as we parted at the door, she whispered not to forget to come across early to-morrow, as it was Patrick's day. "Kitty, alannah," says I, "You know I can't come till late, for to-morrow is the day for the race across to Killibegs, and I must steer the hooker, for it won't do to let our boat be bate after winnin' these three years runnin."

"Oh Larry," says she, "I'm always afeerd iv them boat races on Patrick's day since Owen Laffin got drowned, and mind, they said he wasn't sober; so if you must go, promise me that you won't let them make you drink a drop till you come back to me, for if anythin' was to happen to you what would become iv me, at all at all."

She looked so pitiful at me, sir, with the tears in her eyes, that I'd have a'most promised to become a monk iv LaTrappe if she'd have asked me, so I says: "Don't be frightened, darlint, don't be frightened, sure, sorrah haporth 'ill happen me; but if it 'ill comfort you, I'll promise—did I say promise?—begorra, I'll swear it by yourself and kiss the book; and, bedad, so I did. The next morning' there was great doin's on the strand, for twelve hookers wor to start, and friends from all sides wor down to see the race. My boat was the ould favorite, but there wor some new rippin' lookin' ones there that made me rather doubtful. After a while all was ready, and off we started, the neighbours cheerin' and hurrain' like mad. The wind bein' in our favor we had a splendid run, and my boat,—I won't say whether it was from betther handlin' or betther build—crept pass them all,—one of the new boats, belonging to a Bundrowes man, bein' second, and two Bundoran boats third and fourth. And now, sir, mind well what I'm goin' to tell you. No sooner had we landed at Killibegs than the "drowndin" iv shamrocks commenced, and it was only then that

I thought of my promise to the girl that was goin' to be my wife. I have had many a hard struggle with myself, sir, but that was the hardest I ever had. Pressed on all sides to drink, laughed at, axed what I meant by insultin' ould friends, whether I was an Irishman or a Frinchman, if I had been in Chaney lately and took a wakeness for tay—was part of what I had to put up with. Well, sir, I took it all in good humor, and by the time we had to start back, was about the only sober man in the whole party. You know our coast by this, sir, and how sudden the storms dhrive in on us. We wor in the boats, and the word "ready" was passed along, when all at once we seen the black patches in the sky, and felt the short, strong puffs iv wind that tould us what was comin'. Most iv the boats put back at once, and shouted to the rest, but as the race depinded on the home run, the crews iv the three boats that had been behind me swore that no blast iv wind would stop them, and that if I was afeered, I might stop where I was and lose the race. No man ever called me a coward yet, sir, and though I saw the danger, I detarmined to brave it. Off we wint, and before ten minutes the storm came tearin' down on us. The Bundrowes boat wint over at once; the man at the sheet rope bein'—though I'm loath to say it—not quite sober, and the three remainin' hookers wor lifted almost clane out iv the wather. I had just reefed up, sir, to the size iv a handkercher, and so saved my sail; but the other boats wor late, and had theirs torn away like ribbons. As I flew past them, they gave me a wild, mad cheer that rang in my ears for many and many's the day after; for, God help them! it was the last hurrah that ever passed their lips. Settin' little Patsey Duff, who was with me, to bale out with all his might, on right before the ragin' wind I ran; and never had a man before such a run for life. There's few knows betther than me, sir, how to handle a boat; and it took all I did know that day to save the boy's and my own life. Afther hours iv strugglin', and just as the night was fallin', we came in sight iv the cove, and iv hundreds iv the neighbours watchin' for us. And now, sir, came the last and greatest struggle iv all—the dash through the breakers that wor boilin' in like mountains on the strand. Tellin' little Patsy to hould fast, and keepin' her head well up, I watched for the seventh great rouller; and on the top iv it the hooker was dashed far up into the mad surf. Fifty ready hands wor there to help us, and we were soon dragged from the shattered

boat and safe upon the strand. Kitty was there, sir, you may be sure, cryin' as if her heart would break with joy and sorrow, and as I foulded her in my arms and thought of all I owed her, I vowed that the promise which ended then should be once more made, not for a day but for many a long year, if God spared us; on to the end: till death parted us forever. We wor married, but not on the day we named; for, out iv respect iv the poor, drowned fishermen, our weddin' was put off a couple iv months. And in ending my story, sir, all I can say is, that when I regret havin' taken Kitty for my wife I'll then regret, and not till then, havin' taken that Pledge which has brought joy, peace, and prosperity along with it."

The storm having abated, I left my humble friend's happy dwelling, deeply interested by his simple story, and pondering on the many strange ways in which the advantages of temperance may be portrayed to us. I hear occasionally from the West of Ireland; and by the last account Larry was a hale, hearty old man, loved and respected by all, surrounded by children and grandchildren, and his "darlint friend and protector"—as he loved to call his wife—still by his side.

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## A VISIT TO THE MINERAL SPRING, EAST BAY, CAPE BRETON.

BY W. D. DIMOCK, A. B.

HOW eagerly and how naturally mankind grasp at every possible means that will beget health! The most visionary objects we essay in our attempts to gain a sound body, and prolong, if possible, our span of life. The *mens sana in corpore sano* is an Eldorado that with unwearied strength we are ever striving to attain. Disease is a sleepless monster of hideous mien that no Medea can overcome, and that too often vanquishes the skill of the modern Æsculapius, whose staff, knotted and thorny though it be, can never half symbolize the aches, pains and sorrows that weak, frail man is heir to.

A "*parva rura* and the old fashioned family salt-cellar on a frugal board," Horace may exclaim; but what are these, even with

a "contented mind," when the blood boils with fever and the parched tongue lies burning in the mouth? We must have health and we seek for it everywhere. Time and money are mere ciphers that we may multiply and divide at pleasure, with no great gain, in our search for health. At one time we may madly rush to a Ponce De Leon's *Fountain of Life*, or again, bathe in the chalybeate waters of Spa or Saratoga, and fondly imagine we will emerge invulnerable from these Stygian waves.

A few years ago I visited a tiny spring, the waters of which were highly impregnated with carbonate of iron, and whose reputed medicinal properties were so wonderful that hundreds were crowding to it. From far and near invalids were flocking to drink of the health-restoring water, which, it was said, lost much of its efficacy to cure unless drunk on the margin of the spring. Summer after summer it was the "rage." Every season brought a new crowd of visitors and health seekers. At last I decided to join a party that had planned a trouting excursion up the waters of the Bras d'Or; and on our way, by a slight deviation, we could stop and see the mineral spring, then in full blast, and satisfy ourselves of the wonders its waters possessed.

As the Spring was distant some forty miles or so from North Sydney, the chief coaling port on the Island of Cape Breton, we found we must make an early start. One of those lovely mornings in June, the air so balmy and invigorating that even the sad heart must rejoice as the youth, found us at day-dawn rapidly whirling off to our destination. What new vigor the fresh morning breeze instils! How lovely all nature appeared! In what beautiful robes she was decked! The green fields on our right sloping seaward, with their thousands of dewy crystals reflecting the face of the rosy-fingered Aurora, now gently emerging with golden light from the eastern ocean, and to the left, the ever-heaving sea, silently breaking on the pebbly beach into tiny waves of the most brilliant coruscations, added new charms to the scene around, and made us all feel that

> "Sweet is the breath of morn; her rising sweet,
> With charm of earliest birds."

What resolutions were formed that beautiful morning! How much did we lament the hours of the never-to-be-recalled past, that we had lost in idle slumber. What pledges we gave one another, for the future, to be up with the lark, and enjoy the

most divine part of the day, I well remember. The novelty and beauty to most of us of a "sun-rise," was so entrancing, that we made good promises of reform in our late rising, which Punic faith, alas! was so soon broken.

For miles our course was through a lovely country, with rich and fertile arable lands on every side. The early ploughman was at his work. The herd-boy was watching his cattle. The birds were singing in the neighboring groves. Everything seemed to be at work, and realized that soft, balmy spring would soon give place to summer, and then would come winter, against which preparation must be made at once. Soon all these fine fields are left behind, the habitations of men disappear, and we enter the "forests primeval."

Across jolting, bouncing, rattling bridges; through soft and clayey roads, over-shadowed by tall beech trees that above us seem to join in fond embrace; past little brooks that run seaward, and moss-clad springs that, oozing from the hill-side, run trickling over our path, we wind our way. A ray of sunlight now and again flashes through the thick wood, and the shadow that the dark, damp forests, wet with the night-dews, threw over our spirits, is chased away.

Once more we burst into the wide and open country. The flashing surface in the distance tells us that we have arrived at that favorite resort of Walton's disciples, Gillies' Lake. We agree to wait till our return, before we tempt the silvery trout from the great, dark depths of the waters before us. In the distance stands a large, white chapel, so, Aristippus-like, we argue we are yet in the confines of civilization. Dense forests once more. Tall hardwood trees, hoary with age, everywhere. The timid, panting hare sits crouching on the roadside, or goes leaping away before the dust cloud of our wagon. The owl hoots overhead, and the morning song of a thousand birds fills the air.

The public way is now left behind, and we turn off into the lone road, frequented only by the weak and weary invalids that have come to recuperate on the banks of this spring. What jolting, and tossing, pitching and rolling, bumping and thumping we experience as our heavy van sways along on this uneven road. The twisted roots of mighty trees, as old almost as the rocks they grow on, stretch serpentine over our way, as if to trip us. Deep ruts that some lumbering cart, perhaps bearing a family and their

Penates to the spring-side have gouged out, we sink into,—that gives us all a forward motion, till we bring up in a pile against the driver, who is firmly braced against the foot-board.

The forest is thicker and the road rougher. We have had nothing like this before. We are told that we must leave our wagon and take to our horses, or walk. I immediately seize upon the quietest looking beast and endeavor to mount him, with the assistance of a tumble-down old stump. The stump sinks beneath my weight, I sink hurriedly beneath the horse. With the friendly hand of a companion I manage to mount, and spanning the beast with my legs, I hold on in spite of his prancing and rearing. A friend, almost worn out by the rough tossing we had received, can walk no further. He will risk a seat behind me. I feel perfectly safe too. But, oh, how fleeting are worldly projects! No sooner had my companion touched the horse, then high up in the air went his legs, forming a straight line with his back, his head dropped downwards, a kind of centrifugal motion seized me, and in a second I was coiled up in a rude heap amid the thick furzy underbrush and the thorny prickles of the raspberry. I concluded to walk to the spring. I was not the least tired. Always preferred walking to riding on horseback.

As we tugged and scrambled along the mere footpath, we meet numbers of men, women and childern returning from the celebrated waters. Every one had a flagon, jug, or bottle filled with the healing liquid. They are a happy group on their homeward march. The trip through the rough forests has put new life into them, which they attribute to the healing power of the precious waters they are bearing with them. Our curiosity is greatly increased, and jostling about from side to side, we hurry on.

Here we are at last, sure enough. Little canvas tents, camps of the evergreen sprace and temporary huts rudely constructed, dot the little mounds, and everywhere peer through the trees. Only one permanent habitation appears, a little removed from the general encampment, with a roughly finished barn attached, and a sloping plot of land surrounded by a rustic fence. Two cows cooling themselves in the shade of the barn, a rickety looking horse grazing near by, a pig grunting at the doorstep, and numberless flocks of domestic fowls indicated that their owner did not belong to the nomadic crowd housed in the white tents, but was a resident of the valley, and probably, by profession, would

call himself a farmer. The valley before us was the spot that, for the last eight or ten years, had been visited by so many. As yon approach the Mineral Spring, at the top of a densely wooded hill, you are met by a host of little ragamuffins all offering their services to point out the great wonder of the place. These ragged little urchins belong to the settlements some five miles away, and are ever on the lookout for the few coins travellers may throw to them. They are a hardy set of boys, living on the most homely fare, sleeping on the dewy grass, and seeking shelter from storms beneath the protecting arms of some mountain tree. Under the leadership of one of these we make our way to the spring. Here and there we pass groups of worn-out travellers resting beneath the shady forest trees. Some are pitching their tents, similar to those that already glisten in the mid-day sun, and others are preparing their scanty meal.

It is almost impossible to follow our bare-footed guide as he nimbly pushes through the trees, and rapidly hurries over the under-brush. He has the agility of a squirrel, and we are left far behind. As we come up, he looks first at his own dirty bare feet and slimly formed limbs, then a look of contempt passes over his equally dirty face, as he gazes on our legs carefully ensconced in heavy knee-boots, and our hands protected by thick gloves.

He would not exchange places with us. He rather pities us. No feeling of jealousy enters his untutored mind as he gazes on us equipped cap-a-pie to protect our bodies from the merciless twigs and broken wood that are ever assailing us. Rather the reverse. He feels sorry for us, and smiling, chuckling to himself, he starts on again.

"This here's the spring," came from a clump of small bushes a little beyond us. We hurry up, and, as as our guide parted the thick brambles with his hands, a mud hole about as large as a bucket is disclosed to view. Shades of the departed! is this the celebrated mineral spring? An insignificant hollow with a red clay bottom, the ground for some distance round a little moist, is what we have pointed out as the natural curiosity that we have encountered a nine hours' journey to visit. We look aghast. Speechless we gaze on the filthy, empty bog-hole before us. We scan one another's countenances in mute surprise. Were we fools

enough to travel all this long distance to see what was visible a stone's throw from our homes?

"They've been dippin' out o' it all day," ventured the little fellow, who was holding the bushes apart and vainly peering into it for water. "It'll soon fill up," he said, as he saw our disappointed looks. Perhaps he imagined we would think him an impostor. Perhaps, also, he thought of the few coins he expected. He was alarmed, from our conversation, that we did not appreciate the beauties and wonders of East Bay mineral spring.

We waited almost breathless for an hour on the bank of the spring. The waters were indeed rising. The little cavity was fast filling. However small it might be, there was a spring, certainly. The cup was soon taken from a pocket-flask by Jake, the boldest of our party, and the bubbling, boiling water was tasted. We watched his countenance carefully to see what effect the healing balm would have. Jake was a little round-shouldered; we imagined he would straighten up immediately. He was somewhat deaf,—had been so from childhood. Of course, his hearing would be as keen as our own. He was cross-eyed, too. Surely these great waters would make him a perfect man again. Imagine our surprise when, with "Ugh, what trash! it's as brackish as bilge water," he dashed the cup to the ground. No apparent change came over his physical constitution, except the awfully distorted and woe-begone countenance before us. What can be the matter? Do the Naiads no longer brood over the waters? We all decided that, however potent to cure, the water was by no means palatable, and that it was the meanest looking spring we had ever seen. We went to the brook that flowed near by. A general call brought Jake's flask out again. Mineral water was at a discount after that. It might do to pour over rheumatic limbs and shower around invalids, but the healthy, sane man would certainly choose *eau de vie*.

We slept pretty well that night on the floor of the farmer's house. He had as many in his house as could possibly be crowded in, he said; but we made a rush, and a jolly field-bed was given us, where, before morning dawned, we got a few hours sleep. We rushed at daybreak to the spring. It was filled to overflowing, and around it were scores of people ready to get their share of the limpid waters. There was the old grey-headed man and the mere child making their way through the thickets, knocked rudely

aside by the more energetic and persevering. Some poor creatures could barely drag themselves along; others were carried by their friends. One little boy was in tears because he had got no mineral water for two days, and his mother had threatened him with summary punishment, if he again returned empty-handed. He sobbed as if his little heart would break, when he found his chances were no better than on previous visits. Kind-hearted Jake seized his tin dipper, disappeared in the crowd, and from the brook near by, dipped a full dish of the running water, which, with a fifty cent piece, he put into the boy's hand, who soon scampered off with a joyous heart to his friends. It likely had the same effect as if drawn from the medicinal spring.

The smoke curling up from before each tent and camp gave the place a wild and romantic appearance. The morning meal was being prepared, and as we passed along we observed that the culinary operations were of the most rustic description. Two forked sticks with a cross-pole supported the kettle, or pot; a broken-nosed tea-pot sang away among the embers; here and there a potato showed its scorched head from beneath the ashes, while the smell of broiled herring floated thick on the morning breeze. As a general thing, the visitors were of the poorer classes,—those who were too reduced in circumstances to employ medical attendance,—so they came to try the free waters of this Bethesda; or those who were so illiterate that the superstition of the great power to cure all manner of diseases that this spring possessed, had firmly seized their minds, and nothing would satisfy them but to bundle up and make the wearisome journey. There were others, too, from strange countries, all seeking the great Elixir, health. The jeweled invalid, carefully waited on by a long line of attendants, and the poor, emaciated, wretchedly clad pauper, with yearning eyes, day by day watched for health.

When we were seated around the farmer's humble board, with its yet more homely fare, we heard many strange and wonderful stories of the mineral spring. Ten years before, the farmer was accustomed to drive his cows every morning to the little brook to drink. He noticed that after a time, they always sought the spring near by. It surprised him. It was difficult to get at; the open brook with pure water was before them, yet the spring was their drinking place. He noticed the strange taste in the waters, and at last carried them to the neighboring village. It was pro-

nounced a mineral spring. Hundreds had since been to it. Scores, once weak and crippled with physical infirmity, were now hearty and well,—living monuments of what these chalybeate waters had achieved. Sight had been restored, hearing improved, rheumatism had fled in dismay at the touch of the water. Every one we met had something new to tell of this wonderful spring. Its praises were in every one's mouth; and so, year after year, it had been frequented by crowds of sickly human beings.

We staid for a number of days around this little reservoir that was attracting so many. We listened to the marvellous stories about the place, till, surfeited, we decided to continue our trip. Our hearts ached as we left, to think of so many of our fellow creatures, racked with disease and pain, still lingering behind, cherishing the delusive hope that beneath the health-inspiring influence of this little fountain, they might yet regain their wonted strength.

The spring yet oozes from the earth, but its banks are almost deserted. The thick brambles are growing up again with a new vegetation. The morning and evening air is broken only by the natural melody of the birds. Occasionally the curiosity-seeker may tramp over the rough road and taste its waters, but no more do weary pilgrims, with diease-stricken bodies and sore-distressed souls, congregate on its mossy banks. Its silent and undisturbed bubblings have outlived the wild frenzy that brought so many to drink of its waters, and gently tell that men may come and go, but it moves on the same, for ever.

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## PARIS AT THE OUTBREAK OF THE COMMUNE.

BY J. HARNEY FRITH, HALIFAX, N. S.

IT will be my endeavour in the course of the following pages, to describe a journey from London to Paris in the month of March, 1871, and to give my impressions of the latter city, which has been, and will again be, the centre of all that is outwardly gay, bright and beautiful in Europe, but which, at the time of my arrival, had just emerged from one of the most gloomy and humiliating epochs in her history, and was about to enter upon

another still more dark and painful. I left London on the evening of the seventh of March, and after a ten hours journey arrived at Newhaven, one of the dreariest seaport towns, on a wet night, that it is possible to imagine. The steamboat awaiting to transport passengers to Dieppe was the narrowest and most uncomfortable that it has ever been my bad fortune to enter. Although the floating palaces, as they have been aptly called, which are to be seen upon the rivers and lakes of the United States would not be suitable for so rough a passage as the one across the English channel usually is, yet the Newhaven and Dieppe, and Dover and Calais boats might imitate, with benefit, American vessels in many respects. After an exceedingly unpleasant voyage, the boat arrived at Dieppe; and it was here that one began fully to realize the humiliation that France had undergone,—for the first object that met one's eye was the spike of a German helmet glittering in the lamplight. After our passports and luggage had been examined, the other passengers and myself made the best of our way through the unlighted and unpaved streets (the hour being three in the morning) to the nearest hotel. After some delay we were admitted by a sleepy *garçon*, who ushered us into a cold, comfortless room, where extensive preparations had been made for a large company in the form of cups, saucers, and plates, with nothing whatever to put in them. We clamoured for breakfast, and *tout de suite* was the reply, but the *tout de suite* lengthened into half an hour, and we whiled away the time, as travellers are too prone to do, in stating our grievances, and grumbling at everything in general. One man, in particular, seemed especially aggrieved because another, at whose antipodes he lay during the passage across, would insist upon letting himself out like a telescope, and driving him, the aggrieved one, further and further into the bulkhead. However, breakfast arrived at last, and having finished it, we started at 6 A.M. for Rouen, where we arrived at two o'clock in the afternoon. This town is one of the oldest and most interesting in France, and has sustained very little injury from its occupation by Prussian troops, a number of whom we saw drilling near the famous cathedral. After spending two hours very pleasantly at Rouen, we continued *en route* for Paris, in the vicinity of which we first saw unmistakable signs of the devastation caused by the artillery of the Germans, and the precautions of the French.

Broken bridges were on all sides, for the Seine winds very much

around Paris. Ruined houses, felled trees, and cut up roads met one's eye at every glance. Upon entering the capital itself, however, we encountered none of these sad spectacles. The houses were uninjured, and the streets and shops apparently well filled; in short, excepting that three out of every five persons to be met with were in military uniform, there was nothing to remind a stranger of the late siege. Such was the first impression; but a closer inspection soon removed it. No women, unless those of the lower classes, were abroad, and the greater number of the men were either moody, or wildly, recklessly mirthful. The promenaders in the Boulevards and the Champs Elysées, for the most part, were unwashed, unshaven fellows in the uniform of the Mobile and National Guards, and the vehicles were chiefly hearses, wending their melancholy way to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, bearing the victims who had died from their wounds, or who had sunk under the privations of the siege. Here let me, for the benefit of those who may not have seen it, endeavour to describe Père la Chaise. The cemetery is on an inclined plane, and from the mortuary chapel at the summit, presents the appearance of a village of Lilliputian cottages, most of the graves having open tombs built over them. In these tombs, the fronts of which are closed by wrought iron gates, are placed crosses, wreaths of immortelles, and chairs for the accommodation of those who go thither to meditate on the fate of friends whom death may have called away. During the revolution, however, these tombs were put by the Communists to a far different use than that of furnishing retreats sacred to sorrow, for it was behind them that those poor wretches intrenched themselves when driven from every other stronghold.

In the course of the bombardment, so few shells fell within the walls of Paris that the city itself was very slightly injured. In the environs, however, the destruction was indeed deplorable. The beautiful palace of St. Cloud and the magnificent grounds surrounding it, were completely destroyed. Of the palace, scarcely one stone remains upon another. It was when visiting this favourite residence of the late Emperor Napoleon that I met with an instance of the vandalism which actuates certain tourists, in their search for souvenirs. Although bits of beautiful stone were lying about in all directions, one man, who possessed a soul above taking what he could obtain without an effort, seized a twisted

bar of iron, and laboured away with all the energy of a coal-heaver until he had succeeded in detatching a large piece from a superb marble column, standing in what had been the private chapel of the Empress. This act was, a few days after, surpassed by one yet more outrageous, for a brute actually dragged a cross from the head of a grave, on the field of Champiegne. The most extraordinary proof, however, that I ever witnessed of the passion for relic-hunting, was shewn on the scene of a skirmish, near the Chateau Meudon, (once the residence of Prince Napoleon.) This occurrence, although not so discreditable as the two last mentioned, was very much more dangerous to myself and the other companions of the principal actor in it. The shells chiefly used in modern warfare, are, I believe, exploded by percussion, and it sometimes happens that when a shell falls on soft ground it does not burst. Our enthusiastic friend found one of these unexploded shells, and wished to bring it into the omnibus, (in which conveyance we had been making our tour of inspection.) After much explanation he at length realized the fact that if the jolting of the omnibus should explode the shell (a very likely event), his sight-seeing would be ended forever. So, with a sigh, he relinquished the coveted treasure. After our escape from being blown into atoms, we visited Fort Issy, the one which perhaps suffered the most during the siege; here we saw a specimen of the bread on which the garrison of the Fort had, for a long time, been compelled to subsist. In appearance, consistency, and almost with regard to its nourishing qualities, this bread resembled nothing more than "Kilbey's Fire Kindlings."

The battle fields around Paris, very much resembled one another, in the trampled nature of the ground, and in the large mounds marked by rude wooden crosses, beneath which scores of men lay indiscriminately buried.

Friday, March the 17th, 1871, will ever be indelibly imprinted on my mind. On this day began the outbreak which by the following Sunday had developed into an organized revolution. In the morning I had visited St. Denis, in the cathedral of which lie buried the ancient kings of France. Having returned in the evening, I was about to sit down to dinner, when, to my surprise, every one present rushed to the windows. On asking the reason, I was informed that two men had, at that moment passed down the street, beating what might literally be termed the "Devil's

tattoo," for it was to call to arms men who afterwards proved themselves perfect fiends. In a short time the streets were filled with armed bands, shouting the Marseillaise. Never shall I forget the Marseillaise, as I then heard it sung, by thousands of voices. Even in a drawing room, the chorus commencing "*Aux armes! Citoyens*," stirs the blood: its effect may be imagined when it formed, in sad earnest, an appeal inciting men to slay or be slain. When a sufficient number had been collected, the insurgents dispersed themselves over the city, and began to erect barricades. A barricade is formed by pulling up paving stones, and piling them to the height of a man's breast half across a street, on the one side, and then raising a wall in a similar manner, half across on the other; the first wall being about half a yard behind the second, leaving space for but one person to go through at a time; this opening was guarded by an armed man, who would often turn back those who attempted to pass. But whatever have been the sins of the Commune at this time, ingratitude for the relief sent by England to the starving Parisians, was not one of them. Any person who was recognized as an Englishman, or who had an English passport, was allowed to go unmolested, in any part of the city, even in those hot beds of lawlessness, Montmartre and Belleville. On Sunday the 19th of March, the day on which the Commune openly proclaimed itself in opposition to the government of Theirs, I visited Versailles, where the National Assembly was then sitting. It is to the supineness and excessive caution of this body, that most of the evils which afterwards befell the capital of France, have been by many persons ascribed. On this Sunday all the regular troops were marched out of Paris, by the order of the Assembly, who feared that they would join the Communists. While at Versailles, I had an illustration of the utter saplessness, and want of energy exhibited by those who leave England to live on the Continent, (and there are many such at Versailles,) in order to eke out an insufficient income, which they are too lazy to increase by honest labour. I saw a man of this stamp, sunning himself on a bench, and asked him the way to the house in which Bismarck had lodged. Far from knowing, he seemed hardly aware that the man who was swaying the destinies of France was in existence. I enquired if he had been much incommoded by the siege. He replied in a listless manner, "Oh, no!"

I remained in Paris but two days after the troops had quitted it. In that time, however, I saw some very extraordinary extremes. In the Place Vendôme, at the foot of the column (which was then standing), a man is addressing a maddened crowd in the most violent language, boasting that many others should share the fate of Generals Thomas and Lecomte. In the very next street are men, women and children laughing around a mountebank, and apparently as free from care as if they were living in a profound peace, instead of being in the midst of a revolution which had been inaugurated by one of the most cowardly and bloody acts that history records. In one square, a band of drunken wretches are yelling about what they term a tree of liberty. This consists of a withered trunk, on top of which is a red cap. Outside a café, not a hundred yards distant, is a party of pleasure seekers smoking and drinking absinthe.

For the first week during the reign of the Commune, the insurgents, although the city was completely at their mercy, exercised their power with comparative moderation. I therefore had no opportunity of witnessing any of those excesses, which afterwards rendered the name of the Commune so infamous. In the following July, however, on returning from a trip to Italy, I again visited Paris, and could hardly recognize what had once formed its most beautiful portion. The statues in the Place de Concorde were mutilated; the Tuileries sacked; the greater part of the Rue de Rivoli and the Palais Royale destroyed; the Hotel de Ville in ruins. The ruins are certainly very great; but the capital of France, as a whole, has suffered much less than is generally supposed, and it will not be long before it regains its former position as one of the most beautiful cities in the world.

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## LA QUEBRADA DE LAS ANIMAS.

BY MONS. JULES C. L. MORAZAIN, PROFESSOR OF MODERN LANGUAGES.

I HAD remained some time at the *Mina Restauradora*. During my stay I had had the singular good fortune to form the acquaintance of the celebrated *savant* and traveller, Von Tschudi, and had been forced to go through a regular course of Geology and Mineralogy. At every step, at every meal, all the "scientists"

of the mine discussed the formation of this crystallization, the properties of such a salt, the per centage of such a stone, and "*tutti quanti.*" I appreciated all this at first, and, although blushing at my own ignorance, I felt quite proud of being in the same company with men so learned. But, after a while, I thought they were "going it too strong" for me. My mind was saturated with these subjects. I had only oxides, sulphates, manganates and the rest, on the brain. I not only knew what constituted the difference between a marble and felspar, but I could tell the name of a mineral at sight. The dose had been administered *usque ad nauseam;* so I turned to other ideas. I went down into the valley; but a few days there were enough for me. I admired the grandeur of the scenery before me, deeming Nature, in her wild state, something really worthy of admiration. But again I grew tired. At last, we had been for several days without meat, save a "*guanaco*" occasionally shot; we had been living upon bread made of bran and a handful of "*pasas de higos*"—dried figs; the last sensation had been seeing a few bullocks, which had been sent us from Santa Maria, come close to our door, and then, as if comprehending the fate in store for them, turn their horns towards the plain and run. Then, I had been present at the burial of a countryman of mine, Louis Bisson, who had been killed by the premature explosion of a charge in a mine, and at the funeral of a child, which ceremony had been, according to the strange custom of the place, followed at night by a regular wailing, shouting, crying, dancing, drinking, discharging of fire-arms, and other singular accompaniments. Being, as I have said, rather weary of all this, I concluded to leave this scene, to return either to Andalgala or to San Antonio de Madrigasta, and to wait there till the Pass in the Cordillera should be opened. No sooner was my mind made up than I prepared to depart. I thought I would go by the way of Chollás, where a friend of mine was engaged in superintending the foundry, or establishment for the reduction of the copper ore into metal. To be sure, I did not know the way; but I depended upon my own sagacity. I had already received my first lesson (and a severe one, too) in this kind of adventure; still, I was not a bit the wiser.

When I communicated to my host (M. Host) the determination I had formed, in vain did he and Rouquairol and M. Hopkins try to dissuade me from such an undertaking. The natives, too, spoke

to me of a *chasm* which, they said, was bewitched, and urged upon me some superstitious kind of preparation against the dangers of the journey. Besides, if I would only delay my start a day or two, one of the superintendents of the adjacent mine would be going that way, and I could join him. But no;—I had made up my mind, and go I must.

They replenished my "*alforjas*" with dry bread, figs, yerba, etc; I saddled my horse, for my mules had died from the effects of the *tembladera*, and started. How elated I did feel, going alone on my exploring tour! I admired every bush, every wild plant. I amused myself by collecting "*arca*," which makes an infusion almost as good as tea; I broke a hundred stones with my hammer, expecting to discover some new vein or bed of ore. At length I thought it was proper to encamp somewhere,—anywhere, as an old, experienced traveller (for so I considered myself) should,—and I built a fire, put some water over it, made *maté*, and so forth,— in short, I did things in a grand manner and on a large scale. Then I resumed my travelling. In the course of a few hours I met a friend of mine, Don Bernardo Delgado; we exchanged a couple of cigarritos, we spoke of the weather, and, after the invariable "Buenas Noches!" we separated. Soon after I had left him I discovered that I had not followed the right track,—in a word, that I was lost. Still, I kept on. I ought to have given water to my horse at a place where a fine spring is found: I forgot all about it. Night came on. I wandered to the right, to the left, in every direction, until it became so dark that the brute, wiser than the man, seemed two or three times to show me, by his actions, that it was almost insane to persist in such conduct. Still, I went on. Before long I lost my course completely: we had struck the side of a "*Paniz*,"—that is, a place composed of soft, impalpable, dark earth; and, finally, it being too dark to proceed further, I had to stop. I put the "*maneas*" (hobbles) on my horse, and secured him also with my *lasso;* I spread the "*jergas*" on the ground, nibbled some biscuit, ate some figs, and having confided myself to the care of Providence, fell asleep.

Early in the morning I awoke and looked around me. *Evohe!* I found myself in a bad predicament; I hardly could understand how I had been able to reach such a place. Behind was the mountain, before and below was a chasm. Far away I could see the "Llanos;" I could even distinguish the famous mount of Fiam-

balat, where the small town of Chilecito, or Villa Argentina, with its silver mines, is situated. I became serious, and began to ruminate. After I had reflected awhile, I took another nibble, then smoked a cigarrito. My position had grown interesting, and my first movement was to reconnoitre.

I descended the side of the steep mountain until I reached the bottom of the chasm. There I found the most delicious stream of pure, crystalline water; when I had quenched my thirst at it, I thought of my poor horse and was almost tempted to go back after him. I explored the locality, and found on one side a huge mass of rock from which the brook I had drank of fell in a cascade, imitating, on a small scale, the Falls of Niagara. Going along down the chasm, after having walked on through the rushes for nearly four miles, I found my progress obstructed by an immense boulder some thirty or forty feet in height. The question of further advance was becoming complicated. I tried the right side, when, *horribile visu!* a few yards inside the woods, I discovered the carcass of a mule, or a horse, and, near by, the dried skeleton of a man! Instantly the truth revealed itself. I had walked a long way, and yet I found myself near by the place where I had entered the chasm: I was in the "*Quebrada de las Animas*" —the "Chasm of Spirits (or Ghosts"); and perhaps the next poor, foolish, presumptuous, brainless individual who might come after me would have the pleasure (?) of finding my bones and of leaving his own somewhere in the same place. A cold perspiration covered my brow: I felt dizzy. Something, however, was to be done; so I resumed my walk. At last, after three hours' search, I discovered a hidden kind of path, in which there were marks of a mule, that appeared quite recent, going in the direction of Chollás. Thank God! cried I, I am saved! I went back and climbed the mountain again. I saddled my horse, which could hardly stand; and as the descent was too steep to go down in a straight direction, I began chasing the poor animal before me in a zig-zag line, when, apparently tired of such a course, the brute gave me, on my left leg, a kick which, if I had been a few inches nearer him, would, undoubtedly, have broken my limb. I fell;—the horse ran away towards the chasm. The pain became more violent, the leg began to swell, and I almost fainted. Night was approaching; the few provisions left unconsumed had gone with the horse; and there I was, alone;—and how my poor leg was still swelling! Then

again, the sight of that poor fellow's remains haunted me:—mortification of my wound, grangrene, a slow, miserable death by starvation, all these ideas passed before my imagination in less time than it takes to write it.

Old Molière's expression, "*Qu' allait-il faire dans cette galerè?*" came into my mind: I was in a state of agony which cannot be described. In such a condition I remained all night and a part of the next day. Hunger and thirst were pressing me sore; I grew delirious; all my course of life passed in review before me. Thoughts of my happy days at college, of the time I might have employed more profitably while there; of home, of my dear mother and her kind and affectionate advice, of her efforts to dissuade me from returning to South America; of my obstinacy in refusing to listen to the counsels given me at the mine,—all rendered my situation more bitter, more painful. For I had to acknowledge that my vain self-pride had brought me to this end. I cried, I prayed, I vowed that I would do better hereafter, if spared now: I was conquered.

As I could not walk, and could not find any relief by remaining where I was, the only thing left for me to do was to drag myself and my leg along and try to reach the chasm. Should I find my horse, or, at least, my "*alforjas*" there? Perhaps. I began the process of creeping downwards. After a long and painful labor, I reached the bottom, and lo! my horse was there,—the *alforjas* also. The poor beast neighed, as if glad to see me. I forgot all rancor, and gave him, as a peace-offering, a piece of biscuit. Then I bathed my leg and began to eat voraciously. After that I hauled myself, as I best could, up on the horse, and proceeded very slowly in search of the path I had before discovered. At last, towards seven o'clock in the evening, I reached the first *rancho*. It was fully time; for my horse would not move any farther, and I was ready to faint with pain. There were four women washing near by a brook; they came to me and brought me some milk, and, when I related what had taken place, they insisted on my alighting and staying there while they should send to the "*Ingenio*" (foundry) for M. Rosé, my countryman, and for means of transport. Samaritan-like, these kind ladies,—I say ladies, because all women, good at heart, *are* ladies,—assisted me in this way: one took hold of the horse, whilst the others lifted me in their arms and carried me to the *rancho*. Arrived there, they washed my

wound and applied to it some of their domestic remedies. Soon after, Mons. Rosé, accompanied by two miners, came; and, having bid farewell to the good creatures who had so opportunely aided me, I was carried to comfortable quarters, where I rested for a few days, decidedly subdued in spirit and positively resolved — for the second time — to trust no more to my own perspicacity.

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## PAPINEAU.

### A BIT OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

IN 1834 Canada grew restless and uneasy, under the administration. The French population daily beheld their influence waning, and saw the sons of old Canada unfitted, by reason of their nativity alone, for holding office or position, under government. The pettiest appointment or the most paltry grant was denied them. The "Family Compact" held supreme control, responsible government was an unknown thing, and French Canadians were made to feel the full force and severe truth of the axiom "that the many were made to be governed, and a favored few were born to govern them." It was towards the close of this year that the famous ninety-two Resolutions were introduced into the House of Assembly, and passed by a vote of fifty-six to twenty-four. Louis Joseph Papineau, then a prominent member of Parliament, in a lengthy speech, favored the Address, which was immediately transmitted to the Imperial Houses of Lords and Commons, and the result anxiously awaited by the people of Canada.

In the British House of Commons the question was ably discussed and debated, and after much argument, resolutions were passed which virtually *suspended* the Canadian Constitution of 1791.

All this time, heartburnings and restlessness were apparent among the population of Canada, speaking the French language. Real wrongs and imaginary injuries rankled in their breasts; murmurs of disquiet and discontent were breathed in the streets of cities and echoed in the alluvial fields of villages and hamlets. Numerous societies, chiefly composed of ardent young men, were formed,— patriotism and liberty being the strong bulwarks of their existence.

The "Sons of Liberty," with their silken banners and bands of music, openly paraded the thoroughfares of Montreal, and frequent conflicts occurred between these agitators and a body of loyal citizens calling themselves the "Constitutionalists." The Government, however, looked upon these "straws" as mere idle gangs of men, and refused to accept them as true indicators of popular feeling. No danger was apprehended from, or alarm caused by their movements, and the House of Parliament continued to transact business as before. When the news reached Canada of the action of the British Government, and of the suspension of the Constitution, the smouldering fires of rebellion were fanned into a mighty flame. Papineau and Dr. Wolfred Nelson, the avowed and recognized leaders, inaugurated a series of indignation meetings throughout the country; Great Britain was denounced in burning invectives, and measures were proposed for the instant formation of a Republic, by force. These speeches created tremendous excitement among the more ignorant classes, and roused to enthusiasm many dormant spirits.

King William IV. had just died, and the youthful Princess Victoria had ascended the throne of the sea-girt isle. According to established custom, *Te Deums* were sung in all the churches throughout the land, and prayers were offered up for the Queen and members of the Royal family. The Roman Catholic clergy manifested no disloyalty on their part; but very many of the congregations at this stage of the services, left their places in the churches and refused to sanction, by their presence at least, these chants and prayers.

The morning of October 23rd dawned, and the first seeds of open revolt blossomed at St. Charles, on the banks of the picturesque River Richelieu. This was the famous "Five Counties" meeting, at which were over five thousand persons, including thirteen members of the Assembly and one of the Legislative Council, and almost every person of note or standing from the surrounding parishes. Dr. Nelson—the celebrated agitator—presided over this open-air convention. The "orations" made on this occasion were of the most incendiary character, and calculated to arouse the fiercest animal passions. Papineau came to the front, and in a perfect torrent of eloquent and rapid invective, unequalled since the days of Burke in the old world, denounced in scathing terms, and in rancorous irony, the "oppressors of Canada." Dr. Nelson

followed in the same trenchant style, and tried to incite the British soldiery to desertion. There were then in Canada, all told, about three thousand three hundred troops. Bands were immediately formed, armed, equipped and officered, and plans for a speedy and formidable conflict arranged. The result of this unhappy blunder, this sad blot in Canada's history, need not be told here and at this time. We have to deal with the name of Papineau only; but in order that the reader may understand his position and comprehend his attitude, a glance at the affairs of Canada, in her darkest and most trying hours, is perhaps necessary.

Louis Joseph Papineau was born in the city of Montreal, in the month of October 1789, and was educated at the Seminary of Quebec, then a school of learning held in high repute. In 1811 he was called to the bar. While he was prosecuting his legal studies, and when yet in his teens, he, like that great statesman Charles James Fox, of England, the bitter opponent of the equally celebrated and eminent William Pitt, was elected to Parliament before he became of age. In 1808 he represented the county of Kent, now called Chambly. In 1812 he was chosen leader of the Canadian Opposition, and in 1815 he was made Speaker; and from that time, with the exception of the period when he was absent on public business in England, until the fatal year of 1837, he continued to fill that office. The year 1820 found him elevated to a seat in the Executive Council, and in 1822 he was, with Mr. Neilson, chosen as a delegate to proceed to England to oppose the Imperial plan for the union of the Upper and Lower Provinces of Canada—a mission which resulted in complete success, and the withdrawal of the obnoxious measure.

Although appointed to a seat in the Council under the Governorship of the Earl of Dalhousie, Papineau, through dislike of the representative of the King, refused to accept the position, and did not take his seat. This dislike culminated in bitter hostility, and extreme measures were resorted to by the friends of one party to circumvent the proceedings of the other. Papineau's triumph in England exasperated the Governor in Canada. He was a very irascible, hot-tempered and violent man, and upon being confronted with Papineau lost his temper completely. When Papineau was re-elected Speaker of the House, on his return from England, the Governor refused to accept him, and ordered the Assembly back to elect some one else and report in one week thence. The

appointed day came, and the name again presented was that of Papineau. The Earl dismissed the House, prorogued Parliament for a year, and drove home in a perfect fury. The following year, when the House again assembled for the despatch of business, Sir James Kempt met them at the throne and welcomed M. Papineau as Speaker. Things went on smoothly until 1834, when the troubles which have been enumerated began, and the ninety-two resolutions were drawn up and submitted to the House.

When in 1837 the Insurrectionists found themselves beaten back, their ranks decimated, and their leaders either prisoners or fugitives, they laid down their arms and humbly sued for peace. Dr. Nelson was captured after a hard chase, in which he was badly wounded, and thrown into prison, while the fire-brand, Papineau, escaped by way of Yamaska into the United States. He remained there until 1839, keeping a watchful eye upon every movement of the Canadians. He saw no hope of the renewal of the conflict, though he must have seen the political changes of the country as they became developed. In 1839 he sailed for France, and resided in Paris until 1847, when, by virtue of the Queen's amnesty, he returned to his old home, to his beloved Canada, and was at once elected a member of Parliament.

But the old man's power among his countrymen was gone. They listened to his clear ringing voice, tarried to drink of his marvellous well of eloquence, and bathed in the streams of his impassioned rhetoric; but the vital spark had fled, and the magician of early days no longer stirred the tardy followers in his train. He had forgotten nothing, but he had also learned nothing. They had remoulded their opinions, and since Papineau's exile had taken up a new, though perhaps a less gifted teacher, and learned to love and appreciate the new order of things. It must be remembered, too, that greater liberty had been granted to the colonists, and they were indeed free and independent now. Old memories were fast being forgotten. The past recollections were undisturbed, and the bright future occupied their sole and undivided attention. Musty traditions were of no avail in the founding of a new empire; the blood of their countrymen, spilled in an unhappy cause, purified the land of wrong ideas, sectional jealousies, and rebellious tendencies. Papineau soon comprehended all these changes. Time had dealt kindly and gently with him. His commanding figure was still unbent; he walked with the firm, elastic step of

youth, and his intellect was still powerful and undimmed by age or trouble. His eye was as bright and sparkling as ever, and that rare eloquence of his which thrilled all hearts and swayed the minds of men, as mighty winds sweep tall grasses and rustle monarch pines, was as intense and brilliant a weapon as ever. His voice was as musical and mellifluous as in his younger days; but the cadences fell now upon unwilling and heedless ears.

M. Papineau was as trenchant a writer as he was a master orator. His literary efforts consist chiefly of political pamphlets, addresses and letters. None of them, however, are destined to live in history, and they may be regarded in the light of those evanescent flashes which ever and anon appear upon the political horizon of a country, exercising a little influence at the time, and then suddenly dying away. In 1854, seeing how utterly uninfluential he had become, and how little hope there was of his ever becoming a leader of men again, he retired from public life, and sought the congenial quiet of his peaceful Seigniory of La Petite Nation, on the pleasant banks of the Ottawa, the border line between the old Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada. Here, in the silent companionship of his books and papers, in the placid serenity of age, the old statesman lived, and beheld with awe and wonder the rising of his country into position and fame, until September, 1871, when, in his eighty-fourth year, he calmly closed his eyes in death. For a few days previous, he had been gradually sinking, when he was suddenly seized with syncope, and died within an hour after. His death created some excitement at the time, and all felt that one of Canada's greatest men had passed away to eternity.

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## A YEAR IN JESSIE GWYNN'S LIFE.

BY Y. N. Y.

IT was a great day in Jessie Gwynn's life—long-looked for, and now it was over, and she sat looking back at it with mingled feelings of regret, because many dear ties were sundered that had drawn round her heart very closely during the last ten years,—of joy for the near realization of many visions of gladness with which her glowing imagination had invested the future. She had com-

pleted her studies, obtained her degree, and a flattering valedictory which had been unanimously voted by her fellow pupils. But of these she was not thinking. Her heart throbbed with ambitious hope that she would yet do some great thing worthy of remembrance. Her past life she knew was necessary, as preparatory to doing anything really grand; but now it would be hers to live nobly, not for self, nor ignoring the higher part of her nature. She was sitting by her window in the pure white dress in which she had appeared before the assembled audience, carrying her honours so gracefully and modestly. She gazed out on the river where waves sparkled in the moonlight. A little vessel only was in sight with its white sails: pretty enough, but nothing grand about it, she thought. Then came to her mind the simple words of the loving pastor: "So few," said he, "are needed to do the great things which startle the world, and which men call great. The lives of such people, viewed as a whole, will not be more acceptable to our Heavenly Father than that of the humblest individual who does the duty which lies next to him." Jessie's heart acknowledged the truth of these words, yet she longed to do the great things. The stillness of the night was broken by a rushing sound, and soon there glided into view a brilliantly lighted steamer, moving on its way with the grace and bearing of a Queen. "There," said Jessie, "is the picture of what I would like my life to be. The noble steamer casts into the shade the poor little fishing vessel—useful as it is. So would I have my life to be over others." And with such thoughts she laid her weary head on her pillow and slept.

Jessie had been an orphan from eight years of age; and now, after ten years at school, she was about to proceed on the morrow to the home of her only relative, who lived in Kingston, some three hundred miles from Viewton. She had never seen this relative, Mrs. Barker; the only communication which had passed between them being a letter from Jessie, giving an account of her studies, and a reply from Mrs. B., assuring her of the interest she felt in her welfare, and how glad she should be to have her with her, as an aid in her multifarious duties, as soon as she had finished her studies.

So next morning she was to bid farewell to her dear friends, and proceed to her new home.

At the railway station she heard hurried, excited talking, the

only words she could catch being, "The river—last night—man overboard—saved." She gathered from the conversation that a man had fallen overboard, and had, in the excitement, been almost lost—would have been lost had he not been rescued by one of the crew of the little fishing boat which she had the night previously despised.

Two days travelling brought her to the end of her journey. Her heart beat gladly as she drove up the long avenue of elms that led to Mrs. Barker's residence. Bathed in the moonlight, it looked beautiful and imposing, and she rejoiced that she was to have such a lovely home.

When she arrived, Mrs. Barker was not at home. A servant showed her into a little back room. A homesick feeling came over her as she sat in the dingy apartment waiting for Mrs. Barker. The hours passed slowly by, but that lady did not come. "You told me Mrs. Barker expected me to-night," she said to the servant. "Oh, yes; she told me to wait on you, and see that you had everything you needed; she had a meeting to attend that could not be put off." Jessie felt hurt. What meeting should have kept her from waiting to welcome a visitor? "But Tom," she said, "where is he?" "Oh! Tom," said the girl, "no one knows when he will come home. It won't be till late, any way. If you feel tired, perhaps you would like to go to bed."

Jessie was glad to avail herself of the offer. She was shown to her room, but did not sleep for a long time. The rosy hue of her thoughts had faded; her spirit was chilled; inauspicious omens brooded over the future.

Mrs. Barker came into her room before she was dressed next morning, and greeted her with a warm motherly kiss, bade her welcome, and excused herself for being absent the previous night. "You see it was the quarterly business meeting of the Orphan's Asylum," she explained; "and as I am president, it was impossible for me to stay away; and I thought you and Tom would get along well enough without me."

Jessie said she had not seen Tom.

"Not seen Tom! But then he is so bashful. There is the bell. Come down as soon as possible."

Tom did not make his appearance at breakfast—nor was he asked for; but as the reader may think him a myth, I may explain that he was Mrs. Barker's son—a lad of sixteen, of whom we

shall know more immediately. After breakfast, Mrs. Barker had reports to make out, while Jessie was left to unpack her trunks, and amuse herself as she could. It was a grand old house, with stately halls and broad staircases, wide verandas and a sloping grassy lawn in front; but the garden looked neglected, and many of the great rooms were closed. She peeped into the great drawing room, and would have loved to throw open the windows to the pure light of heaven. Wandering out into the garden, the warmth of the summer day penetrated her heart, and she forgot for a time the gloom of the house. While musing, she heard voices from beyond the hedge, and peeping through, she saw two boys lying on the grass, and overheard the following conversation:

"I don't know what to do, Ned. I've a good mind to run away. I might as well do it first as last."

"Can't you borrow the money, Tom?" asked the other.

"Who would lend me two hundred dollars?" asked Tom, in a despairing tone; "and if I asked mother for it, there would be a grand row. No, I have almost made up my mind to run away."

Jessie was shocked. "This, then, is Tom Barker," she said to herself; "and he has got into some trouble his mother does not know of."

She was afraid to listen any more, and stole back to the house, where she was met by Mrs. Barker, smiling and placid, who gave her a long, detailed account of the many benevolent enterprizes in which she was engaged, and hoped that Jessie would become a co-worker with her. "You cannot tell the pleasure I take, my dear child," she said, "in being able to do so much good for others. There is the Orphan Asylum, the Industrial School, the Young Women's Club, the Sewing Society," and she named several other organizations, while Jessie thought of poor Tom and the conversation she had overheard, and wondered if, in the multitude of these projects, the mother would let her own son go to ruin unknowingly before her very eyes. There was, indeed, danger of this, for Mr. Barker had died when Tom was only ten years old, and since then he had been left to do exactly as he liked, and grew up wild and neglected. His mother, though a most kind-hearted woman, took absolutely no interest in him or in what he did, and it was no wonder he had become the careless, idle boy he was. A short time before this he had left school, and though Mrs. Barker often said, "Tom must soon be doing something for himself," still

nothing was done, and he spent his time as he chose. As the days passed on, and Jessie became better acquainted with him, she began to take an interest in him in spite of what she had overheard that day. She never spoke of that either to Mrs. Barker or any one else, and though she felt sometimes that she was wrong in thus hiding a secret which some day might bring trouble to the house, she shrank from interfering with Tom's affairs. She cherished this kindly regard for him, partly because he seemed lonely in the great house, as well as herself, and partly because of a nobility of nature, which showed itself despite his untutored roughness and unrefined manners.

And what of her ambitious hopes and high resolves? Apparently, all forgotten. This new life was altogether different from the one she had dreamed of and planned. She was left much to herself, for Mrs. Barker, seeing that she did not fall heartily into her schemes, ceased to urge her, and went on with her daily round of meetings, and associations, and societies, forgetting that there was now another young life beneath her roof, which needed some of the care and attention she was so ready to bestow upon outside objects. She gloried that it was to home missions and charities she was devoting her time, not realizing that those who are nearest should be attended to first of all, and that charity begins at home in the most emphatic sense of the term.

But Jessie still cherished in her heart the hope that some time it might be given to her to do something great and noble, though this desire took as yet no definite form or purpose. She was not content with this life, though she had plenty of time to go on with her studies and improve her mind; and she was glad her father's will left her at liberty to do what she pleased when she should come of age. She determined that then she would seek another sphere in which she might accomplish that which she daily told herself there was no chance of effecting here. If she had had any settled or definite aim, she would have attempted, even with these uncongenial surroundings, to carry it into effect; but it was the very vagueness of her ambition that kept her from making the attempt now. Often she would think of writing a book, for her talent in composition had been much praised at school; but, though she even made several beginnings, she lacked the patience and perseverance necessary to carry out her plan. With philanthropic designs she was fast becoming disgusted, for

in Mrs. Barker and some of her associates she had examples that they did not always proceed from the purest, noblest motives; and she wrongfully judged of all professed philanthropists from what she saw of them. What could it be that she might do? She still waited for her work to present itself, while week after week, and month after month slipped by, and she was no nearer it than at first.

She and Tom had grown to be great friends after a fashion, and she had almost forgotten the little episode to which she had unconsciously been a listener the day after she came to Kingston.

Her influence had effected a great change in one respect. Mrs. Barker at length yielded to her urgent entreaties, and allowed her to open the stately drawing-room; and Jessie had let in the sunshine as she had longed to do; had taken the coverings off the furniture, unveiled the pictures, and opened the piano which had not been used for years. Tom was attracted to the drawing-room by her singing, and this was the way their friendship began. She discovered that he had a good voice, and persuaded him to sing with her; and soon they got into the habit of spending many hours in this way. Then she lent him books, and they read together; and so, gradually, he came to spend more time at home. He softened in his manners, and paid more attention to his personal appearance.

Mrs. Barker did not give much heed to these changes; still she noticed them, and remarked to herself, "Nobody knows what might happen, if Tom were only a little older;" but the more cheerful aspect of the house did not tempt her to spend any more time at home, or lend her influence to make it still more pleasant. One afternoon late in the fall, Jessie sat on the veranda, wrapped in a scarlet shawl, for it was beginning to grow chilly. She had been reading, but her book lay upon her lap, and her eyes had a far-away look which plainly told that her thoughts were wandering. "Jessie," said Tom, suddenly, from behind her. She looked around.

"Will it disturb you too much to have a little talk with me?"

"Certainly not," answered Jessie, looking into the boyish face, which wore an unusually troubled expression; and fancying he looked as if he wanted help, she asked, "Can I do anything for you?"

"I think I am living an idle, useless life, Jessie," he said. "I

have thought so for a long time—ever since I knew you. Do you think I could earn two hundred dollars before the spring?"

This last question was very abrupt, and immediately there flashed into Jessie's mind the little scene she had witnessed behind the hedge.

"What do you want it for, Tom?" she asked.

"To pay a debt I owe," answered Tom; "don't speak of it to any one, please."

"That is a great deal for you to owe, Tom, and more, I am afraid, than you would be able to earn for a long time," she said.

Tom's countenance fell. He sat without speaking for some time, then said: "Well, it is all up with me now, I suppose, and I may go to the dogs as quickly as possible."

Jessie was troubled, for she very naturally conjectured it was a debt not very honorably contracted. She considered for a few moments, then said: "Tom, if you will tell me all about it, I will lend you two hundred dollars."

His whole aspect changed immediately. His face glowed, and his eyes lighted up with a joyful look, as he exclaimed:

"Can you? Will you? Oh! it would be such a load off my heart. Yes, I will tell you; though I am ashamed and mortified to have it to tell."

With eyes cast down he told the whole story: how he had got into bad company with unprincipled lads; how they had tempted him to gamble, and he had yielded to the temptation, and lost, not only all the ready money he had, but was in debt two hundred dollars; how he had not courage to tell his mother, and had made up his mind to run away; and how his creditors had offered to give him a year to pay it in; and he, hoping something would turn up in the meanwhile, had gladly seized this reprieve; then she had come, and in her sweet way, had taken an interest in the rough boy, which no one ever had done before; and gradually the influence of her sincere, earnest thoughtfulness for others had awakened in his mind a desire for something better than the lazy life he now lived. All this was told in an abrupt, hesitating way, and when he had finished he did not look up into her face, but still sat with his eyes cast down, and an expression of penitence and mortification.

Jessie was greatly moved. She knew there had been a change in Tom during the last few months, but in her humility, she had

not taken to herself the credit of it; and now here he was, telling her it was all owing to her. Just then Mrs. Barker came up the garden walk, flushed and tired, and carrying in her arms a huge parcel.

"There!" she exclaimed, "one more day's work is done. I am thankful I am not one of those useless creatures who have nothing to show for their labors. Ah! we must all give an account some day."

Jessie wondered if she considered her an idle, useless creature, and wondered what account Mrs. Barker would have to give for her son's soul. She went up stairs, and meeting Tom in the hall on her way down, slipped a roll of bills into his hand.

He thanked her gratefully, and said, "I will pay you back every cent of this, Jessie; indeed I will!"

Tom kept his word. He found employment immediately, and labored diligently and earnestly, rising gradually to a more responsible position, and growing up to manhood honored and respected by all.

At the end of a year, Jessie went back to Viewton to make a visit. One year had wrought no outward change in her, but she had learned a lesson that it takes some people years, and some even a lifetime, to learn. She had learned that the true way to live and to do good is by doing the duty which lies the very nearest, and that she need not look out into the world to find some great thing to do, for every one's life-work lies at their very door. The words of the old pastor came vividly to her mind, and she was content with the place that had been assigned her, for she knew there was still work for her to do quietly and humbly.

Very precious to her was the meeting with old friends and teachers, and the re-visiting of scenes she had been associated with from childhood; and when she again set out for her new home, it was not with a heart full of longing to do some great thing. She thanked her Heavenly Father, not that He had gratified the ambitious yearnings of a year ago, not that her life had been as the great rushing steamer, but that she had been even as the little fishing vessel that saved one man's life.

## LA VIE.

If life were all a summer day,
If o'er bright fields, from flower to flower,
Like butterflies, as careless, gay,
Chasing each radiant, gladsome hour,
We might flit on
Till set of sun,
I'd seek no other mate but thee
To whirl through that light dance with me!

But rigors of our northern skies
Cast o'er my hours too sad a hue;
The breeze that round me swells or sighs
Would prove a certain death to you
Who ne'er may know
How cold winds blow,—
How poverty makes life a chill,
Dark, dreary winter day, LUCILE!

LEON NOEL.

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## DEAD.

DEAD! and still the river
Through the valley flows;
In the meadow blossom
The lily and the rose!
As of old, the whisper
Of the melancholy sea,
Is of thee, my lost love,
My lost love, is of thee!

Dead! If I were dead, love,
In all the world would be
No one to mourn my lost love,
No one to mourn for me!
But would I murmur? No, love;
And woulds't thou murmur? No!
The sea complains not of the rocks
O'er which the rivulets flow.

A.

# ROYAL SOCIETY.

[From Timbs' Curiosities of London.]

THIS is the oldest Society of its kind in Europe, except the Lyncean Academy at Rome, of which Galileo was a member. The Royal Society originated in London, about 1645, in the weekly meetings of "divers worthy persons inquisitive into natural philosophy, and other parts of human learning; and particularly the new philosophy, or experimental philosophy;" these meetings being first suggested by Theodore Haak, a German of the Palatinate, then resident in the metropolis. This is supposed to be the club which Mr. Boyle, in 1646, designated "the Invisible or Philosophical Society." They met at Dr. Goddard's lodgings in Wood-street; at the *Bull's Head Tavern*, Cheapside; and at Gresham College. About 1648-9, some of the members, including Dr. (afterwards Bishop) Wilkins, removed to Oxford, and were joined by Seth Smith, Ralph Bathurst, Sir William Petty, and the Hon. Robert Boyle, who met at Petty's lodgings in an apothecary's house, "because of the convenience of inspecting drugs." The members in London continued also to meet, until, in 1658, they were ejected from Gresham College, which was required for barracks. Evelyn, Cowley, and Sir William Petty proposed separate plans for a "philosophical college:" Sprat says that Cowley's proposition accelerated the foundation of the Royal Society, in praise of which he subsequently wrote an ode. At the Restoration, in 1660, the meetings were revived; and April 22, 1662, the Society was incorporated by royal charter, by Charles II. This charter is on four sheets of vellum, and has on the first sheet ornamental initials and flowers, and a finely executed portrait of Charles in Indian ink; appended is the Great Seal in green wax. The charter empowers the President to *wear his hat* while in the chair, and the fellows addressed the President bareheaded till he made a sign for them to put on their hats; customs now obsolete. Next year the King granted a second charter, which is of greater importance than the first; and his Majesty presented the Society with the silver-gilt mace.

The Mace is about 4 feet in length, and weighs 190 oz. avoirdupois: its stem is chased with the thistle, and has an urn-shaped head, surmounted by a crown, ball, and cross. Upon the head are embossed figures of a rose, harp, thistle, and fleur-de-lis, and the

initials C. R. four times repeated. Under the crown are chased the royal arms; and at the other extremity of the stem are two shields one bearing the Society's arms, the other a Latin inscription denoting the mace to have been presented to the Society by Charles II. in 1663. It was long believed by numberless visitors to be the "bauble" mace turned out of the House of Commons by Cromwell when he dissolved the Long Parliament; but Mr. Weld, the assistant-secretary and librarian, in a communication to the Society, April 30, 1846, proved this to be a popular error, by showing the warrant for making this mace and delivering it to Lord Brouncker, the first President of the Society. Again, the "bauble" was altogether different in form from the Society's mace, and was nearly destitute of ornament, and without the crown and cross, as described in Whitelock's *Memorials*, and represented accordingly in West's picture of the Dissolution of the Long Parliament.

From this session, 1663, date the *Philosophical Transactions*, wherein the proceedings and discoveries of the Society are registered. This year the Society exercised their privilege of claiming the bodies of criminals executed at Tyburn, which were to be dissected in Gresham College. In 1664, the king signed himself in the charter-book as the founder; and his brother, the Duke of York, signed as a fellow. In 1667 Chelsea College was granted to the society, for their meetings, laboratory, repository, and library; but the building was too dilapidated, "the annoyance of Prince Rupert's glass-house" adjoined it, and the property was purchased back for the king's use for 1300*l.* The Society then resumed their meetings in Gresham College, until they were dispersed by the Great Plague and Fire, after which they met in Arundel House in the Strand. The Fellows now (1667) numbered 200, and their subscription 1*s.* per week; from the payment of which Newton, who joined the Society in 1674, was excused, on account of his narrow finances.

In 1674 the Society returned to Gresham College. They were fiercely attacked; a Warwick physician accused them of attempting to undermine the Universities, to bring in popery and absurd novelties; but a severer satire was *The Elephant in the Moon*, by Butler. Among their early practices was the fellows gathering May-dew, and experimenting with the divining-rod; and the Hon. Robert Boyle believed in the efficacy of the touch of Greatrakes the Stroker for the evil. In 1686 Newton presented his *Principia* to the Society, whose clerk, Halley, the astronomer, printed the work. The MS., entirely in Newton's hand is preserved in the library.

In 1703 Sir Isaac Newton was elected president. In 1710 the Society purchased the house of Dr. Brown, at the top of Crane-court, Fleet-street, "being in the middle of the town and out of noise." This house was built by Wren, after the Great Fire of 1666, upon the site of the mansion of Dr. Nicholas Barbon. This new purchase was considered unfortunate for the Society. The house required several hundred pounds' repairs; the rooms were small and inconvenient compared with those of Gresham College; and the removal led to the separation of the Society from the College Professors, after being associated for nearly fifty years. The house in Crane-court fronted a garden, where was a fishpond. There is a small hall on the ground floor, and a passage from the staircase into the garden, fronting which are the meeting-room, 25½ feet by 16 feet, and a smaller room. In the former apartment the Society met from 1710 till 1782. It is intact, and is very interesting as the room in which Newton sat in the presidential chair, which is preserved. The Library and Museum were removed here: the latter numbered several thousand specimens, the list of which fills twenty pages of Hatton's *London*, 1708. The house formerly included the present No. 8, in which was kept the Society's library, in cedar-wood cases. In 1782 the Society removed to Somerset House, and sold the Crane-court house to the Scottish Hospital.

The Royal Society then transferred most of their older curiosities to the British Museum. For their meeting-room they had a noble apartment in the east wing of Somerset House; it has an enriched ceiling by Sir William Chambers, and here were given the *conversazioni* of the Presidents, Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Wollaston, Sir Humphry Davy, Mr. Davies Gilbert, the Earl of Rosse, and Lord Wrottesley. The Duke of Sussex received the Fellows at Kensington Palace; and the Marquis of Northampton at his mansion on the Terrace, Piccadilly. In 1857 the Society removed to Burlington House, which had recently been purchased by the Government, their meeting-room at Somerset House being then given to the Society of Antiquaries, who had hitherto occupied the adjoining rooms.

In "Burlington's fair palace" a large apartment in the western wing of the mansion is fitted up as the Royal Society's meeting-room. In the elegant suit of rooms, with ceilings painted by Ricci, is the library, and in these apartments the President holds

his annual *conversazioni*, at which novelties in science and art are shown.

The meeting-room at Burlington House is hung round with the Society's pictures, of which Mr. Weld has prepared an interesting *catalogue raisonnès*, privately printed: they include three portraits of Newton, by Jervas, Marchand, and Vanderbank; Viscount Brouncker (first president), by Lely; Sir Humphry Davy, by Lawrence; Davies Gilbert and the Marquis of Northampton, by Philips; Sir John Pringle, by Reynolds; Sir Hans Sloane, Lord Somers, Sir J. Williamson, and Sir Christopher Wren, by Kneller; Dr. Wollaston, by Jackson; the Duke of Sussex, by Philips, &c. The Society also possess marble busts of Charles II. and George III., by Nollekens; Sir Joseph Blanks, by Chantrey; John Dollond, by Garland; Davies Gilbert, by Westmacott; Sir Isaac Newton, by Roubiliac; Laplace; Mrs. Somerville, by Chantrey; James Watt, after Chantrey; and Cuvier, in bronze.

Here also are the Exchequer standard yard set off upon the Society's yard: it is of brass, and is of great value since the destruction of the parliament standard; the Society's standard barometer; also the water-barometer, made by Professor Daniell, whose last official service was the refilling of this instrument, in 1844.

The Royal Society distribute four gold medals annually—the Rumford, two Royal (value 50 guineas each), and the Copley; and from the donation-fund men of science are assisted in special researches.

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## THE NORTHERN MYTHOLOGY.

[From Burton's History of Scotland.]

THE Norse cosmogony, or history of the creation of the existing world seen and inhabited, as well as the other worlds provided for glory and happiness, or for degradation and misery, was extremely complicated. Not being restrained by the laws of the Copernicum system, or compelled to treat the earth as a round ball, the inventors of the system created what they wanted—a world of ice here and a fire there, chaoses, seas, abysses, regions of gloom, and sunny fruitful places of happiness, at discretion. The Hell of the system was a peculiar creation, very eloquent of its

northern origin. It does not exactly correspond with our hell as the receptacle of the damned, though it is a place disliked and dreaded as the abode of oblivion, where those who have not by great deeds earned a better fate are absolutely locked up, and detained by strong gates. The character of this place is in harmony with the common story of the Danish missionary Hans Egedge, when he preached to the Greenlanders, requiring to abandon the usual definitions of the place of torment, and describe it as a region of eternal frost. An accomplished Norse scholar thus tells us how "the realm of Hel was all that Wælheal was not—cold, cheerless, shadowy; no simulated war was *there*, from which the combatants desisted with renovated strength and glory; no capacious quaighs of mead or cups of the life-giving wine; no feast continually enjoyed and miraculously reproduced; no songs nor narratives of noble deeds; no expectation of the last great battle, when the *einherjar* were to accompany Allfather to meet his gigantic antagonists; no flashing Shieldmays animating the brave with their discourse, and lightening the hall with their splendour: but chill and ice-frost and darkness; shadowy realms without a sun, without song, or wine, or feast or the soul-inspiring company of heroes, glorying in the great deeds of their worldly life." Valhalla is the reverse of all this. It glitters with gold, and the shields and spears of the countless heroes received into it by its forty gates, which admit eight hundred guests at once. Here there is eternal revel which knows no satiety or pall, and all the fierce joys which the warrior felt on earth are intensified. It is a world of action still, and here is its attraction to those to whom the lazy luxury of the Elysian fields, or the more enervating enjoyments of Oriental paradises, would be no encouragement. It is only, however, for those whom the choosers of the slain promote to happiness. Death on the field was almost a condition of such promotion; and mighty warriors, if they felt death coming on them in another form, would pray to be enclosed in their armour, as a sort of protest that they had worked well for the great object of ambition, a soldier's grave, though the surly fates had denied it to them. To lose all this, and be closed up in a dismal place called hell, it was not necessary that there should be positive misdeed. It was the place for the indolent, the unambitious, and the timid. The mere absence of the high heroism which earned an entrance to Valhalla left no alternative but the other place. For

those who had done actual wickedness there was a separate place, called Nastrond, of positive torture by poisonous serpents and other agents of affliction.

There is nothing of the ideal or the spiritual in the Scandinavian mythology. All its creatures are essentially corporeal—large-limbed, strong, and jovial, ravenous eaters, and unassailable either in brain or stomach by the largest conceivable potations. They are supernaturally endowed with all the elements of physical enjoyment. Asceticism is unknown to them. Yet there is nothing in their personal histories of the pruriency that stains the classical mythology, or of the more loathsome sensuality that saturates the Oriental supernatural. Asgard is the model of north-country domestic life. There is no questionable bachelor like Apollo, no exceptionally chaste Diana there; fidelity between husband and wife is so much a matter of course that it is not spoken of as a special virtue. The abode of Balder and his beautiful wife Nana was so hallowed that nothing impure could enter it. Even in the punishment of Loki the mischief-maker, after he had accomplished the inexpiable offence of Balder's death, there occurs a touching picture of a wife's devotion. He was bound to three fragments of rock, and a venomous snake was hung over his head, so that its poison might drop upon his face and torture him. Sigyu, his wife, watched by him during the long ages, until the Ragnaroek, or twilight of the gods, should come. She held a cup over her husband's head to catch the dripping venom. When it was full, and she had to empty it, the drops falling in the interval tortured him so that his writhings shook all nature and made earthquakes.

Among beings endowed with supernatural strength, and with no profession to be above the influence of human passions, but, on the contrary, partaking of them in a measure proportioned to their strength, it was natural that many harsh and bloody deeds were done. But all were in fair fight, and from their superiority of strength—there were no treachery or subtlety. Evil deeds of this class were left to the order of beings whose province they were. Loki was the mischief-maker among the gods themselves. He answers more to the Mephistophiles of Goethe then to the common Devil of Christendom. He is a cynical, practical joker, who carries his jokes a great deal too far. The beautiful life of Balder, the son of Oden and Friggia and the brother of Thor, seems to

have roused a special malignity in him. There was a sort of presentiment that the great ornament of Asgard was too good to be let live, and his mother set about getting everything in nature separately exorcised and pledged not to be the instrument of Balder's death.* This was supposed to have been so completely effected, that it was one of the amusements of Asgard to make a target of Balder, and pitch all sorts of deadly weapons against him, to see how they would recoil. Loki, by a diligent search, found a twig that had not been exorcised, owing to its insignificance. To aggravate his offence, he handed it to the brother of Balder, who threw it at him, and so slew him.

Loki confined his tricks to the gods. There were other powers to work evil upon mankind. Chief of these was the Neck, whence comes our Old Nick, and perhaps the Nick Niven, who is a chief among the Scots witches, holding something like the place that Shakespeare gives to Hecate. Among the most seafaring people in the world, the great bulk of calamities come of shipwreck and other disasters by water; and Neck's operations came to be almost entirely limited to that element. In later times he was in the northern nations a mischievous imp of the stream, like the water-kelpie in Scotland.

The Nornir—or Fates, as they are called, to make their nature intelligible—are not properly malignant beings. They are so associated, however, with scenes of slaughter, that naturally enough, they are spoken of with a shudder. They are choosers of the slain, and it is the function of the youngest, Skuld, who deals with the future (the eldest, Urd, having charge of the past, as the second, Verdandi, has of the present), to watch over battle-fields and send off the illustrious dead to Valhalla. This is a holy function, yet, as a right of choice or promotion, has not been exercised without the suspicion of partiality that acccompanies such powers; and somehow the function of choosing the slain becomes mixed up with the power of arranging who are to be slain and who to be spared.

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* "Of all the Gods," Balder, "the fair, the just, the good, is the most attractive, and the most likely to pass over into the counterpart of Christ." "In fact, in the early middle age things called after this son of Woden were re-named usually after Christ or St. John. And this silent melting of the mythical Balder into the historical Christ took place all over the north. The oldest Scandinavian poems offer many instances."—Stephens, The Old Northern Runic Monuments, 431.

As Gray has it in that ode of the Fatal Sisters, which has so thorough a Norse spirit—

> "We the reins to slaughter give,
> Ours to kill and ours to spare."

The nature of these beings is full of material for poetry; but perhaps for that very reason it is thoroughly illogical. They are inferior to the gods; yet they dispose of the gods as absolutely as of human beings. The term Wyrd or Weird comes up along with the Nornir. Norse scholars have found difficulty in fixing its meaning, for though they hold it to be derived from Urd, the eldest Norn, yet it is used to express generally that Fate of which they are the mere ministers. In Scotland the word has been long used with almost the same equivocal or double meaning. It has been employed to express the announcement of a prophecy, destiny, or fate, and also to describe the person who can prophesy or pronounce a destiny. Thus, when Wyntoun, the monkish chronicler, of whom we shall have a good deal to say, tells the story of the fatal stone, now in the coronation-chair in Westminister Abbey, and of the prediction that wherever it is, the race of Fergus shall reign, he calls this prediction a "weird." For the other sense, when Bishop Douglas, in his translation of Virgil, comes on the Parcæ or Fates, he calls them "the Weird Sisters."*

It seems an inconsistency that the gods themselves should be at the disposal of these questionable beings; but this is part of the magnanimity and simple grandeur of the character of the mighty Æsir. They were not only free from all treachery and cunning, but the use of policy was beneath them; they confided entirely on their absolute strength, or on what is now called brute force. The greatest of them was not ashamed of being befooled by some cleverer power. Indeed he needed not to disturb himself about such an incident, for his own innate strength was sufficient to protect him from the consequences without recourse to the wisdom of the serpent. There is a memorable instance of this in the sojourn of Thor and his party among the Giants in Utgard.

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* A word coming from a source so solemnly significant, and still in use in Scotland, has naturally had an eventful history, so far as a word can be spoken of. A great deal might be written about it, as one will see at once by reading the quotations from Scots literature in prose and verse, ranked under the word "weird" in Jamieson's Scots Dictionary and its supplement.

They went in high heart, confident in their strength; but they were doomed to mortification one after another, until their return, when the spell set on them had ceased, and their entertainers were bound to explain the tricks played on them. The first competition was in eating, when the two champions met half-way in the huge trencher set between them; but to the annoyance of the Æsir, theirs had not picked the bones clean as his opponent had. That opponent, who seemed one of the giants, was in reality a devouring flame. Running was another trial; after three races, Thialfi, on whom the Æsir's reputation for swiftness was at stake, was obliged to acknowledge himself beaten; and no wonder — he was matched against "Thought." Thor's own first great trial was in drinking — an accomplishment in which he believed himself to be entirely unmatched. A drinking-horn was brought: Thor thought he could empty it at one hearty pull; but no — and indeed, after repeated efforts, he was obliged to leave the horn more than half full. The fact was, that the horn communicated with the ocean: and when Thor returned over the earth, he could see that he had drunk the waters over the whole globe, so as to sink their level, raising headlands and numerous sunken islands. In wrestling he barely stood his own in a contest with an old woman — but that old woman was Old Age. And so, although there was mortification for the moment, their achievements in Giantland went far to enhance the mighty reputation of the Æsir.

There was one celebrated occasion when Thor resorted to policy, even to deception; but he did so with excessive reluctance, and the affair was a crisis. One day his mighty hammer Moelner was missing. It was not only his badge of distinction, but the physical force by which he asserted his dominion. If it were finally lost, heaven and earth would all go wrong — in fact, the possessor of the hammer would supersede the gods. Loki, who had a guess where it was, paid a visit to Giantland, where Thrym, one of its principal inmates, who was sitting on a hill making golden collars for his dogs, coolly told him that he had the hammer buried eight miles deep in Giantland, and would not give it up except as an equivalent for the hand of Freya, of the golden tears. The emergency was so terrible that the Æsir wished to persuade Freya to consent, or appear to consent; but her matronly modesty and queenly dignity were so shocked that she gave a great snort, celebrated for having shaken Asgard to its foundations. In

solemn conclave the Æsir recommended, even besought, Thor to personate Freya and go to Utgard. He long resisted the humiliating alternative, but the public interests prevailed, and, arrayed in the head-dress and other magnificent robes of the queen, and veiled as a bride of Heaven, he set off for Giantland, accompanied by the Machiavelian Loki, who had not yet lost himself by his great offence. The giants were rather astonished by a glimpse they got of the bride's fierce eyes, and still more at her fine appetite, when she ate an ox, eight salmon, and no end of sweetmeats, the disappearance of which was a mortification to the bridesmaids. At length the mighty hammer was brought in on a truss borne by four giants. Thor seized it, and laid about him, crashing skulls to the right and the left. He was now himself again, and restored to his authority. It is observable that even in this instance the moral of the Eddas, that sheer strength is everything, and policy unworthy of the gods, is not entirely abandoned. It is when deprived of his proper element of physical force, and consequently enervated, and in a manner demoralised, that the great Thor has recourse to policy.

Even from these small glimpses one may see how thoroughly the Eddas are filled and animated by the spirit of the northern people. Throughout there is ever-striving energy, determination of purpose, the physical power seconding the unbending will, a courage that is manifest not only in contempt of death, but in patient endurance of suffering, a distaste of all politic devices and diplomatic intrigues, and a reliance on honest strength to carry out the mighty designs of a never-resting ambition. There are no applications of gentleness and mercy, but there is a strong sense of justice and an aversion to wanton cruelty. There is no pretence of abjuring the good gifts of nature, and shrivelling into impotent asceticism; on the contrary, there is mighty feasting and revelling when the bow is unbent and the sword sheathed, but there is honest domestic faith and fidelity withal. Such are the qualities set to struggle with the ice, the storms, and the arid soil of the northern land; and all these difficulties are conquered so effectually that their conquerors abide in affluence and splendour.

Yet the propensity to hunt forth analogies, and make a display of learning and ingenuity, has not overlooked this stormy region; and we are taught to connect its thoroughly northern legends with the voluptuous aspirations of the Oriental nations and the polished

ideality of the Greeks. It does not strengthen the distinctive features of Balder's history to derive it from the Syrian myth of Thammuz and Adonis, or to compare him with the Persian hero Ispandier. It profits little that one compares Asgard to Olympus, seeing that there is another ready to identify it with Troy, and a third is prepared to prove that the whole is a phase of Buddhism. The Olympian comparison has, however, unfortunately taken a hold, Odin being Mercury; Thor, Jupiter; and Friggia, Venus: and this has been stamped by the highest authority, in our country at least, the usage of Parliament, in the votes and proceedings of which Wednesday is *dies Mercurii*, Thursday *dies Jovis*, and Friday *dies Veneris*. But there are protesters against even this, who find that Thor and Odin came from a still remoter distance, being in reality the Vishnu and Siva of Hindostan; and again others, who find the system of the Eddas in the Persian Zend Avesta. Besides their being so conformable to the spirit of the people and the place, the northern nations laid a stronger hold upon the Eddas as peculiarly their own, for the tribes and great families professed to be descended of the frequenters of Asgard. They brought this proud pedigree with them in their wanderings; and when the chronicles supplied a leader for the Saxons in Britain, calling him Hengest, they likewise provided for him an Asgard pedigree, making him sixth in descent from Odin.

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## DEEP SEA SOUNDINGS—THE "CHALLENGER" EXPEDITION.

ABOUT the middle of May, H. M. S. *Challenger* visited Halifax harbor, and remained there for nine or ten days, taking in stores, refitting, repairing machinery, and preparing for a prolonged cruise, first *viâ* Bermuda to Madeira, and then to proceed to the North Pacific. We had the pleasure of visiting the *Challenger*, viewing her arrangements, and her varied and wonderful apparatus, and receiving from the distinguished gentlemen in charge an outline of her cruise and her discoveries hitherto, and of what is intended for the next three years. The readers of the MARITIME MONTHLY will thank us if we lay before them, very briefly and in the plainest, unscientific terms, the facts which we have gathered up.

The *Challenger* left England on the 21st December, 1872, for the coast of Portugal. She is a war steamer of two thousand tons burden, and accustomed to carry eighteen heavy guns. Of these guns she retains only two, for service among possible pirates or any other rough customers in out-of-the-way places. She has a considerable supply of revolvers and other small arms, so as to be ready for emergencies; for she is to be for months, if not years, in regions where the "struggle for existence," or some other equally diabolical principle, leads men to do things that are not exactly up to Anglo-Saxon ideas of the sacredness of human life. The places of the sixteen absent war-dogs are occupied by scientific appliances appropriate to the work in hand—laboratories, photographic apparatus, photometers, thermometers, dredges and machinery for sounding and trawling. In this noble "man-of-science" you could hardly recognize a "man-of-war."

The mission of the *Challenger* is the latest and the best equipped of several expeditions of the same nature organized by the British Admiralty in the interest of science. The ship furnishes ample accommodation, and every facility for the work which she is intended to do. She is to take part in watching the transit of Venus next year. She has to map the sea-bottom wherever she goes, with a view, partly at least, to gather information for guidance in laying telegraphic cables, and selecting the best route for them. Investigations are constantly made as to the depth of the sea, the character of the bottom, the fauna and flora, the temperature, the currents, the pressure, the winds, etc., etc. Every fact worth noting is treasured up and noted down in its appropriate department. This course is to be pursued for the next three years. The annual cost of the expedition is not less than £60,000 sterling,—a considerable sum out of John Bull's tight pocket, seeing that Robert Lowe is guardian of the aforesaid pocket. The ship, with the hydrographic part of the expedition, is under the charge of Captain Nares, a highly cultivated English gentleman—a perfect seaman, who also thoroughly sympathizes with all the objects of the cruise. The more strictly scientific work is under Dr. Wyville Thomson, Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh, a gentleman who knows more about the sea and its mysteries than, probably, any one living. Professor Murray has charge of the Botanic section. Dr. Thomson has an accomplished assistant in Rudolf von Suhm, Zoological Professor of the Univer-

sity of Munich. M. Wilde, a clever Swiss, is Secretary, and he is equally expert with brush, pencil and pen.

After leaving England last winter, the *Challenger* steamed south to the coast of Portugal. There she commenced sounding, dredging and trawling, with satisfactory results, both as regards the action of her apparatus and the discoveries made. The dredge used is thus described by Professor Huxley: "Imagine a large bag, the mouth of which has the shape of an elongated parallelogram, and is fastened to an iron frame of the same shape, the two long sides of this rim being fashioned into scrapers. Chains attach the ends of the frame to a stout rope, so that when the bag is dragged along by the rope the edge of one of the scrapers rests on the ground and scrapes whatever it touches into the bag." This is the sort of machine that has been used from time immemorial by oyster-dredgers—the same in kind, but, of course, vastly different in strength and capacity. Dredging in comparatively shallow water is easy; but to dredge at great depths requires enormously strong tackle, and a vast expenditure of steam or muscle power. The *Challenger* brought up a granite boulder from a depth of a mile and a half—the boulder weighing four hundred and ninety pounds. This happened a hundred and thirty miles south of Cape Sable, Nova Scotia. The boulder has been identified by Dr. Honeyman with the Shelburne granite of Nova Scotia; and the Doctor promises to tell us some day the "story" of that "rolling stone." The seamen and the donkey-engine of the *Challenger* had no blessing for it after the long strong pull by which they dragged it from its home in the caverns of the deep. It is now—minus a chip or two—on its travels to the tropics.

The trawl is a sort of large net with its mouth fastened to a beam of wood of the same length. The two ends of the beam of wood are supported by curved pieces of iron, which raise the wood and the lip of the net attached to it, a few inches from the ground. The lower "lip" drags along the ground, rouses all sorts of living creatures which it touches, and they naturally rush into the pouch of the net behind, and are kept there as close prisoners till they reach the upper air. The *Challenger* has used the trawl at depths of nearly three thousand fathoms—an achievement unheard of before. "Tangles," and "swabs" of coarse hempen yarn, are also attached to the dredge, and are found of great service in gathering up organisms that might escape the other apparatus.

It is difficult to give any adequate idea of the sounding apparatus, without the aid of pictorial illustrations. The sounding line is invariably weighted by a one hundred or one hundred and fifty pound shot, which becomes disengaged whenever it strikes bottom. One of these shot is left at the bottom every time the line is let out; so that there must be a considerable store of them in reserve, to serve during a three years' cruise. Self-registering thermometers are sent down to the greatest depths, and the glass in them is often crushed to minute particles by the pressure of the water. The barometer is also used at immense depths. The resources of science are taxed to the utmost to cope with the difficulties of extracting her profound secrets from nature,— secrets hidden four miles below the surface of the sea.

The *Challenger* occupied a full month in crossing the Atlantic from off the African coast to St. Thomas in the West Indies. They sounded, dredged or trawled all day, and proceeded on their voyage all night. The depths of the sea varied from five hundred to four thousand fathoms. Two sub-marine mountain ranges were crossed. The greatest depth was reached close to St. Thomas, and this was three thousand eight hundred and seventy-five fathoms, or over four miles! Life was found even here,—foraminefera, globigerina, nummilia, protozoa of all sorts. Or to speak in plain terms, little round shells that appear to the naked eye no larger than a small grain of sand, but which the glass shows to be beautifully ornamented, fretted and furrowed, and full of little holes,—microscopic windows. There are also little shells shaped like horns of all sorts; some like ammonites; some like old Roman coins. All these are from depths till recently supposed to be barren of all life. The finish, the elegance, the exquisite tracery of these minute creatures is perfectly wonderful.

Among the spoils exhibited by Dr. Thomson were sponges and crustaceans of various sorts trawled from very great depths, some transparent as glass, but eyeless; some pure white; some rich purple. None were brought to the surface alive owing to the change of pressure. They are made for the dark, still, cold depths; they cannot live a minute in the bright, warm, expansive altitudes occupied by ordinary fish,—much less can they live a moment in the open air.

It was found that the depths of the sea are altogether void of vegetable existence. The cold is intense: the thermometer never

registering more than thirty-nine, and going often several degrees below that. The pressure is enormous. Said Dr. Thomson: "A man at that depth (four miles) would have upon him the weight of two iron-clads."

It used to be said that the depths of the sea were barren of life; that nothing could exist in the darkness and under the full pressure of the ocean. These latest explorations show that the limit of life has not yet, at any rate, been reached. Oddly enough, the organizations found at the greatest depths, though extremely simple, are highly finished, and are the same as those that geologists have discovered in the earliest life-bearing rock-formations. The dawn of geologic life strangely corresponds with the darkness of the loneliest sea-bottom. Life has been found in abundance and great variety at a depth of 2,500 fathoms, and it is not a-wanting at 4,000 fathoms. Analogy would lead us to conclude that no lifeless waste is to be found on sea, any more than on land. Dr. Thomson, in a work recently published—"Depths of the Sea"—states that fishes came from a depth of 600 to 1,000 fathoms, all in a peculiar condition from the expansion of the air contained in their bodies, and with their eyes protruding, like great globes, from their sockets. The most abundant creatures at the greatest depths are starfishes, sea-urchins, zoophytes, sponges and protozoa such as we mentioned above. There are organizations at work in the Atlantic at the present day of the same kind as those that formed the chalk of England. New chalk is thus being formed by the same old agency, and probably under similar circumstances.

Another subject on which the *Challenger* will gather light is the circulation of ocean currents. Already the old theory of the "Gulf Stream" has received its death wound, and many of the beautiful generalizations of Maury have been exploded. Time will tell what next.

We must close our story with the following pathetic incident which occurred near St. Thomas:

"Shortly after commencing to heave in the dredge, the span for securing one of the iron leading blocks for the dredge-rope was carried away, at the same time striking William Stokes, boy of the first-class, very severely, and jamming him against the ship's side. He was much injured, and concussion of the brain ensued, from which he never rallied, death putting an end to his sufferings a few hours afterward. This sad event cast a gloom over the whole

ship, for Stokes was a smart lad, and a universal favorite. * * * After evening quarters the funeral bell tolled, and the ship's company assembled to pay the last tribute to their late shipmate. The captain read the beautiful and impressive burial service, and on arriving at that portion, 'We therefore commit his body to the deep,' the corpse of the poor lad, wrapped in a hammock weighted by shot, with the Union Jack as a pall, was slid out of the port 'into the deep blue tide.' After this sad ceremony we continued all night under sail."

We wish God-speed to the gallant ship on her long pilgrimage: may she return safely, freighted with spoils of ocean more precious than the gold and silver that rewarded the enterprise of the brave old British buccaneers.

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## CURRENT EVENTS.

Two great public men in our Dominion have fallen by the hand of death—George Cartier and Joseph Howe. Of the two, the former name is the more historic. Descended from a brother of the celebrated discoverer and navigator, Jacques Cartier, he seems to have retained the energy and ability which made his relative famous. Born in 1815, he was yet, one might say, in the prime of his life when he was called to lay it down. He was educated at St. Sulpice College, Montreal, was married in 1846 to a lady of that city, having previously been called to the Bar in 1835. He was created Queen's Counsel in 1854. Cartier dallied with the muses and produced several songs of merit, one of which, "*O Canada, Mon Pays!*" is a fine lyric production. He has, as a politician, taken part in most of the great measures by which the Provinces of British America have been brought to their present condition and relations. In 1858 the Cartier-McDonald administration being in power, that Government adopted the Confederation of the British Provinces, the construction of the Intercolonial Railway, and the maintenance of the Queen's decision in favour of Ottawa as the permanent seat of the Government of Canada, as the prominent features of their policy. In 1858 Cartier proceeded to England to bring the two first named schemes under the attention of the Imperial authorities; as also the question of the annexation of the Hudson Bay territories. Sir George took part in the Conference relative to Confederation in Charlottetown and Quebec, and was one of the main agents in promoting and carrying out that scheme. But, indeed, there is hardly any measure which has lately occupied public attention in Canada in which he did not take a leading part. For many years he wielded the chief

political power in Quebec Province. Speaking the French, he endeared himself to the *habitans*, and master of English, he could influence those who knew no other tongue. Yet he had his reverses. At the last general election he was defeated in his own city and forced to seek another constituency. His political career has not, as is the rule, been acceptable to all parties, and was at times disagreeable to his own. The exigencies of politics frequently lead to a policy obnoxious to one's own party. Such was the case with Sir George. He was accorded a public funeral, against which, as an approval of the deceased man's policy, strong protests were made, and it is questionable whether a private one would not have called forth more sympathy. The dead, however, cares for none of these things. He rests in peace, while politicians quarrel round his bier and his grave.

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ANOTHER great man has been taken from us by the hand of death, and another link which bound the Canada of to-day with the Canada of half a century since, has been broken. Few men will read of the death of Joseph Howe without a pang of deep and heartfelt sorrow. He had a reputation far wider than the Dominion, being known, through his writings and speeches, throughout Great Britain and the United States. And he had the rare faculty of making himself popular wherever he went. His genial *bonhomie*, his ready wit, his wonderful fund of information, his kindness of heart, and his complete self-possession, made him a favorite with all with whom he came in contact. And to these qualities he owes much of his success and usefulness as a public man.

Mr. Howe was born in the Northwest Arm, Halifax, in 1804, so that he had almost reached the allotted age of three score years and ten. He came from a hardy, loyal stock. "During the old times of persecution," said he in one of his speeches, for Mr. Howe, like many other great men, was fond of talking about himself, "four brothers bearing my name, left the southern counties of England, and settled in four of the old New England States. Their descendants number thousands, and are scattered from Maine to California. My father was the only descendant of that stock, who, at the Revolution, adhered to the side of England. His bones rest in the Halifax churchyard. I am his only surviving son." He had but few opportunities for education when a lad, having to walk two miles to get to school in summer, and being kept at home in winter. But his father was a man of culture, and charged himself as far as time would permit, with his education. At the age of thirteen he was apprenticed to the printing business, and during his apprenticeship developed those talents for literary composition which have since distinguished him. He contributed to the press, over anonymous signatures, a number of

pieces in prose and verse during his apprenticeship. In 1827 he purchased the *Weekly Chronicle*, changing its name to the *Acadian*, and commenced his regular connection with the press. Two years afterwards he disposed of his share in the *Acadian*, and purchased the *Nova Scotian*, which he continued to edit until 1841. During the early months of his editorial career, he paid but little attention to politics. But those were stirring times, and an ardent nature like his could not long keep aloof from the all-engrossing questions of the day. Having once entered upon political discussion he became an earnest and vigorous opponent of the abuses by which he found himself surrounded. The result was a libel suit on the part of the Magistracy of Halifax. Mr. Howe always took pleasure in telling the story of this suit. He was as yet comparatively little known, and his powers as a speaker were not even suspected. When he received the writ he consulted two or three professional men, but they all shook their heads, regarded the case as a decidedly bad one, and advised a retractation and apology. Young Howe, however, felt that to retract would be to destroy his influence in the future. He knew he was right; that the cause in which he was battling was the cause of popular freedom, and he resolved to brave all consequences. The result we give, from memory, in his own words, as he related the story some ten years ago to the writer of this article: "'If you cannot undertake my defence, with hope of success, will you lend me your law books treating of the question of libellous publications?' I got the books, locked myself up for nearly seven weeks for study, taking no exercise, and abstracting all the time possible from business. Then came the sittings of the Court. On the afternoon before the trial, I abandoned myself to a long tramp near the water's edge, and to fresh air. And on the morning of the eventful day I took my seat, dressed in the unusual garb of a black suit, among the lawyers within the railing, not much concerned at the evident amusement I created. The case was opened; the Crown officer made out a terribly hard case against me; the publication was proved, and I was called upon for my defence. I had had time to scan the faces of the jurymen during the proceedings, and had placed myself on tolerably good terms with them. I opened my address, and was pleased to find that I at once challenged attention; as I proceeded with my plea of justification, which was the popular wrong which had been committed and the popular right to be vindicated, I saw a tear steal from the eyes of two or three of the jury, and I felt myself safe in their hands. My address occupied some hours in the delivery, and when I sat down the burst of applause from the crowded court-room, which no threatenings of authority were able to suppress, told me my case was won, if I could only get a decision before the impression had time to wear off. I was horrified to find, then, that neither the Crown officer nor the Judge was willing that I should have

this advantage, and the Court adjourned. Next morning the Attorney-General delivered a tremendous phillipic against me, and the Judge in his charge uttered one scarcely less terrible. But it was no use; the jury, with scarcely any delay, brought in a verdict of acquittal; the people carried me on their shoulders in triumph from the Court House, and at the next election returned me as their representative from the County of Halifax."

Mr. Howe remained a member of the Legislature of his own Province, without intermission, until 1863, representing, during that time, Halifax, Cumberland, and Hants. He labored with untiring zeal and with wonderful tact, for the establishment of responsible government, and to him, perhaps more than to any other single man, was due the change in the colonial policy of the Empire. He was the recognised leader of the liberal party in his own Province. And while waging the most uncompromising warfare against the colonial policy of the empire, and the maladministration to which that policy had given rise, he never uttered a disloyal sentiment, or spoke a word which could by any process of perversion be construed into an attack upon British connection. Thoroughly liberal and popular in his opinions, he was an Imperialist of the most decided character. He held, as a first article of political faith, the greater union of the Empire, by the representation of the Colonies in the great Parliament at Westminster; and to his latest hour he never swerved from the opinion that the best interests of the British nation would be subserved by such closer union.

Mr. Howe was known personally to old Canada by his earnest advocacy of the Intercolonial Railway, and by his speeches in that behalf in 1849. His great speech at Detroit, on the subject of the reciprocity treaty, in 1865, won for him renewed applause from the people of this and the western Province of the Dominion, and stamped him as the most vigorous orator at that important gathering of the leading commercial minds of the continent. His opposition to the scheme of confederation in his own Province, made his name familiar in the late political discussions in this country; and the almost entire sweep of his own Province against the scheme, electing eighteen out of the nineteen members to the first Parliament of Canada against it, was a striking proof of his power and popularity. In the presence of an accomplished union, having regard to the future interests of Canada, he consented to submit the grievances of which he complained on behalf of his Province to the fair consideration of the Government, and an arrangement was made by which he thought the people of Nova Scotia must be satisfied. Mr. Howe was then offered and accepted a seat in the Cabinet. He has been charged with having sold himself for this position. This was not so. Whatever faults Joseph Howe had, and being human he was not without them, he was not mercenary. In a long career of public usefulness, he has

never been charged with the crime of having an itching palm. He laboured hard in his country's service, and, with talents which might have made him rich, he has died a poor man. He entered office at the pressing solicitation of the Government. Having expressed himself satisfied with the re-arrangement of the financial terms, so far as they affected Nova Scotia, it was right that he, the leader of the Anti-Confederates, should show his good faith by accepting office and thus giving a guarantee to the country that the agitation was at an end, and to his friends that their interests were safe in the hands of a government of which he was a member. It was practically the same motive which induced Sir John MacDonald in 1864 to insist upon Mr. Brown taking a seat in the Cabinet, and the position was accepted by the veteran Nova Scotian in the same spirit as by the Upper Canada Clear Grit Leader. When he returned to his County for re-election, he was met, as was to be expected, by the strongest opposition. He lived long enough to find himself elevated to the highest position in his native Province, and that by the common consent and amid the warmest congratulations of men of all parties. Unfortunately, he has not lived long enough to enjoy, for any time, his well-won honours. He has gone from us, leaving upon the history of his country the stamp of his energy, ability and patriotic devotion, and bequeathing to his friends the record of a long and laborious life spent in the interests of his fellow-men.

(For the foregoing estimate of Joseph Howe we are indebted to the Montreal *Gazette*.)

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## ARCTIC AND WESTERN PLANTS IN CONTINENTAL ACADIA.

### SPECIAL CAUSES WHICH HAVE OPERATED UPON THE DISTRIBUTION OF PLANTS IN ACADIA.

[Read before the Natural History Society of New Brunswick, 13th April, 1869.]
[Abridged from the Canadian Naturalist.]

BY G. F. MATTHEW.

BESIDE two agents, Winds and Migratory Birds, which have had a world-wide influence in spreading vegetation from one gion to another, there is a third, which, from the important part has played in modifying the flora of Acadia, deserves special ention. This is the floating ice, and drift-wood of the Polar rrent, and of the St. John River.

Traces of the influence of this current on the climate of this gion, long anterior to the time when the present assemblage of nts first covered it, may still be detected. To form any concep- n of the vegetation which covered Acadia in those early times, must fall back upon the researches of Geology. As regards its dern botanical aspect, the history of Acadia begins with the stpleiocene epoch. The clay beds of this period, which cover le areas in Southern New Brunswick, have yielded no determi- ble remains of plants, except sea-weeds, and these are of common currence in connection with fine clays near the coast. Thus we left to infer the character of the vegetation from the climatic nditions indicated by the presence of Arctic and sub-Arctic imals in the Acadian seas of the Postpleiocene epoch, and to the own flora of this period in Canada. At Green's Creek, on the

Ottawa River, the deposits of this age contain concretions which have gathered around organic remains, such as sea-shells, fishes and bones of the seal. Many of them also contain the remains of land-plants. Dr. Dawson, to whom these relics were submitted for examination, detected the following species of plants: the Norway Cinquefoil (*Potentilla Norvegica*), the Mountain Cinquefoil (*P. tridentata*), the Balm of Gilead (*Populus balsamifera*), the Bear Berry (*Arctostaphylos Uva-ursi*), the White Clover (*Trifolium repens*), the Round-Leaved Sun-Dew (*Drosera rotundifolia*), and two kinds of Pondweed (*Potamogeton natans*), and (*P. perfoliatus*). Such a group of plants would find a congenial home in that part of Acadia now occupied by the sub-Alpine type of vegetation. Indeed, with the exception of the Bear Berry, they are all known denizens of the maritime parts of Acadia. It may be perceived, then, that to reproduce the climatic conditions of the Postpleiocene epoch, it is only necessary to submerge the St. Lawrence valley, and the plains east of the Appalachian range, and permit the Arctic waters to circulate over these submerged lands. That such was the state of the southern half of Continental Acadia during a great part of the age in question there can be no doubt, the Southern Hills alone standing above the icy current, which swept by on either side. With such physical conditions universally prevalent in this region, the Arctic and sub-Arctic must have been the predominant type of vegetation. As the plains began to emerge during the later part of the Postpliocene period, which was one of upheaval, no doubt many Boreal forms were added to those already present in the country.

These additions were largely influenced by the constant play of the Arctic current upon our shores. It acted as a circumpolar distributor of species, and to it the wide range of many Arctic and Boreal plants is evidently due. Entering the Polar Sea between Norway and Spitzbergen, it sweeps round the ice-bound shores of the Old World by Russia and Siberia. An insignificant branch escapes into the Pacific by Behring's Straits; but the main body of the current continues its course through the Georgian Archipelago, and passes into the Atlantic again between Greenland and Labrador. The retarded rotation of the earth throws this current, when entering the Polar Sea, upon the coast of the Old World; the accelerated rotation felt by the same moving mass of water on its southward course causes it to cling to the shores of America

from Labrador to Florida, and envelop the eastern part of the British Possessions, which are fully exposed to its chilling influence, with fog and mist. The principal body of the current passes southward around Newfoundland, but a branch goes westward between this Island and Labrador, through the Straits of Belleisle, and courses around the Gulf of St. Lawrence, as has been already stated.

It is the transporting power of this current as a whole, and of this branch, in particular, which has more directly influenced the vegetation of our country.

Three of the largest rivers in the Old World, and an equal number of those in the New, help to freshen the waters of this great oceanic stream. The Spring floods of the great Siberian water-courses sweep down into it vast quantities of drift-wood and *débris* filled with the seeds of plants. Many of these are carried onward in the floe-ice toward the American coast, where they receive accessions from the McKenzie River, and in the course of years work their way through the group of islands between North America and Greenland. The Saskatchewan River also contributes its quota of organic relics to the burden borne on the bosom of the Polar current from the Arctic regions of the three continents. The peculiarity of all these great water-courses is, that their sources are in temperate latitudes, while their embouchures are in Arctic or sub-Arctic regions, and thus the waste of vegetation which they bear downward toward the sea, when they are swollen by melting snows, is cast upon the ice about their mouths. The seeds of plants flourishing in the regions from which these rivers flow might thus very readily be transported in the course of time, upon floe ice and drift-wood, to the north-eastern parts of America.

Accordingly we find little difficulty in tracing back the course of the Boreal and Arctic types north-westward across the Continent of America, toward Asia. Labrador and Newfoundland are bleak, inhospitable countries, whose flora is but imperfectly known; yet of the three score species in the list of Boreal plants, more than one-half have been gathered there. In the St. Lawrence Valley, chiefly in that part of it below the Ottawa River and around Lakes Huron and Superior, more than two-thirds of the list of Boreal species occur; many of these being only known in the far western parts of the Valley about Lakes Superior and Huron, or in the mountain tops of New England and New York. The presence of

these species in Acadia is easily accounted for when it is considered that there is a continuous water communication from the great lakes of the interior to the northern confines of Acadia. But it is more remarkable, if we fail to give due weight to the transporting powers of the Polar Current, that *all* the high Northern forms, with half a dozen exceptions, should be already known as indigenous to the North West Territory, between Red River, the Arctic Sea, and the Rocky Mountains. Moreover, there are three species which, if one may judge from the authorities above quoted, are not known to occur in the interspace between this region and Acadia, or to the N. E. of the latter. These are the *Collomia linearis*, discovered by Mr. Fowler on the Gulf coast; *Vilfa cuspidata*, found by Mr. Goodale on the Upper St. John, and *Oxytropis campestris*, gathered by Professor Bailey on the Main St. John. This list of adventurous emigrants from the North West would be largely increased were we to include species which occur in the intervening country only on the mountain tops of New England and New York.

The second great agent in transporting seeds in this region, to which allusion has been made, is the River St. John. This stream appears to have played an important part in distributing plants throughout Acadia, and a few remarks on its peculiarities may, therefore, not be out of place. It is one of the most considerable of the numerous rivers which take their rise in the Appalachian range, and about one-half of Continental Acadia is included within the limits of its basin. A connection with the sea, as singular as that of the St. John, is to be found in few rivers (if any) of equal size, on the globe.

The outlet of this river at the "Falls" (or, more correctly speaking, Rapids), is a narrow and tortuous channel, bordered by cliffs and obstructed by rocky ledges. Over this barrier, as is well known, there is a flux and reflux of the tide twice a day; but as the tidal wave must rise fifteen feet or more before it can overcome this impediment, its influence on the river above is comparatively trifling, the water within the barrier not rising more than two and a half feet, while at high tide the level of the water in the harbor is about thirteen feet above that of the river at its summer level.

It is not so generally known, however, that during the spring floods the quantity of water poured into the River Saint John, through its various tributaries, is such as to exclude any influx

from the sea. At this season of the year the contracted entrance to the river, which at other seasons excludes the rushing tides of the Bay of Fundy (preventing the formation of mud flats, a striking feature in the estuaries of rivers further up the Bay), also impedes the discharge of the spring floods.

These pent up waters are then compelled to spread themselves over the lowlands of the valley of the river, and such affluents as the Kennebecasis, Nerepis, Washademoak, Belleisle, Grand Lake and the Oromocto. Two extensive, though irregularly shaped, lakes are thus formed,—the lower one extending, in the form of an oxbow, down the valley of the Kennebecasis, around Grand Bay, and up the "Long Reach" and Belleisle Bay; the upper one embracing a large area, beginning at the lower end of Long Island, and extending upwards over the low lands lying around the Washademoak River, Grand Maquapit, and French Lakes, and all the interval lands between Gagetown and the Oromocto—submerging also the lands on each side of this river for many miles up. The area of these lake-like expansions of the St. John River, which lie partly among the southern hills, and partly to the northward of them, cannot fall far short of six hundred square miles.

During the summer and autumn these extensive sheets of water, which ramify through the southern part of the Province at the opening of navigation on the river, have shrunken to very limited proportions, being represented chiefly by the waters of Grand Lake on the one hand, and those of Grand and Kennebecasis Bay on the other.

As the excess of water in the southern tributaries, namely, the Kennebecasis, Nerepis and Belleisle Rivers, has, to a great extent, been discharged before the "freshet" of the main river rises, the great rush of water from the upper affluents of the St. John causes a reflux into the above mentioned rivers, which second overflow is known on the Kennebecasis as the "back freshet." This large body of cold water, which does not subside before the first week in June, undoubtedly retards very much the development of vegetation on the lower part of the St. John River. About two weeks after the ice in this part of the river has been discharged into the Bay, that from the upper part (above the Grand Falls) makes its appearance in the harbor, and is distinguished not only by the great quantity of drift-wood and freshet *débris* which accompany it, but also by its clearness and solidity (hence called the "black ice.")

It frequently happens that this second run of ice does not pass the Falls, but southerly winds hold it in the still waters above until it becomes liquefied by the increasing heat of spring. When this happens, the *débris* and vegetable matter, brought down from the head waters of the Saint John, are scattered over the shores of Kennebecasis Bay and the "Long Reach," and the seeds of species once peculiar to the upper part have by this means been distributed along the lower part of the river.

These annual freshets and their concomitants have undoubtedly effected much in the distribution of species over areas in Central and Southern New Brunswick, which they could only have reached otherwise by slow degrees. It is in this way that I would account for the abundance of many species below the freshet mark on Kennebecasis Bay, which have not been met with on the surrounding hills, but are common in the interior of the Province. Moreover, there are several species, which are noted by Mr. Goodale as being very abundant on the Upper St. John (above Grand Falls), which are also met with on the shores of the Kennebecasis, such as *Nabalus racemosus*, a plant decidedly north-western in its range, the Primrose, *Primula farinosa*, tinting with its beds of beautiful pale rose-colored flowers the gravelly beaches of the Kennebecasis. To these we may add the Northern Green Orchis *(Platanthera hyperborea)*, and the wild Chive *(Allium schœnoprasum)*, the latter being frequently met with on rocky and gravelly shores; also *Aster graminifolius*, *Anemone Pennsylvanica*, a showy plant with large white flowers, *Nasturtium palustre*, var. hispidum, *Parnassia palustris*, the White Silver Maple (*Acer dasycarpum*), the Dwarf Cherry *(Prunus pumila)*, the Black Alder *(Ilex verticillata)*, one of the Loosestrifes (*Lysimachia ciliata*), the Bracted Bindweed (*Calystegia sepium*), more commonly called Convolvulus, whose delicate white flowers, tinged with pink, present a beautiful contrast to the labyrinth of foliage with which they are entwined; also the Water Persicaria (*Polygonum amphibium*), the Canadian Wood Nettle (*Laportea Canadensis*), *Sparganium racemosum*, and the Canadian Lily *(Lilium Canadense)*. Another plant, the "Sweet Coltsfoot," *Nardosmia palmata)*, if not introduced by birds, probably immigrated at a much earlier period, as it grows far above the present level of the river.

While many North-Western and Western species have, by the spring floods of the river, or other means, been thrust into the

group of species which characterize the coastal zone, others have been held at bay on the St. John River by the cool temperature and damp atmosphere, which prevail near its mouth during the summer months.

From the observations presented in the foregoing pages, the following conclusions may be drawn: 1st. One of the most peculiar features in the flora of the region to which these remarks relate, is the arrangement of several of the types mentioned, in zones around a central tract, due to the refrigerating influence of cold waters in the adjacent sea. 2nd. That although there are highlands of considerable elevation in Acadia, they do not appear to exercise a very marked influence on the vegetation, except in so far as they act as a barrier to the oceanic winds. 3rd. That on account of its semi-insular position, and its full exposure to the chilling effect of the Arctic current, the maritime parts of this country have become the home of northern species not found within the limits of New England, and of many others which grow only on mountain tops, or cold, sheltered places, in that part of the United States. 4th. That although the sea-coast of Acadia is thus inhospitable, the interior has a summer climate so warm as to encourage the growth of a group of plants, which the damps and chill winds of the same season exclude from New England; such species being either entirely absent from that region, or found only sparingly in its warmer western and southern parts.

Judging from what is known of the flora of our country, as compared with that of the Upper Provinces, we may look upon the narrow girdle of sub-Arctic vegetation which borders our shores, as paralleled by that which extends up the St. Lawrence River as far as the Island of Orleans, and reappears on the north shore of Lake Superior. The Boreal type, which is supposed to cover much of the northern part of Acadia, reappears on the St. Lawrence at and above Quebec, and is also met with around the shores of Lake Huron, and in the northern peninsula of Michigan. The group of plants which has been referred to as a Continental type, characterizes the country around Lake Ontario. Hence, we may look upon the central parts of Acadia as represented in climate and productions by that part of Ontario which lies around the eastern and northern shore of the lake of that name, and extends thence to Lake Huron.

There is an assemblage of plants in the S. W. part of Ontario,

which Mr. Drummond designates as the Erie type, and which is said to characterize the region around that most southerly of the great Lakes. Of this type we have, so far as known, no representatives in Acadia. We may assume, therefore, that there is no portion of Continental Acadia possessing a summer as warm and dry as prevails in the more southerly part of Canada, around Lake Erie. But while a comparison of the climate of Acadia with that of the Upper Provinces may thus be instituted, through the indigenous plants which grow in different parts of the Dominion, it is to be borne in mind that such a comparison relates only to the temperature and other climatic conditions of the summer. In the winter, the climate of the maritime Provinces is very much milder; so that, while the valley of the St. Lawrence may be filled with snows to the depth of six feet or more, the southern shores of Nova Scotia may be but sparsely covered, or entirely bare.

Finally, from the known climatic conditions of Insular Acadia, the character of the vegetation, in its different parts, may be roughly predicated. Thus, the fog-wrapt shores along the Atlantic coast are known to support a vegetation similar to that of the southern shores of New Brunswick and Eastern Maine. Further, the Boreal type probably extends along the northern shore of Nova Scotia into the Island of Cape Breton, and may be expected to mingle to some extent with the sub-Arctic type along the Atlantic coast. The Boreal type may be looked for in force on Prince Edward Island, fringed, as in New Brunswick, by sub-Arctic forms near the shores. In the central and north-western parts of Nova Scotia, a partial recurrence of the Continental type may be looked for; but owing to their moister summers, and greater proximity to the sea, it is probably more largely mingled with New England forms than in the valley of the St. John.

# A PLOT WITHIN A PLOT;

OR,

THE MYSTERIES OF THE DOG'S NOSE.

## CHAPTER XI.

IT was a sad and spiritless cavalcade that threaded its difficult way along the tortuous bridle-path leading inland. Even the face of the callous Frenchman wore a sombre, half-daunted look; and he peered furtively around in the pale moonlight, as if ghostly avengers were on his track, and the voice of the dead were still ringing in his ears.

As for Calvert, it is no shame to his manhood to tell how often the hand dashed away the dimming tear that blurred for him the sight of the track along which he led the sobbing maiden's animal.

After coasting along the upland for about three miles, they at last debouched on the turnpike road; and here Calvert leaped on his beast, the maiden's arm clasping him as she rode behind *en croupe*. Her brother being likewise accommodated with one of the men's horses, the party broke into a smart trot down the incline, rattled across the bridge, and after brief delay at the park gates, clattered up the broad drive towards Ansdell Hall.

A goodly mansion it shewed, towering over the billowy mass of foliage, with its noble portico, its balconied tiers of windows—here swelling out into roomy bays, there long and lanceolate; oval dormers and peaked gables, and ornate chimney-stacks aloft to break the monotony of the French roof. Broad wings flanked it on either hand, and a conservatory whose crystal walls and roof glistened like a glacier. The sweeping terraces, with their carved open-work balustrade of stone, formed a richly-fretted base line.

This being the fair centre-piece of the picture, the surrounding accessories were well fitted to bring out the effect. The trailing shadows and ghostly shimmer of the moonbeams played over open lawn and bosky glades, and startled deer bounding away noiselessly into the dense shades of the plantation around.

A burst of involuntary admiration on the part of the strangers greeted the view; and Calvert's heart swelled within him as his fair companion said, enthusiastically:

"Why, what a charming abode you have, Calvert! One could be very happy here."

The watch-dog's bay, glancing lights in the windows, the hurrying footsteps of the servants, and the clang of opening doors heralded their arrival. A few rapid directions from Delaval, and the troopers' nags clamped noisily round to the courtyard; then he turned, and was about to do the honors of the house to the brother and sister. But to his disgust—for he had promised himself no small solace in playing lord of the manor to his prisoner guests—he found he was anticipated by his young kinsman, who, with the fair Madeline on his arm, and her brother by his side, swept by, taking not the smallest notice of the chagrined Frenchman.

Leading the way across the octagonal hall, the young heir bade fling open the folding doors of a roomy parlor, where a fire of sea-coal, lit in consideration of the damp evening air, threw around a comfortable glow. Summoning the housekeeper, the youth ordered the best chambers to be prepared forthwith for his guests. Marvelling not a little, the old lady led Madeline to her apartment, whilst Calvert himself escorted his friend Harvey to his room. Having repaired in some measure the disorder of his toilet, the youth excused himself, and hastened with anxious solicitude to visit his suffering parent.

The shaded lights and curtains close drawn, with the occasional moaning of the patient, told he was worse, even without the cautioning glance and uplifted fore-finger of Marie, who, it seemed, had constituted herself chief nurse. Comfortably disposed in an easy-chair drawn up to the warm blaze that leaped up from the polished bars of the grate, a hand-screen shading her face, that young lady seemed quite an adept in the art of uniting the useful with the agreeable.

To Calvert's surprise, all remembrance of the provocation he had offered when last they parted, seemed to be banished from his cousin's mind. At least, if remembered at all, it was only with that angelic forbearance and that forgiving smile which are woman's favorite weapons of defence, and notably of *offence*. I say the last advisedly; for of all feminine artillery, forgiveness without forgetfulness is the most dreaded and abhorred by man.

In presence of that smile the poor youth trembled, felt himself overwhelmed with ignominy, consigned at once to the criminal's dock, in a moment enduring tortures of self-reproach enough to have satisfied his bitterest enemy.

Sinking helplessly on the nearest ottoman, he vainly tried to syllable forth a few stammering greetings and inquiries. But, with that air of injured innocence, he felt his cousin simply irresistible and unapproachable; and would gladly have sunk into the earth to hide his shame and remorse.

It was with a sensation of intense relief he heard footsteps approaching; and as the opening door disclosed Delaval, he welcomed the presence of the man, of all others, he detested the most. And when, with an icy and malignant regard, the brother passed him by to speak to his sister, it was a positive joy to him to welcome this honest evidence of hate. Like an exhilarating tonic, he felt his manhood rise within him, for now he had a man to cope with; and the fight was plain and above-board.

Leaving the brother and sister to communicate as they pleased concerning the new arrivals, Calvert stole to the other side of the bed, and softly lifted the curtain. The sound of the door softly opening and closing again, together with that of retiring footsteps, told him he was alone with his father.

The thin, silvered hair was straggling over the pillow; the stern, marked features wore the drawn look of pain. They seemed strangely sharpened, as if, in the past few hours, years of suffering had been lived through. The lips kept nervously twitching, and muttering through the grizzled moustache; and the hand, flung out over the coverlid, clutched and worked as if seeking to grasp some object it could not reach. Some vision of horror was evidently darkening on his brain; for now the face was distorted and convulsed by a living agony. Now again a sudden expression of rapture swept over it. The arm was lifted as by a spasmodic impulse, and words struggled to the working lips—

"No, no, Angélique! Not the boy! not the boy!"

Then the eyes quietly opened, and seemed to range round with a puzzled look, as if seeking vainly to fix his whereabouts.

At sight of his son's anxious face, a reassured smile played over the Colonel's countenance.

"Why, where have you been, lad? I've been looking for you all the evening. Marie told me you had gone off, no one knew whither. I was just dreaming that you and I had got into trouble again. And, do you know, I saw your mother just now? You've got her eyes, and you've got her smile, boy. I know you would

never play me false; and she came to-night to tell me so. Ah! it's well to have an angel for a mother! Dear Angélique!"

And the fingers of his disengaged hand stole upwards to his neck, and began toying with a small chain of gold Calvert had never before observed.

"You never saw her, Calvert, and wouldn't know her."

"No, father: I never knew a mother's love," said the boy, softly.

"No more you did, poor child!" said his father, deeply affected. "Well; draw out this locket. Saving my own, no mortal eye has ever looked upon it since she placed it there. But I would like you to know your mother."

Reverently fingering the relic of the dead, the youth touched the spring. The father—who was as anxiously scanning his son's face, as the latter was eagerly bending over the image of her so dear to them both—started at the expression of amazement, almost of terror, that swept over the speaking countenance of the boy.

"What is it, Calvert? Surely you have never seen it before?"

"No, father. I do remember now a portrait like it in the old picture-gallery at my grandfather's, that he used to keep covered with a veil. Old Nannette lifted the veil one day, and bade me kneel to the angel. But I have never seen any one like it till to day—"

"—Till to-night, you mean, my son."

"No, father: I saw the counterpart of that face to-day, and she who bears it is with us now in the house."

"My boy, are you crazed? What mean you? Who is it? Bring her here:" said his father, with wild, incoherent utterance.

"They are strangers, father, that I met in the ruins of the old castle."

"Why, what brought you there?"

"I thought I had a clue to the villain who—"

"What! Is that what took you off in such haste?"

"Yes. I saw through the window a suspicious character lurking about the grounds, and chased him for a mile or so; but my mare got mired, and I lost him. I thought he went that way, and followed him up; and when I rode into the old courtyard, I saw the face there that I am looking at now. She was perched up in an empty niche in the old chapel, and her brother was sketching her."

"Incredible! I must see her. I will rise immediately." And the sick man made an effort to struggle up in bed.

"Oh, father! you are very ill; too ill, I fear, to risk rising:" said his son, anxiously.

"Well, well! perhaps I am," returned he, wearily sinking back. "But if there be such another face on earth, I cannot rest till I see it. Ask her, Would she mind coming to see a weak, disabled old man? But first, call my valet."

Calvert sounded the bell; communicated his father's orders, and went off to deliver the message with which he had been entrusted.

First tapping at the brother's chamber, in a few words he explained to him the circumstances; and together they went to summon Madeline.

She was not alone. It was Marie's face met them at the door,—a face dark, inscrutable in its expression, that told of far more behind than she cared to reveal.

She made no reply to the brother's question, but as she swept by Calvert in the dim corridor, the gleam of the eyes, and the serpent hiss in his ear —

"So! you have found a new face, traitor!"—long dwelt in his memory.

When the brother and sister reappeared, the latter, wondering, and even dismayed, suffered herself to be led unresistingly by the youth's guiding hand.

Standing in bright relief against the tenebrous back-ground of the open doorway, with the blaze of the chandelier full upon her,—that was an adorable vision, a dream of beauty that burst on the eye of the expectant Colonel! The fresh, blonde tints, varying from the alabaster of the brow to the delicate rose that excitement had lent the cheeks, here burning on the lips that parted like threads of vermilion, and there softly toned off into the creamy whites and pearly greys of the swelling throat! This was the delicious bit of clay, tempered by heavenly fingers, and framed in a glorious setting of sunny hair which floated round her like an *aureole*, and relieved by a diaphanous drapery of batiste and lawn, bringing out the subtle undulations of her lithe, girlish form,—this was the figure that now stood forth to the eyes of the entranced onlooker, as the incarnation of his rapt visionings on his long-widowed couch.

Had he beheld the fair girl thus,—the lip humid, the violet eyes

on flame, the cheek in flower, Canova would never have dreamed that meaner model, that type less complete which he has embodied in his still incomparable Psyche!

"Ah! the same; and yet not the same!" said the lone man, and the words dropped softly, as in a reverie. "Thus must have looked my Angélique in her girlish timidity, ere she ripened into the fulness of womanly charm that it still warms my heart to recall. Bring her hither, my son, and present me."

On Calvert's leading forward and introducing the blushing girl, it was with the courtly grace of the Old School, and with a fatherly tenderness new to his wondering son, he first lifted her fingers to his quivering lip, and then softly rested his hand on her bowed head and wealth of flaxen curls, and his lips moved in a silent benediction.

"Forgive a sick man's fancy, but the blessing can never harm you of one who sees in you more than he had ever thought to behold again, till the pearly gates unfolding would show him his lost treasure, who, once a saint on earth, is now an angel in heaven."

With kindly courtesy he acknowledged the respectful greeting of Harvey,—detained the maiden by his side, and listened with marked pleasure to the sweet tones of her voice, as she mingled in the lively conversation that the American adroitly started to ward off any unpleasant revelations as to the cause of their abrupt appearance at the Hall.

The dinner bell sounding, put an end to the interview; and with a smile on his face, the lord of the mansion turned on his pillow to dream anew of his glorified Angélique.

## CHAPTER XII.

THAT was an evil face, and a bitter, had any one chanced to observe it, that peered in furtively from the shadows of the corridor into the Colonel's chamber, as the scene we have described was in progress.

It was the Frenchman's.

As he moved off warily, and turned into his sister's apartment, his countenance, instead of its usual jaunty air of assurance, wore a look of such genuine alarm, that Marie instantly divined some new complication, adverse to their interests.

He did not long leave her in doubt, but burst forth —

"See you, Marie, if what I suspect be true, then our case is desperate indeed. And to think I should have been so infatuated as to bring them here!"

"Of whom do you speak, and what is it you fear?" said Marie.

"Of whom do I speak?" echoed he, "Of these strangers. What do I fear? If it should indeed turn out that the girl is — But no! it cannot be. It is only one of those chance puzzles which sometimes arise to confound the calculations of the most practised players in the game of life!"

"Your words sound like an enigma, *mon cher!* But that there is some terrible secret behind, your troubled look assures me. You are not one to start at your shadow. Can you not trust me, Adolphe?" and she wreathed her arms around him and looked pleadingly into his eyes.

Returning her caress mechanically, Delaval at length replied in a guarded whisper:—

"Marie! I have brought you here, and you have well played your *rôle*. But has it never struck you, you—the *false*, that one day you may be confronted by the *true?*"

"Ah!" and now her blanched cheek and starting eye shewed she comprehended him. "That is it then! And you think it possible."

"Possible! yes. All things are possible. Even for the dead to rise. And a dead face now h[illegible]s me!"

"Not her's, Adolphe?" [illegible]sely.

"No, not her's:—at leas[illegible] make it be,—*that* guilt does not lie so directly at my door. But a[illegible] your brea[illegible] one who died this night:—not by my hand, though; nc[illegible] Weel, try[illegible] hand! That is something."

"Who was it?" cried his s[illegible]

"Oh, a worm; a mere worm[illegible]nel's a[illegible] troublesome Bralligan!" was the reply. "He crossed my pa[illegible] is gett[illegible] knew too much; I had to crush him. But not *so!* O G[illegible] in't? [illegible]t *so!* I see the rocks run red with his blood! That face [illegible]hes [illegible]ny; that dying yell; they freeze my soul with horror!" an[illegible] their [illegible]id his face in the neck of the girl.

Marie clasped him fondly, an[illegible]b, I ra[illegible]red his cheek with kisses, saying:

"My poor Adolphe! Thou ar[illegible]. The[illegible]ft-hearted; thou hast the nerves of a silly child. What v[illegible] only t[illegible]e like his? Was it not needful to find a scape-goat? [illegible] bullet struck true,—the

goal were even now reached, and we might be happy. Reassure thyself, *mon beau*. It is necessary. One does not make an omelette without breaking eggs. This girl, then, is a new obstacle; thou art assured of it?"

"Not yet; but the bare suspicion unmans me."

"Yes, I see it all," continued the girl: "Thou art brave against men, but a woman's face daunts thee. It shall not *me*, however. This shall be my affair. Leave it with me."

"No Marie! Not *thou* too," said Delaval; "at least not *yet;* we must know more."

"Well, go. Convince thyself. Are there not papers—letters to be found in their baggage? Go and search. I, on my side, will watch and wile out the truth of her story."

"And then, should it be so, Marie ——?"

"Ah! then—see!" and she seized an alabaster vase from the mantel, and with one clasp it lay shivered like an egg-shell in her gripe.

"That hand is small, but it is determined!" said she, in a sharp, roughly-aspirated whisper.

In pursuance of the hint just thrown out by his sister, Delaval resolved to start forthwith on his quest for the proofs of Madeline's identity. On her side, Marie invented a plea accounting for his absence at the dinner-table.

Before he set off for the hotel the Frenchman ordered a man to follow him with the spring-car

Six good miles had to b[illegible]t an e[illegible] over; yet half an hour had barely elapsed before he le[illegible] of the [illegible] his saddle at his destination, and gave his smoking beas[illegible]ed Angél[illegible] charge of an hostler.

Few words served to c[illegible] the landlord his errand. The Harveys had been induced[illegible]APTE[illegible] over night at the hall; might, indeed, prolong their visit [illegible] few days, and were, therefore, in want of a few necessaries [illegible] and a his man was coming over to fetch. He, himself, was tired an[illegible] furt[illegible]gry. Would his host toss him up something hot? and me[illegible]chamb[illegible]e, would he join him in a bottle of wine? and to prevent d[illegible] nce they might as well go up to his friend's room.

[illegible]s.

Charmed at his new [illegible]s and [illegible] complaisance, the canny Scot who managed the concern [illegible] of its [illegible]d to give the necessary directions, and then showed the w[illegible]larm, t[illegible]e apartment in question.

[illegible]e to the

her in c[illegible]

Unlocking the door, and bustling round to turn on the lights and draw the curtains, the host kept up a running conversation:

"This is the parlour, an' yon is Maister Hervey's room; an' here's the Missie's dressin'-room, an' her bedroom's ayont it. A fine suite o' rooms, Sir!—bien an' snug as ye may weel see! Here, lassie," said he, stepping out into the lobby; "bring ben a shovelfu' o' coal; the nicht's cauld."

"I suppose the Harveys have been with you all summer?" said Delaval, cutting short the stream of his host's professional loquacity.

"'Deed, no Sir! It's only the week afore last they cam. Fine, free-handed folks they are, though. They think less o' a *dollar*, as they ca' it, than ye wad o' a saxpence."

"Then they are Americans, I presume," said Delaval, suggestively.

"Ye may weel say that, Sir," replied Boniface. "They're aye *guessin'* whar ither folk are *jalousing!* But here ye are, Sir! What'll ye tak?" and he broke off to fill the glasses.

"Here's t'ye, Sir! An' it's a braw drap liquor to soudher the acquaintance in," said the host, holding his glass admiringly between his eye and the light, ere tossing it off.

"May the acquaintance be both pleasurable and profitable!" responded the Frenchman.

"Gin it's but profitable, it'll be pleasant aneuch, I'se warrant it," said the Scotchman, jocosely.

"It lies with yourself to make it both, Mr. McWhirter; that is, if you know on which side your bread is buttered," said Delaval.

"Aye! Say ye sae, Sir? Weel, try me," and his eyes sparkled with cupidity.

"You have heard of the Colonel's accident?"

"Weel, I did hear wind o' his gettin' a shot, or a tummle, or maybe baith. Is there onything in't?"

"It is true enough. Two inches closer, and he would have been a dead man."

"Gudesakes! Folks no sure o' their lives amang thae wild Irishry. It'll be anither Fenian job, I rackon."

"There is little doubt about that," said Delaval. "The affair has so far been traced up to them. The very man who fired the shot is known. But such as he are only the hands. Where is the

head? Fenianism would be nothing without foreign countenance and support."

"Aye; they say they muster strang ower the watter," assented the Scot, indifferently.

"Yes; and they are sending their agents here, rousing up sedition, and inciting the people to acts of outrage."

"Terrible!" said Sandy, with a yawn.

"Look here, McWhirter. Has it never struck you what might be the true errand of this American, Harvey, here?"

"'Deed, Maister Deilawful, I winna say but I've had my ain thochts at times," said McWhirter with reviving interest. "It does look queer to hae folk stravagin' the kintra a' day, an' maist feck o' the nicht forbye."

"Well, that *does* look suspicious," said his visitor.

"And then, come to think o' it; we had nae sic gangins-on hereawa afore they cam; an' it's an auld word, 'There's aye water whaur the stirkie drowns.' Gude sen' it mayna be my turn neist. Wha kens? Ye see, at orra times I carry on a bit o' the factorin' business for that glaiket Englisher o' a laird, Sir Jute Cotton, ye ken. An' I winna say but what I've had to come down sharp on the nail wi' some o' them afore they wad pay their bit lawin. I wadna misdoubt but they're awin' me a grutch for that."

"Well, you had best be beforehand with them, by helping to shut up their leader. Harvey, I must tell you, has this evening been taken into custody on suspicion of being concerned in seditious proceedings. Now, in a word, you know the government reward for such information as may lead to a conviction?"

The entrance of the waiter here interrupted the colloquy. Delaval sauntered back and forth through the apartments, noting with sharp glance every detail. When they were again alone he resumed:

"Well, what do you think? Can you procure such evidence as may convict, or failing that, can you *invent* it?" and he emphasized the last word by placing ten sovereigns on the table.

The host eyed the gold with avidity, but shook his head, saying:

"It's a risky business, Deilawful. I maun think ower it awee, or maybe I'll rin my neck intil a tether."

"Take your own time to it, my man," said his tempter. "But think how it will sound at headquarters should it appear that you

have been sheltering a known conspirator. You know there are penalties for aiders and abettors of treason."

"Aweel! Mak it as ye wad hae it!" said the daunted Scot. "I'll do onything in reason."

"Oh! it's a very simple matter. Only to sign your name to this information purporting to be delivered on oath before you as magistrate by certain credible witnesses, and further certified by concomitant circumstances that have arisen within your own knowledge. Here, in this *escritoire*, I dare say we will find pen and ink. Where is your duplicate key?"

"It's here, Sir!" said Sandy, with a hang-dog look. "I suppose a' richt, gin he *be* ane o' thae rin-the-rout Fenians!"

The signature was appended; the money pocketed by the one, and the document secured by the other.

"And now," said the Frenchman, "there can be no objection, I fancy, to my overhauling the private papers, memoranda, and so forth of a suspected person. Where does he keep them mostly?"

"Yon's his desk, and Miss has her's in her trunk. Try them," and the Scot held out a bunch of keys, two of which were found to fit.

Rummaging through the secret drawers, and scanning the contents of the letters and other private documents, Delaval finally selected a few, and slipped them into his pocket-book.

Then starting up he seized the grumpy, angular Scot, and twirled him round the room in a fantastic waltz!

"Aha! old cock!" cried he. "*Ca ira!* as sang my brigands of ancestors some eighty years ago. I have got the end of the thread now!"

Then, fetching up before his host's wife, who had come to pack up some necessaries, he airily saluted that astonished dame, and, having whispered a few final directions to his accomplice, took his departure in high glee.

## CHAPTER XIII.

DELAVAL turned his steps towards the chasm, into which Barney had fallen, partly, it may be, haunted by the thought that he was his murderer, but also with the view of meeting another party, as his impatience indicated. He was about to retrace his steps when the sound of crackling twigs, and an approaching tread, arrested him.

"Ah! here comes the *coquin* at last!" he grumbled, as he saw a muffled figure draw near, and stepped forward to accost it.

"*Ma foi!* more of them!" he ejaculated, and at the word he sank to the earth; for some ten paces behind he descried another approaching like the shadow of the first.

"Another still! and yet another!—five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten of them! Is that all?" he soliloquized as he saw the string of grey, muffled figures, gliding along like ghosts in the waning moonlight.

"What are they? Who are they? One can but see;" murmured he. "I trust, *Messieurs* the ghosts, you will not refuse me the honour of forming the eleventh in your august procession."

For three furlongs or so he tracked them by the sound; but as they emerged on the open glade before the Castle, he was constrained to halt.

Stooping on hands and knees, he crawled forward like a panther.

He had painfully covered half the distance, when—at the moment he expected to see them leaping the crevice between them and the gate-way—to his astonishment they one by one seemed to topple over and fall into the abyss, with hands uplifted, and stifled cry,—in every particular like the poor unfortunate he had that evening hunted to his death!

A vertigo seized him. The old terror came strong upon him. And as he started from his recumbent posture, and with a few bounds stood on the brink of the black gorge, an insane impulse prompted him to cast himself headlong after his victim. It was only by a supreme effort of will and reason, he flung himself backward, instead of forward.

Lying there panting, he waited till the throbbing of his heart sounded less painfully loud; then,—wiping the clammy moisture from his brow, he sat up, and asked himself—What did it all mean?

Was it merely an optical illusion? Were they mortal figures he had seen? And if so, had they really sunk into the yawning earth?

Crawling forward again, he peered curiously downward:—felt with his hands as far as he could reach.

Nothing!—absolutely nothing; but the cold, smooth crags;—and the horror of darkness between;—and the white face of a

corpse, staring upward with glazed eyes;—and the manacled hands plucking at him;—and the surging waters yawning like a hell, gurgling and sobbing, sobbing and moaning—"Blood for blood! Blood for blood!"

Again the shiver ran through all his veins, and the man of blood recoiled, white with terror.

Long he sat:—till at last, cursing himself for his folly, he rallied his courage so far as to leap the chasm, and pass on, under the gate-way, and into the Castle.

He paused every other instant, his heart beating at the muffled echoes of his stealthy footfall, and dreading a foe in every shadow.

At last he gained a position whence he could command a view of the Central Court, and the ruined Chapel.

No stir, no movement, not the least sign of living being.

He peered round and round, high and low, with a searching, lynx-like stare:—nothing!

Not satisfied with this first inspection, he drew a small, but perfect night-glass from his pocket;—adjusted it;—and bit by bit went over his whole survey:—nothing still!

His superstitious terrors were rising again. By a powerful effort he recalled his truant attention; again leant forward, and this time applied his ear to the ground.

He could hear the shivering boom of the billow breaking far beneath on the rock foundations: he could hear the sighing of the night-wind through the chinks of the fractured walls. The occasional rustle of a leaf startled him like a living presence. But that was all:—nothing more!

But stay! Is there not something besides? What is that sound?—A distant hum, as of bees swarming! Is not this what he hears in the intervals between the dash of the waves?

Whence does it proceed? It cannot be heard an inch from the ground; but glueing his ear to the stone, he can plainly detect it.

Evidently the sound originates in the bowels of the earth.

There *are* dwellers underground then; troglodytes,—earthmen!

But who are these underground dwellers? And how had they gained their retreat?

Quite at fault he passed outside the ruins on their seaward front, and looked gloomily away from the bare, bald rocks beneath him, inaccessible by mortal feet—far off to where the moon was sinking, broad and red, behind the sea-line. Unconsciously his

eye dwelt upon the last waning shred of her gleaming disc till all had disappeared, and the darkness was complete.

But no! The moon had disappeared; yet her path remained a trailing glory over the waters still! The darkness should have been complete; yet whence came that gleam that swept out over the crests of the billows? Yes. Evidently that light swept *outwards* not *inwards*. It came, not from the point where the vanished moon had sunk beneath the horizon; it came from some hidden source underneath his feet. What new mystery was here?

"Aha! *Mordieu!* I have it!" cried Delaval aloud, and triumphing in some sudden inspiration, he instantly commenced the descent. Somewhere down the face of that scarped rock he was sure of finding the secret of that strange gleam.

Awfully perilous he felt the undertaking to be. Still, he was resolved to go through with it. First came the incline; then the incline became a steep; the steep became a wall; the wall hollowed inwards into a vaulted dome. Descent seemed impossible. To attempt it was madness. Yet he never hesitated.

Carefully he crawled backwards and downwards, feeling his way at every step. The incline was passed; it had changed into the steep.

With his poniard in one hand, and his stout pocket-knife in the other, he began to let himself down, bit by bit, never loosening the one till he had firmly bedded the other in some crevice within his reach.

Thus little by little, and inches at a time, did he ease himself down over the steep, and down the wall-like face of the precipice, until at last he arrived at a spot where his feet could find no further hold. What now? He had come to the hollow.

All at once it flashed across him how, from the other side of the Bay, he had once noted, at about his present distance from the summit, a cavity; that cavity, which is named in the parlance of the country, "The Dog's Eye."

How to manage his descent from the beetling eyebrow into the hollow of the eye?

Clinging tightly to his firmly fixed jack-knife with the one hand, with the other he unloosed his waist-belt. Then thrusting his poniard through the clasp, he struck it into a crack of the rock as far down as he could reach. Cautiously drawing himself upwards

a little, he hammered with his boot heel till the weapon was firmly secured up to the guard.

Then with his toe he drew up the loose end, and tied on to it, first his neck-scarf, and next his handkerchief:—the combined length giving him some six feet clear of line. Coiling the slack round his arm in case of slipping, and carefully removing his knife,—with his foot balanced on his last support, he let himself down gently—gently, till the knife's point found a new entrance: —then shifting his weight to this new support, he continued to slide down till the poniard hilt was within easy grasp.

Another effort and the knife was withdrawn and transferred to his teeth. Now he was hanging at arm's length free.

Would the poniard hold? He must risk it.

Slowly and delicately, hand under hand he lowered himself down his frail line, until arrived at the end, he could dimly see the floor of the cavity—still some six feet or more beneath him,—and still trending inwards. Throwing his life upon the next cast he commenced swaying back and forth with an oscillating movement, and timing his swing—finally took the leap!

Just enough, and no more, to give him a hold as he lay doubled over the rounded edge. And just in time too, for the poniard came rattling down after him, bringing with it a flake of the rock it had been bedded in. That last effort had loosened it, and the end of the line was still in his grasp. Painfully he drew himself inwards from the perilous verge, and lay extended to gather breath.

(To be continued.)

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# TWO THOUSAND MILES ON AN ICE-FLOE;

## OR, THE VOYAGE OF THE POLARIS PARTY.

BY REV. M. HARVEY, ST. JOHN'S, N. F.

AT daylight, on the morning of April 30th, 1873, a steamer named the *Tigress*, one of the Newfoundland sealing fleet, was ploughing her way in pursuit of seals, amid the ice-laden sea, forty miles from land, off the southern coast of Labrador, in lat. 53° 35′ N. The morning was hazy, but about five o'clock the fog-curtain rose, the sun shone out disclosing the glittering ice-

masses far and wide. Presently those on board fancied that they saw a small flag fluttering on the top of a hummock, at the distance of a quarter of a mile. The ship was put about and bore down upon it, under the impression that it might be a piece of floating wreck. As the *Tigress* neared the object, the Stars and Stripes were made out; then human voices were heard uttering feeble cheers, and guns were fired. On coming close to the floe on which the flag was fluttering, a strange sight was disclosed. On it were seen nineteen human beings, ten of them white men and nine Esquimaux. Of the latter two were men, two were women, one of whom carried a baby eight months old in her arms, and five were children. They had a boat with them on the ice, on the stern of which was painted the name "Polaris." The party presented a most forlorn appearance, and had evidently been long exposed to the weather, though not one of them appeared to be sick or disabled. Before leaving the ice, they gave three hearty cheers, such as men utter who have been delivered from impending death.

When taken on board, the tale they told was marvellous beyond anything invented by the wildest romancer, illustrating once more the old saying that "truth is stranger than fiction." The purport of their wonderful story was that they were part of the crew of the S. S. *Polaris* of the United States Arctic expedition; that when in lat. 77° 35′ N. they were accidentally separated from their ship by the sudden breaking up of an ice-floe to which she was moored, on October 15th, 1872, and that ever since they had been drifting on the ice, till now, rescued by the *Tigress* off the coast of Labrador, six months and a half afterwards, on April 30th, 1873. Thus they had drifted on the ice over twenty-four degrees of latitude, or one thousand four hundred and forty miles in a direct line; but allowing for the sinuosities of their course, caused by varying winds, they must have voyaged on their cheerless ice-raft more than two thousand miles. Their supply of food, when they started, was not more than sufficient for one month's consumption, and they had lived chiefly on seals and the flesh of a Polar bear. They had no shelter, but the snow huts which in Esquimaux fashion they built on the ice, and, in addition to the clothes they wore, they had only a few skins to protect them from the fierce cold. They had passed the gloomy Arctic night in the snow-huts without seeing the sun for eighty-five days. Again and

again the floe on which they drifted was broken up, and they had been compelled to make their way to another floating mass amid fearful perils. More than once they had almost perished with hunger, and experienced wonderful deliverances when at the last extremity. But under the sheltering hand of Providence they had been preserved through perils, hardships, cold and famine, and not one of them had even sickened. The poor little Esquimaux baby, even though but two months old when their voyage began, sheltered carefully in the loving arms of a mother, took no harm, and seemed as lively as any of the party. Truly, it is a marvellous tale of human endurance and courage,—unparalleled even in the records of Arctic adventures. When full materials for the construction of the narrative are furnished, and the story comes to be fitly told, it will be one of the most thrilling ever penned. Meantime, a slight outline of it, as I gathered it from the lips of several individuals of the party, may be interesting to the readers of the MARITIME MONTHLY.

It adds not a little to the romance of the story to find that one of the party taken from the ice was the Esquimaux, Hans Christian, who figures so largely in the charming narratives of Dr. Kane and Dr. Hayes. Hans is quite a historical character, though the poor fellow does not look by any means heroic now. He is no longer young, and the hardships through which he has passed have told heavily on him. He seems broken down and exhausted. Little did I ever expect to see the celebrated Hans in the flesh. When I told him that I had read about him many years ago in books, and that he was a well-known character in America and England, he did not seem to be at all elevated in consequence. He answered with a nod and a brief "ugh, ugh." The honour and glory of figuring in history do not seem to be of much consequence to the imagination of Hans. His narrative powers are of the most limited description, as he speaks only broken English, and finds it difficult to understand ordinary speech. Were he the only historian of the ice-voyage, its story would be summed up in a few brief sentences. As I looked upon the honest face of Hans, I could not but think of the time, of which Dr. Kane tells, when he was a youth of nineteen or twenty, and, smitten by the youthful charms of a plump Esquimaux damsel, he, for a time, deserted his commander, and, with the fair maiden on one side and a handsome supply of walrus and seal flesh on the other,

mounted his sledge and set off on his Arctic honeymoon. He was an active hunter then, though now stiff and worn,—so expert that he could spear a bird on the wing. I thought, too, of his invaluable services to Kane and his party; how he catered for their table; how he was the man who discovered in the snow the track of the sledge, thus enabling Kane to save the lives of eight of his men when in the last extremity from cold and exhaustion; and how, too, he, with Morton, made the celebrated sledge journey on the ice, when, as they thought, they saw the open polar sea; and how, at the last, he saved the lives of all by bringing a supply of fresh walrus meat from Etah Bay. Honour to thee, brave, faithful Hans Christian,—thou hast done a noble stroke of work in thy lifetime, and rendered true service to the cause of science and civilization, though all unconscious of it! The President of the United States may feel honoured in shaking thy hard hand—for thy heart is true and warm, though thy skin is dark! America should honour thee for the service thou hast given to one of the noblest and best of her sons—the heroic Kane, and provide for thee, so that thy old age may be tranquil and free from care!

Mrs. Hans looks plump and comfortable. She cherishes her baby with the most affectionate care, and Hans seems to be a most devoted husband. They have four children, the eldest apparently about fifteen or sixteen.

In order to understand the ice-voyage of the rescued party, we must follow the *Polaris* for a little on her adventurous voyage in search of the North Pole. In 1871 the American Navy Department gave the wooden gunboat *Periwinkle*, three hundred and eighty-seven tons, which was re-christened the *Polaris*, for an Arctic exploring expedition up Smith's Sound, to be commanded by Captain C. F. Hall. Congress appropriated $50,000 for the expenses, but no naval officer accompanied the expedition. Dr. Bessels, a naturalist and doctor of medicine, who was in the German expedition of 1869, was placed in charge of the scientific department, and Captain Buddington, a New London whaling Captain, was appointed ice-master. Captain Hall sailed from New York in the end of June, 1871, and touched at St. John's, Newfoundland, where he remained a few days. He sailed again for Greenland on July 24th; reached Disco, where he remained till August 17th; touched at Upernavick, and on August 24th sailed from Tessinsack for Smith's Sound.

The most wonderful good fortune attended the outset of his voyage. The season proved to be extremely favourable—the openest known for many years. Captain Hall had the rare good fortune to cross Melville Bay and reach the North Water with very few impediments from the ice. On entering Smith's Sound he found open water, and met with but few ice-packs, and these of no great extent. The same good fortune attended him as he steamed rapidly up Kennedy Channel, and passed Cape Constitution, from which Morton and Hans saw what they concluded was an open Polar sea. But instead of finding this open sea, Captain Hall, after crossing the mouth of a Bay which he named afterwards "Polaris Bay," found himself in a narrow channel, about forty-five miles in length, and which he named Robeson's Channel, after the Secretary of the American Navy. On September 1st he found himself in lat. 82° 16′, the highest reached by any expedition or any individual. The land on the Greenland side now trended eastward, and from the appearance of a water-sky in this direction, Hall concluded that another bay or sound opened here. On the American side Grinnel Land, as far as eighty-three degrees, could be plainly distinguished.

What a wonderful position for a man to find himself in, after such a rapid run, and having encountered so few impediments—within four hundred and sixty miles of the Pole! What a glorious opportunity for winning the laurel crown!—for being

> "The first that ever burst
> Into that lonely sea."

Unfortunately, instead of pushing on, and daring everything, taking fortune at the flow, Captain Hall paused, perhaps startled by his very success, perhaps dreading to take his ship farther so late in the season, made fast to an ice-floe, began to drift south, and the golden opportunity of reaching the pole, which may not recur in the present century, was lost. Ice was met with, but it was far from being an impenetrable pack when Hall stopped. How much farther he might have advanced it is impossible to say.

His discoveries, however, are of high value. He has made it certain that Greenland does not terminate, even at 82° 16,′ in the southern shore of an open Polar sea, but stretches away towards the pole, and may be prolonged right over it; but at present, it is only certain that the land extends to the northern extremity of Robeson's Channel, and that there another indentation of the

coast occurs, on the Greenland side; while on the American side, land is visible as far as 83°, or four hundred and twenty miles from the Pole. The water which Morton, of Kane's expedition, took to be an open Polar Sea, in 1854, and which Dr. Hayes confidently pronounced to be the same, when, in 1861, he reached lat. 81° 35′ on a dog-sledge, on the American side, is now proved to be Polaris Bay, and is about eighty-seven miles from north to south, and about sixty miles from east to west. This bay narrows at its northern extremity into Robeson's Channel, which is twenty-five miles in width and forty-five in length.

Thus Hall's expedition has made solid and valuable additions to our knowledge of the geography of those mysterious regions which have baffled so many explorers. The question of an open Polar Sea is not absolutely settled by his discoveries, but its existence is rendered much less probable, and the proofs adduced by Kane and Hayes in support of the theory, are swept away. Most persons will regard Hall's discoveries as favouring the hypothesis of Dr. Petermann, the eminent German geographer. His opinion is that Greenland is prolonged over the Pole, and joins the land seen by the American whalers who ran up Behring's Straits, in the summer of 1867, and which land they supposed to be inhabited. That there are really inhabitants in these extreme northern regions, seems not improbable from the fact that, only a few years ago, some natives came down from the East coast to Pamiadluk, the most southern of the Danish settlements on the west coast of Greenland, declaring that it was two years since they had left their homes in the far north.

For three days the *Polaris* drifted south, and Captain Hall then found himself at the southern point of Robeson's Channel, which he named Cape Luptun. Here the ice slackened; steam was got up, and steering eastward in Polaris Bay he reached, at its head, a harbour which he named "Thank-God Harbour," and in which he determined to winter. He cast anchor near a huge iceberg which was aground, and which he called "Providence Iceberg." On September 5th, he landed a portion of his stores, and proceeded to erect the wooden observatory he had on board, in which the scientific corps were to take observations. On the 12th a musk-ox was shot. These animals were found to be quite plentiful around Polaris Bay; and before the darkness set in, twenty-five of them were killed. They are about the size of a small cow, and

are remarkable for the great length of their hair and the musky odour which they emit,—hence their name. In post and tertiary times the musk-ox is known to have extended over the greater part of Europe, remains of it occurring abundantly in certain of the bone-caves of France. It may be asked how does a vegetable feeder like the musk-ox, find subsistence during the Arctic winter? Its food is a kind of ground-willow which grows there abundantly, and is extremely nutritious. In addition to this creature, a few birds and a kind of rabbit were observed.

Every preparation having been made for passing the long winter, Captain Hall decided on a sledging expedition with his dogs, along a great valley, at some distance from the coast, which he observed stretching northward, in order to pioneer the way for Spring operations. Accordingly he started in company with Mr. Chester, chief mate, and the two Esquimaux, Hans Christian and Joe. This party only succeeded in penetrating about twenty miles north of their winter quarters, where they discovered a small bay, about five miles wide at its mouth, in lat. 82°, which Hall named "Newman's Bay," after his friend, Rev. Dr. Newman. It is an arm of Polaris Bay. Strange to say, on the shores of this bay, among the ice, a quantity of drift-wood was discovered, some of the larger pieces being six inches in circumference, and showing traces of having been cut. It was much decayed. What kind of wood it was is not known: but there are specimens of it on board the *Polaris*. It is vain to conjecture whence it came. Are we to regard it as a specimen of the vegetation of the region around the Pole?

After an absence of a fortnight, Dr. Hall and his party returned to the ship. He was immediately seized with illness, and died in about ten days of apoplexy, on November 8th, 1871. His death was a source of great grief to his men, who were much attached to him, and a most serious loss to the expedition. He was buried ashore in Polaris Bay. Thus the enthusiastic Arctic explorer, who for years had fondly dreamed of reaching the Pole, died with his hopes unrealized; but now sleeps nearer the unknown region than any of the heroic band who have fallen as martyrs in their efforts to penetrate those dreary regions.

The winter quarters of the Polaris were in lat. 81° 38′ N., much farther north than any white men had ever wintered before; yet the discomforts were not greater than those of Kane's party,

in Rensellaer Harbour, three degrees farther south. The lowest degree of cold experienced was 58° below zero, and that but for a short time. The sun was absent 135 days. On November 21st a heavy gale of wind broke up the ice around the ship, and caused her to drift close to the iceberg, so that its foot got underneath the keel, giving her a heavy list, and at high water, causing her to lie almost on her beam ends. In this position she continued during the winter. The most careful arrangements were made for the comfort of the men, and amusements of various kinds were kept up. The health of all on board continued perfect.

On March 27th, Dr. Bessels and Mr. Bryan of the scientific corps, with two Esquimaux, undertook a sledge journey south, to survey the coast between the winter quarters of the Polaris and Cape Constitution, the point reached by Morton, of Kane's expedition, and from which he saw, as he believed, the open Polar Sea. After an absence of a fortnight, Dr. Bessels returned, having surveyed a portion of the coast, but not having been able to reach Cape Constitution. No northern journeys on sledges were attempted in the spring, which, considering the means at disposal, seems surprising. The expedition had lost its mainspring in losing Captain Hall. Captain Buddington was now commander.

On June 8th an attempt was made to penetrate farther north by boats. Two boats were fitted out for this excursion—one commanded by Captain Tyson, sailing-master, and the other by Mr. Chester. They were unable to reach farther north than Newman's Bay, owing to the ice barriers; and after waiting for a month there for the chance of open water, orders came from Captain Buddington to return to the ship, which was reported to be leaking, to some extent. The season was evidently too early for making way north, in boats.

It would seem that Captain Buddington now became uneasy regarding the condition of the ship, and decided on returning home. On August 12th the ice was sufficiently open to permit of the *Polaris* leaving her winter quarters. She got safe through Kennedy Channel, to lat. 80° 2′, when she was caught fast in the ice, and drifted south, till October 15th, 1872. On that day, during a heavy gale and snow-drift, the pressure of the ice around the ship was very great, threatening her destruction. It was decided, in all haste, to remove the stores to the ice. The Esquimaux women and children were placed on the ice for safety. Ten

of the crew, with two Esquimaux men were on the ice receiving the stores and hauling them back from the ship. When thus employed, the portion of the floe to which the *Polaris* was moored suddenly broke off, and in the darkness the ship was driven away by the wind to the northward. She had fourteen men on board. Next day those on the ice saw the *Polaris* under steam, apparently approaching to take them off. Their signals, they thought, could not fail to be seen on board. Suddenly, however, whether owing to the movements of the ice, or some other cause, she passed in between a small island, supposed to be Northumberland Island, at the entrance of Whale Sound, and the main land, and the unfortunates on the ice saw her no more. The floe on which they were began to drift off rapidly; all efforts to reach the shore in the boat failed, and their long and terrible ice-voyage was begun.

On examination, the portion of the stores on the floe along with them was found to consist of eleven bags of bread, fourteen cases of pemmican (forty-five pounds in each); ten dozen cans of preserved meats, and a few hams. There were also nine musk-ox hides, one bear skin and a few seal skins, plenty of ammunition and six or eight rifles. The quantity of food on the ice was about equal to the sustenance of the nineteen persons for a month. Captain Tyson, who now took charge of the party, at once put them on short allowance. A meal for nine men consisted of 1½ lb. bread, and ¾ lb. pemmican mixed with water. This was served out twice a day. The Esquimaux shared in the same proportion. Fortunately they had two boats on the ice, the *Polaris* being left without boats. Eleven dogs were with them, and these they shot, as they could not spare food for them.

The first movement of the floe on which they were, was to the south-west, a heavy north-east wind blowing, and in a short time they found themselves thirty or forty miles south of where their ship was last seen. Owing to a heavy sea which was running, their floe broke up, and they were separated from one of their boats, six bags of bread, and some articles of clothing, which, however, they subsequently recovered. After drifting eight days they found themselves within a few miles of the Greenland coast. They made two attempts to reach land but failed; stormy weather set in, and they drifted fast towards the south. When they had passed the Cary Islands all hope of getting to land was abandoned; and, with the aid of the Esquimaux, they built three snow-huts on

the ice. During the month of November they caught four or five seals, and about the same number respectively in January and February. Their sufferings from cold and hunger were very great. It was a bright day in their dreary calendar when a seal was taken, as they had then a feast, and obtained a supply of light and fuel with which to warm their scanty allowance of food. Their cooking consisted in warming their meat slightly over a lamp. Much of the seals was eaten raw, the skin, entrails and every part but the gall being used. One boat was cut up to supply fuel for cooking purposes, but by the first of January this source of supply was exhausted. It is touching to find the forlorn band making some effort to observe Christmas Day. Their last piece of ham was reserved for that day; two biscuits were served out to each, and thus, amid those fearful ice-solitudes, in the gloom of an Arctic night, they enjoyed their scanty Christmas cheer, thinking, no doubt, with many a longing, of the friends far away, who were gathered that day around their cheerful hearths, and breathing a more earnest prayer than usual that God would continue to guard them from danger, and restore them to their homes. When New Year's Day came they found their scanty stores could afford no festive indulgences, and that they must be content with the ordinary fare.

We can fancy what must have been the forlorn condition of these poor castaways, during the gloom of the long Arctic night. Even with every comfort on board ship, and surrounded by cheerful influences of all kinds, with books and amusements to while away the time, the Arctic night is felt to be terribly oppressive. But what must it have been to this forlorn band, shut in a wretched snow-hut, cold, half-starving, without light except what a feeble lamp could furnish, and with nothing to break the terrible monotony of the weary hours! For eighty-five days they were without the sun; but at length, on January 19th, 1872, they were gladdened by a sight of the returning orb of day. It was like a glimpse of opening heaven to the eyes of the heart-sick group on the ice-floe. On the whole, however, they managed to preserve their cheerfulness to a wonderful degree, and never lost hope of ultimate deliverance. At times, too, the voice of Hannah, one of the Esquimaux women, cheered them, as she sang the songs of her native land. It is touching to find that the well-being of the baby was a constant source of interest and affectionate inquiry;

and when daylight returned, a look at its little dusky face, as it nestled in Mrs. Hans' bosom, was often asked for, and never failed to awaken smiles and tender words. The services of the two Esquimaux men were invaluable. They watched the ice-holes and speared the seals, when white men were unequal to such an achievement. They killed the Polar bear and shot the snow birds.

Thus the weary hours dragged along. During the latter part of February, the little birds called dovekies were shot in considerable numbers, and two of them were served out to each person twice a day. March 2nd was a happy day in their calendar. On that day they shot a large square-flipper seal which served them for food for twelve days. On March 12th, during a dark stormy night, the ice began to crack around them, and at length the floe broke up with a tremendous noise, leaving them barely enough ice to walk round their snow-huts. During the remainder of March they suffered little from hunger, seals being abundant; but on April 1st the sea began to wash over their snow-huts. They were then compelled to take to their boat, and abandon the friendly floe that had carried them so far. They succeeded in reaching another, which on April 5th also broke up; and all day they were scrambling from pan to pan, drenched to the skin, cold, and miserable, the weather being very boisterous. During these movements, they had to throw away most of their fresh provisions, and now found themselves in slob ice, where no seals were to be met with. On the 21st they found that their whole stock of provisions consisted of ten biscuits; and death by hunger was staring them in the face. On the afternoon of that day, just as they were deliberating about serving out the last of their stock of biscuit, one of the Esquimaux who had mounted a hummock, signalled that all were to lie down and play seal. A Polar bear was in sight, though it was much farther south than these animals are usually found. It was an anxious moment, as they watched the movements of the bear till he came within range. Their lives depended on the shot. The rifles of the two Esquimaux rang out at the same moment, and the bear dropped dead. That night they had an abundant and luxurious supper, and their sufferings from hunger were now at an end.

Lanes of open water were now seen, and Captain Tyson took advantage of them to work to the west as far as possible, hoping to reach the coast of Labrador, where temporary relief might be

obtained. On the afternoon of the 28th, to their unspeakable joy, they saw the smoke of a steamer at a distance, but soon lost sight of her. This was one of the Newfoundland sealing fleet, out on her second trip. On the next day they saw her again, but failed to attract the attention of those on board, notwithstanding every effort made by firing guns and hoisting signals. Towards evening she disappeared, and the hearts of the poor cast-aways sank within them. Were they doomed to perish so near human aid, after all their wonderful escapes! Next morning at 5 o'clock as the fog cleared away,—O joy for ever!—they saw a large steamer within a quarter of a mile of them. She proved to be the *Tigress*, Captain Bartlett, of St. Johns, out on a sealing voyage. In a short time they were on board, and received the utmost kindness and attention. A few days after, the *Tigress* reached St. Johns.

The whole party were looking wonderfully well, notwithstanding their privations and hardships. They had been six months and a-half on the ice. Few of them, in all that time, had been able to change any portion of their clothing, and not one of them had been able to enjoy the luxury of a wash, the little water they were able to obtain by melting the ice, being all required for drinking and cooking purposes. We can fancy the pleasurable sensations of these poor voyagers, when once more they tasted a warm, well-cooked meal, got a thorough wash, and lay down to sleep in a clean bed.

There is no reason at present to be apprehensive regarding the safety of the *Polaris*. In all probability she was frozen in and wintered in Whale Sound, as she was last seen in harbour at Northumberland Island, at the entrance of the Sound. Fourteen men were left on board, and although only two of them are seamen, the crew are quite equal to the working of the ship, under ordinary circumstances. She had ample stores on board, and being so far south when last seen, there is the strongest probability of her being released from the ice before July.

It is to be feared that some of the most important records of the voyage are lost, especially the meteorological and part of the astronomical, as they were on the ice, in a box, when the *Polaris* was driven away, but not on that portion of the floe on which the castaways were. It is possible they may have been recovered afterwards, as no doubt those on board the *Polaris* would make strenuous efforts to save such precious documents.

In only one instance has there been anything similar to this wonderful voyage of two thousand miles on an ice-raft. On October 22nd, 1869, the crew of the *Hansa*, of the second German North Polar Expedition, were compelled to abandon their vessel which was crushed by the ice in lat. 70° 49′ N., long. 10° 51′ W. They built on the floe a house with the patent fuel they had on board, and in this snug shelter, they drifted to the southern point of Greenland, where they took to their boats, and on June 14th, 1870, reached the Moravian Mission Station of Friedriksthal, in lat. 60° N., just on the western side of Cape Farewell. They thus drifted over ten degrees of latitude, but their sextants showed that the total distance traversed was 1,150 miles. The *Polaris* party passed over twenty-four degrees of latitude, and must have drifted, on their cheerless raft, 2,000 miles. Then the *Hansa* party had a snug house on the ice and ample stores. The others had not enough provisions at starting to sustain them for a month, and had to subsist in the manner I have described. The dangers they encountered too were far more terrible than those which the *Hansa* party passed through, who were only in one instance driven from their floe.

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# PHIIP BLAIR;

OR,

## School Days in the Dominion.

BY E. LAWSON FENERTY, ESQ., HALIFAX, N. S.

### CHAPTER VI.

THE result of the council of war held the evening of our hero's arrival home, was, as I have intimated, that he should exercise his ingenuity and receive its fitting reward in a boarding-school known as the Groves, situate about sixty miles down the river, provided he could be accommodated; the reputation of said school being so high, as usually to necessitate an application some time beforehand to secure admission.

Pursuant to this decision, sundry missives were despatched and received, the result being that Master Philip Blair was to be received at the Groves school for one term or more, in considera-

tion of the sum of —— per term of five months, for board and tuition.

It was some time before his mother could quite reconcile herself to the idea of her son's departure from home, and more than once was inclined to rescind the order and allow him to remain a little longer, but her brother's argument overcame her scruples, and the boy's outfit was pushed forward as rapidly as circumstances would admit.

He enjoyed the notion of going away amazingly, because, as he expressed it, "a fellow is more of a man when he has to look out for himself, you know." Usually he receives the congratulations of his fellows on the subject with becoming gravity. On such occasions some rash youngster, envying Phil his prospects for fun, would inform another, confidentially, that "the first chance he'd do something," and with divers wise shakes of the head, "guess they'd have to send him away too."

On the day previous to the memorable first of September, the day fixed for his departure from home, behold Phil, important and excited, trying vainly to do several things at once—in the endeavor, interfering with his elders, much to their discomfort, but at the same time earnestly assuring them that "he was helping," of course.

At length the long, long day, as Philip thought—all too short in his mother's mind, drew to a close, and everything that a too fond parent could provide for her boy's comfort was ready to pack. The trunks and different articles were all in the sitting-room waiting for Mrs. Blair's deft fingers to arrange them, when Phil, accompanied by Reggy, who had been trotting patiently after his brother, came in. No one there but themselves. Instantly he decided that with the little fellow's assistance he would have one of those trunks packed in less than no time; to think, was to act, and smiling, as he thought of the agreeable surprise he was preparing for his mother, went to work with such vigor that in almost less time than it takes to tell it, had one trunk full—I won't say packed, and he and his brother sitting on the lid, cheerfully endeavoring to shut it.

"Let us sit down with a bump," said Reggy, who had been looking on in silent wonderment at his brother's marvellous celerity.

They did so; something crackles.

"Do it again, both together," said Reg, rather pleased than otherwise at the progress they were making, his opinion on packing evidently coinciding with Phil's; to wit, that good packing consisted in getting the things in tight.

They did it again, this time the cover came down but the hinges creaked warningly.

"There," said Phil with a sigh of relief as he stood up, "I guess that is pretty well fixed, I wont lock it, cos she," meaning his mother, "might want to see if its jest right."

He was contemplating his handiwork from the lounge where he had thrown himself after their efforts; Reg was still seated on the trunk contentedly, kicking his heels, when Mrs. Blair came in to complete her work.

"Why, what have you been doing," she exclaimed hastily, observing the disappearance of the clothing.

"Oh," replied Phil in a tone of intense satisfaction, "we've got our trunk all packed, ain't we Reg?" and he smiled calmly, inwardly conscious of having done something, at last, worthy of commendation.

"I should think we have," replied Reg, "spullen-did; and tight; why we almost busted the cover gettin' it down. Did'nt it crack though, Gorry."

"Get up at once," she said sharply to Reg. He did so; looking surprised, not understanding why his mother should be cross.

Phil's faith in his abilities as a packer began to vanish; an idea that perhaps it wasn't all right forced itself upon his unwilling mind as his mother raised the cover, and lifting out the various articles discovered hats and handkerchiefs, coats and collars, socks and scarves "all put in," as he happily expressed it; this was bad enough, but as she reached the bottom, and found a pair of boots resting serenely on the bosom of a clean shirt, the soles and heels finely lithographed on the smooth surface, her annoyance culminated.

"It does seem almost useless to try to have your clothes nice," she said helplessly; "do go away, go now!" as Phil hesitated, "you are the most tiresome boy."

"Well, I guess we had a good lot in," he rejoined, looking exceedingly injured at his mother's lack of appreciation of his efforts; "if——"

"That is sufficient," interrupted his mother, "Off with you, and don't look so disconsolate: we'll make it right."

Finally, everything was arranged for an early start the next morning, and he went to bed to toss restlessly about, thinking of the rows, cricket matches, boat races, and a thousand other things that boys are supposed to do at boarding school; however, he fell asleep and dreamt that he was throwing the school-master out of the window for trying to lick him.

The next morning he was out of bed and to the window in time to see the sun's broad red disk rising from his bed in the eastern horizon with a glow of burnished gold.

"Hurrah!" he shouted, "I say Reg; it's gorgeous."

"Wha-a-at's gor-augh-geous Phil?" inquired the youngster, yawning terrifically and looking startled.

"Why the weather to be sure. Don't you see the sun? Won't it be great going down the river?" and he capered about the room, giving vent to his exuberant spirits by sundry howls that would have been creditable to an Indian, with an extraordinary development of the larynx.

Reg watched him with great grave eyes silently, until Phil had sobered sufficiently to think of the troublesome but necessary operation of dressing, and then said in sorrowful accents, "I wish I could go too."

"Perhaps Uncle Horace will take you," said Phil, looking out the window and making desperate efforts to get into a pair of trousers.

"Do you think he will?" asked Reggy eagerly looking at his brother. "Stop; what are you doing?" he added hastily "you'll bust 'em; them's my trousers. Guess you're luny."

Phil thus warned, discovered that in his excitement he had got hold of the wrong article, laughingly he rectified his error and left the room to obtain the moral support of his mother—when he should try and persuade his uncle—to take Reggy; slamming the door with a bang that shook the house he went careering through the hall with a hop, skip and jump, at the same time roaring out a couplet from a song.

"I say mother!" he sung out as he came to her chamber door, "are you up?"

"No," she replied sharply, disturbed by the outrageous clatter,

"what are you doing up at this hour? go to bed again, and don't make such a noise or you will disturb the neighbors."

"Doing up so early? Why don't you always tell me I should be up with the sun?" He smiled as he said this; the last holiday some time previous was the only time he had been up so early during the summer.

"What do you want?"

"Buz wants to go down the river with us, and I was thinking perhaps uncle would take him, what do you think?"

"Well, don't disturb me now, and I will tell you at breakfast." He had to be satisfied with this, and travelled off to inform Reg of the result of his mission.

At the breakfast table it was decided that if his uncle was agreeable, Reggy should accompany him, which arrangement sent the little fellow in a perfect fever of delight.

"Don't think too much about it, Reg," said his grandmother, "perhaps Uncle Horace won't let you go, after all."

The youngster's face lengthened so at this suggestion as to cause a general laugh around the table. "O I'll coax him," he replied hopefully, after thinking a moment, "you will too; won't you, mother?"

"We will see when he comes."

Mr. Morel soon after came in, to see that all the arrangements were complete.

"The carriage will be here in about an hour," he said, looking at his watch; "you might all come down to the pier; it is such a lovely morning; I will send a barouche and you can take a drive after the steamer leaves; there will be plenty of room for all. Phil can ride on the box with the driver."

"Yes," said Phil, "that's all right, and won't I get Cabbie to let me trot the donkeys." He added in an under tone to his brother, "Don't you wish you was me, Buz?"

"Stop one moment Horace," said Mrs. Blair, observing the disconsolate expression on Reggy's face as her brother was leaving without anything having been said about the youngster.

"Well, what is the trouble now?"

"Reggy is very anxious to go down the river with you, do you think you could take him?"

"I hardly know what to say," rejoined Mr. Morel, rather taken

aback, he had fully intended calling on his way home to see a lady friend, and this proposition threatened to interfere seriously.

"Do Uncle," said the little fellow, looking up pleadingly.

"I suppose we must," his Uncle replied, taking the little upturned anxious face between his hands, "that is, if your mother can spare you for a few days."

"I thought you were coming back in the next boat," said Mrs. Blair, looking surprised.

"No, I am going to call at Mentour coming back," he replied, with a little conscious flush as he saw his sister smile.

"Oh!" she said significantly, "he had better remain at home, then."

"No! no! mother, I won't be any bother; Will I uncle?" and the eager questioning face looked from one to the other imploringly.

"Why Reg," said his grandmother, "when I was a girl I was not allowed to beg so hard."

He looked puzzled a moment, then his face brightened, and he replied in an earnest tone: "Yes, of course, but don't you see that you were a girl, and there is a great deal of difference in bringing up boys and girls." This was said in such a matter-of-fact way that all were compelled to laugh.

"Get him ready Alice," said Mr. Morel, as he turned to go out. "He deserves to go after that."

"I am going Phil," he shouted, springing from the table in a perfect whirlwind of delight. "Oh!" he exclaimed, as he sprawled headlong over the dog, who had been patiently waiting for a stray mouthful, and no doubt wondering in his canine mind how it was that no heed was paid to his wants, as was customary.

"I am going," he said again in a bewildered sort of way, as he picked himself up, and looked doubtfully at Rags, who had retreated behind Mrs. Blair's chair, and was staring at them all in undisguised astonishment, as if he hardly understood the necessity for such rough usage.

"Why Phil's up stairs, you little goose," said Lottie with a smile.

"Is he?" and he bolted for the door, followed by the dog, who was evidently determined to see what all the trouble was about.

"It's all right, Phil," he exclaimed again, as he reached the foot of the stairs; Rags emphatically endorsed this by a decided

yelp, and the pair continued making this assertion at regular intervals as they mounted the stairs in a tremendous hurry.

There was quite a family party assembled on the pier to see our travellers off; the huge river boat swayed with the current, tugging at her moorings as if chafing to be released, and the rush of steam, as it roared from the escape, seemed like the angry growl of some great monster caged.

Busy porters were hurrying to and fro with their loads in the bright sunshine that streamed down. The ship's officers shouting orders. Bewildered passengers plainly not of the guild of travellers, anxiously looking for a missing trunk now safely on the boat, or a friend that was not; passengers who were not bewildered, old stagers, gazing calmly on the bustling crowds, having discovered by long experience that there was no necessity for fussing.

The first bell soon rang, the only observable result being an increased bustle among the already hurrying crowd. Again the clang of the warning bell broke on the air, and amid the universal partings Mr. Morel and his charges bid good-bye to their friends.

"You must try and do as well as you can Philip," said his mother with a great sob as she gave him her parting kiss; it would be very sad for me to hear that you were in disgrace, and she looked after him with hungry eyes, as after bidding farewell to the rest he hurried on board with an "I'll try Mother," spoken steadily enough, but the lips quivered; he did not wish her, nor any one else, to see the little tear her parting called up.

"Tell them not to spoil him, Horace," said the Old Lady.

Mr. Morel gave the required promise, smiling as he remembered her peculiar failing.

The stately craft moved from her berth into the stream, followed by words of parting and the waving handkerchiefs seemed like white hopes for her safety as she steamed on down the river, the very ideal of power.

They were now fairly under way, and as they glided rapidly on past the low-lying shore, or bluff rock, past houses, past the great oaks that here and there dotted the fields and served for landmarks so familiar; they seemed now like huge sentinels, watching his going: these were all left behind on his way to his new home, and Philip felt, boy as he was, that he was entering another phase of his existence, and mentally made a series of extraordinary resolutions for his future guidance; extraordinary,

because if he succeeded in fulfilling them he would have ceased to be himself, or—thoughtless. The time had sped rapidly away and he was still engrossed with his own thoughts; there had been some serious breaks; the machinery to be examined; questions to be asked about different places they passed; explanations to be made to his brother on matters wherein he was as wise as the little fellow, but gravely made, nevertheless, with an air of intense wisdom that in itself was edifying, if the explanations were not. He was still thinking over his resolutions, debating in his mind whether he would write them out, frame and hang them up in his room, like the good boy he read about in the last story; when his Uncle called him to come forward to the bow of the vessel as she was entering a broad reach, where the river widened to almost the dignity of a lake.

"There is the school, Phil," he said, pointing to an island that seemed to rest on the waters of the river in its widest part. It was fully two miles distant, but a group of buildings showed through the trees, one very much larger than the rest being the schoolhouse proper, and, as they rapidly neared, a few boys could be seen walking about.

"Well, what do you think of it?" as Phil eyed the place in grave silence. "What do you say, little man?" turning to Reg, but the youngster waited to hear Phil's opinion.

"O, it's jolly," he finally condescended to reply.

"Jolly," said Reg, bringing his lips together with a snap that seemed to say, "We've said it and it must be so," the word when said resembling the explosion of a fire-cracker.

Just then the steamer took a broad sheer toward the shore, and in a few minutes they glided gently up to the one wharf of a large village, almost a town, situated on the river bank nearly opposite the island that MR. MOREL HAD POINTED OUT AS THE SCHOOL.

## CHAPTER VII.

AT this point some dozen passengers, besides themselves, and a small quantity of freight were landed; among the former, Philip noticed two boys, apparently his own age, standing on the wharf near a gentleman who was giving orders about some luggage that was near them.

"Perhaps those fellows are going to the school, too," he thought,

looking wistfully at them. "I wonder if they have been there before? I'd like to know and see what they think of it!" While he was thus meditating, his brother called his attention to a large and handsome boat that was rapidly approaching the wharf, pulled by two men in working clothes; a boy, who appeared to be about fifteen, held the tiller ropes, which he handled with the ease of one experienced.

"That's one of the school boats, Jerry," said the larger of the two boys, in a tone that Phil could plainly hear, and from the manner in which it was spoken, he at once shrewdly guessed the speaker had been there before.

"See that fellow in the stern?" he continued, with a rapid, furtive, side glance to note if Phil was listening, and for whose benefit it was said, quite as much as for his companion, "that's Monkey."

"What a name," rejoined Jerry simply, laboring under the impression that the object of their conversation had inherited his peculiar title in the ordinary manner.

"Hoh! you're nov," with a little snort, expressive of mild contempt, "that ain't his right name, you know; they just call him that, he is such a comical nut; right name is Charley Ferris; he is the best fellow to steer in the school, and bully at cricket. I guess that's a new chap," he went on, changing his voice to a whisper that could be heard twice as far as the tone he had been previously using, and raising his hand in the direction of Phil, who heard him distinctly, and resolved to have a talk on school matters.

"Are you fellows going to school?" he said, walking towards them.

"Yes," they replied together. "You?"

"Yes."

"Have you been there before?"

"He has," answered the one known as Jerry, nodding towards his companion. "I haven't though; my first term. What's your name?"

"Phil Blair. What's yours?"

"Jerry Strickland, and this is my cousin, Ted Crawford." So the acquaintance was made.

"Have you been here much before?" evidently meaning had he

been here many terms, Phil inquired, turning to Crawford, who understood him, as he replied, "three terms."

"What's it like?" eagerly. "Is there much fun? Does Mr. Chauncy lick you much? Is he your teacher?"

"Mr. Chauncy isn't anybody's teacher," replied Crawford, replying to the last question in a tone that implied sincere pity for such profound ignorance as that displayed by his questioner. "He just looks after things; there are two teachers that attend to the classes; he licks us though, but not much; he is a bully old fellow; won't let the masters touch the boys; always does it himself," meaning the thrashing.

"Is that little chap going too?" he queried, surveying Reggy, who, during the conversation, had been gravely drinking it in with wide open eyes.

The little fellow drew back shyly, and stationed himself behind his brother.

"It's pretty rough for such a little beggar."

Reg looked grieved, he did not like the notion of being called a beggar.

"No, he just came down with us; he is going back with my Uncle."

Here the conversation was interrupted by Mr. Morel calling his Nephew.

"Stay by the trunks," he said as Phil came over, "I must see about getting to the school; get a boat I suppose; what boys were those, have you seen them before?"

"No, Sir, but I heard one of them say something about the school; so I thought I'd ask him whether he had been there: there is a big boat coming over, he said was the school boat,—perhaps it's coming for us; the fellow with the straw hat knows," he added, as Mr. Morel started to inquire.

"What did that boy call me a little beggar for?" said Reggy indignantly, "do I look like one?" he had been brooding over this, and nearly bursting to think that any boy would dare to say such a thing; "if I were you and any fellow said that, I'd lick him;" and he looked fixedly at Phil to see the effect of this assertion.

But his brother laughed long and furiously at Reg's conception of the term as applied to him.

"What are you laughing at? I'm your brother, and if I am a beggar you're one too I guess."

"He did'nt mean that at all," explained Phil, "did'nt mean anything, it's only a word they have."

"Well, what did he say it for?" returned the youngster, only half satisfied.

"Well my man," said Mr. Morel, laying his hand on Crawford's shoulder, "as my nephew informs me, you have been here before, can you tell me how we will manage to get to school?"

"Yes, Sir," returned the boy, "that boat," pointing to the one before mentioned, "come's here on purpose nearly every day for those going over; it belongs to the school."

"I suppose I must get some one to put the trunks on board then."

"O there is no need to do that, the men rowing have all that to see to, if you just tell them what's to go."

"Thank you," said Mr. Morel, pleased at the bright intelligent face and his desire to furnish all the information in his power, "what is your name?"

"Ted Crawford. I live in the other Province. This is my cousin, Jerry Strickland. New fellow."

"Like my nephew," said Mr. Morel smiling.

"Yes sir."

Ted volunteered this additional information, as his questioner had quite won his confidence by his kind manner.

"Here's the boat now," he exclaimed, as it came into the wharf.

"Hullo, Monkey," he shouted to the steersman, anxious to show his familiarity with the school. "Many fellows back yet?"

"Well, Scrub," returned the other quietly, "what are you making such a row about. Come in the ——— steamer?"

"Yes."

"Steady!" to the oarsmen, "that will do; fend off. Any new boys?"

"Yes, my cousin and another fellow."

"Is that all there is to go."

"All that came in the steamer. There may be some in the train from below, but I guess there is a load; there is that chap, his uncle and brother, my Dad, Jerry and me, and trunks. How is that for cargo."

"I thought you said there were only two new fellows?"

"So there are; his brother isn't going to school."

"I suppose there is heaps of luggage; duffers always have such rafts of it."

By this time the boat was moored, and the youthful commander bounded up the steps, the very personification of health; the short, crisp, black curls escaping from beneath his cap, brown eyes, and a lithe, muscular figure, he looked every inch an ideal school boy. Stepping past the boys, he bowed easily, and addressed Mr. Morel: "Are you going over to the island?"

"Yes, with these boys; there is a quantity of luggage also, but I believe you expected that from your remarks," he replied mischievously.

The boy coloured slightly and smiled when he discovered he had been overheard. "It's the truth, though," he said, looking up frankly. "You see I notice, because I nearly always come over for passengers."

"We must see about getting it aboard."

"I will attend to that if you will show me what is to go. Here William, you and Tom get these trunks into the boat," as Mr. Morel pointed them out. "I say Ted, which are your's and your cousin's?"

"Over there."

"All right, put this lot in too," he added, laying his hand on the trunks, and addressing the men.

"Any big fellows here yet, Charley?"

"Yes, Terrence and Wylie, thought Qurlest would be here today; where's your Gov'nor?"

"Went to the village, soon be back, here he is now!"

"Just get all the people into the boat—that's a good fellow; I'll cut up for the letters, be back in a jiff."

He soon returned with the letters and papers for the school that had come in the mail, and finding the party all seated, the boat started; a short row over the quiet waters, during which the boys improved their acquaintanceship, and they reached the Island wharf, where they were met by the Principal, Mr. Chauncy, who after introducing himself took the gentlemen for a tour of inspection.

"I say Buz," said Phil as his uncle and brother were leaving for home, "just tell Cloudy he ought'er be here."

"Take care of yourself Phil; here is a tip, don't let the boys

bully you, and don't forget your mother; good-by" said his Uncle.

"Thank you Uncle," Phil replied, pocketing the coin; "bet I won't, good-by; good-by Buz," and Phil was left to take care of himself.

(To be continued.)

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## POLLYGOLLY.

THIS pen was held suspended over a shining sheet of blank paper that seemed thirsting to receive my thoughts. I was ready to dash off with lightning speed a profound and brilliant essay on the ORIGIN OF EVIL, a subject which I proposed to make as clear as mud to all philosophical inquirers like-minded with myself. Alas! My pen was arrested in mid-career, like one of Saturn's thunderbolts when the upstart Jupiter took to business on his own account. There sounds the swift step of my dear wife on the floor. I know the meaning of that step; she is in trouble, as sure as my name is David Jones. "What is the matter, Jane?" said I, with solemn utterance, concealing all my anxiety, and the wild scattering of my fine ideas.

"Matter!" said she, "The papers declare that the servant girls in Belgium, or Spain, or Brazil, are all joining the International Society; that they are about to revolutionize the world; that they are no longer to take any orders from their mistresses, but issue orders and make us their slaves. Will it be so with us? You, dear Jones, know everything. Tell me what you think, really and truly. Pollygolly stared at me like a wild cat when I told her she must come in to-night before eleven o'clock. Is she an Internationalist?"

With serene face and beaming eye I responded: "The origin of evil is a problem which has never yet been solved. Adam and Eve tried it, and the result was quite disheartening and disgusting. Their eldest boy, Cain, tried it with most damaging effect. And so it has been down to the days of Kant and Comte. Happily for the future, David Jones was born in the good town of Stoneville, in the year 1820, and in due time David studied Mind and Matter, and found out the old secret. Thy husband, Mrs. Jones, is

immortal; his fame shall reach the ends of the earth and the limits of time. Happy for thee the day of thy marriage with David Jones!"

My dear wife was at that moment seized with an inordinate fit of laughter. Tears coursed down her cheeks, but whether they were tears of joy or of anxiety, or a mingling of both, one could hardly tell. She was apparently overcome with the prospect of sharing my immortal renown. But instead of saying so, she quickly suppressed her laughter, and with a gentle smile laid her hand on my arm and said in her own winning way: "Yes—Dear Jones—darling husband, I know that confounded pudding-sauce has gone to your head. It is all Pollygolly's fault; she is the origin of evil. The bread is sour; the pudding is singed; the beef is burnt; the tea is bitter. What *shall* we do?"

This catalogue of practical ills, and this eloquent appeal, recalled my mind fully to terrene themes. The ORIGIN OF EVIL is indeed an urgent question; and the man who, having gained the key to the secret, delays to reveal all for the good of mankind, is much to blame. But it is said that a man is what his wife makes him, and I, Jones, am no more than a man. I'll leave my great Essay till my wife goes to the seaside in July and August. Then, thou exalted muse of divine Philosophy, expect the ardent and undivided devotions of David Jones! Till then, let an anxious world wag on as it has done for some thousands of years. It cannot take much harm by waiting a little longer. Jane bids me talk of the Servant Question, and I must please her thus far, for it is the problem of the hour, more irrepressible than any in the range of morals and economics.

My wife, Jane Jones, had sent away her housemaid last week—for utter inefficiency. She was the twenty-second successor of Betsy Fitzfilly who struck for an advance in wages six months ago. I am a man of small means and can only keep two maid servants; and it now appears that I cannot keep any, because they will not stay, or they are not worth keeping. Our cook, who is just departing, with a thunderstorm in her face and an earthquake in her footsteps, seasoned our soup two days ago with "wormwood," and made ginger tea for herself of mustard. She has made other blunders that might endanger life, only that Jane is cautious. Worst of all, she was too wise and accomplished to receive any instruction. And so I, David Jones, fully approved of the act of my

wife in telling Pollygolly that she must leave us at the end of this month.

Mrs. Jones was pleased to ask me my views on the Servant Question in general. I addressed her to the following effect; and she, being a good judge, said that I spoke words of wisdom that should be printed. Between ourselves, she is a woman that deserves a good husband and a crown of gold. She does not encourage my explorations in search of the ORIGIN OF EVIL, but she always tries to lessen the practical evil she finds in the world.

Pollygolly came to us fresh from Burnsbrae—was obedient and industrious, and willing to learn. She was dressed very quietly and modestly, and she took good care of the wages we gave her.

In a few weeks she found associates, caught their ideas, got a beau, became fond of finery, wasted her wages in tawdry dress, tried to appear the fine lady. She dressed much "finer" than dear Jane;—and much more fashionably. She rejoices in high heeled boots, in a violent Grecian Bend, and in the Scotch Terrier style of hair dress. She devotes to her dress the thought which should be given to her duties. It is now quite impossible that she can ever make a good servant.

As she belonged to the same Church with ourselves, we invited her to sit in our pew, and we never kept her home from a religious service. I thought that, under these circumstances, I should speak to her—remonstrate with her, ask her the reason for her conduct, and explain to her the prospect before her. She took it kindly, but assured me she could not help herself. "One must be like one's neighbours. They dresses fine, and I must dress fine. They goes out o'nights, and I must go out. They spends their money, and so must I. I would like to send something home to my poor old mother; but I have not a cent to spare. That bonnet cost me a month's wages. I must go to Boston or New York. Jessie Maclean was not half as smart as me, but off she goes, and now she's married to Billy Sinclair, and they keeps house theirselves. Anyhows, we'll get good wages in the States, and they'll never call us "Servants" there, but "Helps." And if we are "helps" to them they are "helps" to us."

I told her how often I had found out of girls going away from the Provinces to the deepest poverty and distress—to beggary and ruin—in Boston and other American cities. A considerable proportion of the poor things rush off to ruin with awful speed.

Those who do well save but little money, and are no better off at the end of five years than if they had staid in Halifax or St. John. My reasoning and appeals were lost on poor Pollygolly. Some of her companions were going away, and she must go too.

I told Jane how often mistresses are more to blame for bad servants than the servants themselves are blame-worthy for their badness. The ladies do not know household duties, and do not teach their servants. One good result of the present scarcity of household servants will be that our wives and daughters must study and practise housekeeping. They must understand about the washing and cooking, the sewing and the sweeping. They must be at home in the kitchen as well as in the drawing room—in the pantry as well as in the library. Americans and Provincials must, like well trained English-women, learn the whole art and science of housekeeping. They will thus be able to add immensely to the comfort of the family, and to save an unknown amount of money.

Jane had been reading John Ruskin, and she flattered me by saying that these were his sentiments exactly. She referred again to the "Internationale," which led me to say:

There is some connection after all between the Internationalists, the Communists, and the Servant Girls. It is the same grand social upheaval that manifests itself in different ways, according to circumstances, in a burning palace of the Louvre, in Petroleuse exploits in the streets of Paris, and in the burning of your roast beef under the eye of Pollygolly. Her heart was stirred with a longing for change, for improvement in her social condition, and this led to her neglect of duty. There are wild, wide movements of humanity—instinctive, irrational, and so far unaccountable—in which all have a share more or less directly. There are upheavals and revolutions, more or less swift and strong, in constant progress. We are now in the heart of one of these vast currents; but we cannot well tell whither we are drifting. The birds of passage flock from land to land over raging seas, in obedience to a general instinct. Man (including our Pollygolly) is also very largely a creature of circumstance—a slave of instinct. You see the movement in your kitchen, Mrs. Jones: well,—look abroad and you will see it in English factories, Welsh mines, Scotch shipyards, New York Crispin societies, and in Trades Unions, International Societies, and also in the great upheavals in Church and State, in the old and new world. Jane here kindly

enquired about my head, and I consoled her by the assurance that it was quite well. I proceeded to show her that—

If we suffer, others suffer with us. Others have been and still are in a much worse condition than we. (This is a style of consolation that never fails to take due effect with Jane, and her sisters of womankind in general.) If the worst come to the worst we'll do all the work ourselves, and live quite as happily as if we had fifty servants to devour our substance:

> —— "From the King
> To the beggar, by gradations, all are servants;
> And you must grant, the slavery is less
> To study to please one than many."

I was going on to quote the views of all the poets and philosophers, when Jane said that my own wisdom was quite enough for her. "We have been slaves to our servants long enough; let us now try to serve ourselves, as you say. And I know my cousin Maggie, poor child, will be glad to come and make her home with us and be as useful as possible. In case of need we'll send for your orphan niece too, and both these children will be like our own children, and we'll toil together. And then, may be you will not write that Essay on the "Origin of Evil?"

I shook my head ominously: "The subject is fresh, brand new, inviting as summer lawns and woods. I hear the call; I must obey. David Jones is a Prophet; Mrs. David Jones shall share the immortal renown of her husband."

The prospect of a fate so brilliant affected Mrs. Jones's nerves again, but her smile was only a gleam of dawn. She instantly reverted to the Pollygolly question. Said she: "How was it with our forefathers? They had no troubles like ours? Surely servants, faithful, good and obedient, were abundant in those days, before there was any raving about "Women's Rights," or "Communism," or the "Equality of Man."

Fortunately, a book was under my hand, printed in the year of grace 1725—before my great-grandfather was born. It was filled with grievous complaints about servants. I opened it and read a few extracts to show Jane that our forefathers were not exempt from trials like our own:

"Women servants are now so scarce, that from thirty to forty shillings a year, their wages are increased of late to six, seven, nay eight pounds per annum, and upwards, so that an ordinary

tradesmen cannot well keep one; but his wife, who might be useful in his shop or business, must do the drudgery of household affairs; and all this because our servant wenches are so puffed up with pride now-a-days that they never think they can go fine enough. It is a hard matter to know the mistress from the maid by their dress. Nay, very often the maid shall be much the finer of the two." "Nothing but silks and satins will go down with our kitchen wenches, to support which intolerable pride they have insensibly raised their wages to such a height as was never known in any age, or nation, but this."—(See Defoe's *Everybody's Business Nobody's Business.*)

Defoe describes the mode in which girls fresh from the country are treated by older "wenches:" "The girl has been scarce a day in her service but a committee of servant wenches are appointed to examine her, who advise her to raise her wages or give warning." * * * "Her leathern shoes are now changed into laced ones, with high heels. She must have a hoop too as well as her mistress; and her poor, scanty linsey-woolsey petticoat is changed into a good silk one. Plain country Joan is turned into a fine London Madam, can drink tea, take snuff, and carry herself as high as the best." (Then comes a glimpse into the morality of servants in those days. It would shock Mrs. Jones to hear it read, though sooth to tell she is no prude.)

"Our Sessions' papers of late are crowded with instances of servant maids robbing their places. This can only be attributed to their devilish pride, for their whole inquiry now-a-days is how little they shall do and how much they shall have." (Defoe then traces in very plain English the career of many—how fine dress leads them to folly, wickedness, poverty, misery, and early death. We see the same process in scores of instances in our cities every year; but it is not worse with us than it was in Defoe's day. I hope not quite so bad.)

"Those who are not thus vicious are thievish. The most pernicious are those who beggar you inchmeal. If a maid is a downright thief she strips you at once, and you know your loss; but these retail pilferers waste you insensibly, and though you hardly miss it, yet your substance shall decay to such a degree that you must have very good bottom, indeed, not to feel the ill effects of such moths in your family.

"Tea, sugar, butter, wine, &c., are reckoned no thefts. If they

do not directly take your silver, your linen, they are honest. There are those that are sent to market for a joint of meat, take up two on their master's account, and leave one by the way,—for some of these maids are mighty charitable, and can make a shift to maintain a small family with what they can purloin from their masters and mistresses." (Here Jane could not help reminding me how John McGraw, the coachman, stole our butter and sugar one winter, for the benefit of the small family of which he was the eldest member,—how Vincent, our next coachman, stole our potatoes, coals, wood, &c., for the benefit of his daughter's family, who live not far from us,—how Flora stole linens, and Betsy stole spoons, and soforth, and soforth.)

"If a master or mistress inquire after anything missing they must be sure to place their words in due form, or madam huffs and flings about at a strange rate: What, would you make a thief of her? Who would live with such mistrustful folks? Thus you are obliged to hold your tongue and sit down generally by your loss, for fear of offending your maid, forsooth!

"Again, if your maid maintain one or more persons from your table, whether they are her poor relations, servants out of place, or friends of her ladyship, you must not complain of your expense, or ask what has become of such a thing, or such a thing. You must hold your tongue for peace sake, or madam will say you grudge her victuals, and expose you to the last degree over the whole neighbourhood. * * * * * * *

"Thus have these wenches by their continual cabals united themselves into a formidable body, and got the whip-hand of their betters. They make their own terms with us; and two servants will scarce undertake the work which one might perform with ease, notwithstanding that they have raised their wages to a most exorbitant pitch."

Defoe tells the following story, which amused Jane immensely: "My family is composed of myself and sister, and a man and maid servant. We were without the latter when a young wench came looking for the place. The man was gone out and my sister was upstairs; so I opened the door myself, and this person presented herself to my view dressed completely, more like a visitor than 'servant maid.' She, not knowing me, asked for my sister. 'Pray, madam,' said I, 'be pleased to walk into the parlour, she shall wait on you presently.' Accordingly I handed madam in,

who took it very cordially. After some apology I left her alone for a minute or two, while I, stupid wretch! ran up to my sister, and told her that there was a gentlewoman below come to visit her. 'Dear brother,' said she, 'don't leave her alone; go down and entertain her while I dress myself.' Accordingly down I went and talked of indifferent affairs; meanwhile my sister dressed herself all over again, not being willing to be seen in an undress. At last she came down dressed as clean as her visitor. But how great was my surprise when I found my fine lady a common servant wench! My sister asked her what wages she expected? She modestly asked but eight pounds a year. (Enormous wages for those days.) The next question was what work she could do to deserve such wages? She replied, she could clean a house or prepare an ordinary family dinner. 'But cannot you wash or get up linen?' She answered, No: and she would not stop in a house where they did not send out their washing and hire a charwoman to do the scrubbing. She desired to see the house and having carefully surveyed it, said the work was too hard for her, and she would not undertake it. 'Young woman,' said my sister, 'I want a house maid, and you are a chamber maid.' 'No,' she replied, 'I am not needlewoman enough for that.' 'And you ask such wages,' said my sister. 'Yes, and I will not bate a farthing.' 'Then get you gone for a lazy impudent baggage; said I, 'You want to be a boarder and not a servant. Have you a fortune or an estate that you dress at that rate?' 'No sir,' she said, 'but I hope I may wear what I work for without offence.' 'What, you work!' interrupted my sister, 'Why, you do not seem willing to undertake any work. You will not wash nor scour; you cannot cooke; you are no needlewoman; and our little house of two rooms on a floor is too much for you. For God's sake what can you do?' 'Madam,' replied she, 'I know my business and do not fear a service. If you wash at home you should have a laundry-maid; if you give entertainments you must keep a cookmaid; if you have any needlework you should have a chambermaid.'" So ended the colloquy.

Mrs. Jones was quite satisfied by these quotations that though we have fallen on evil times and evil Biddies, the like have been experienced before. Pollygolly has had predecessors enough, and she will, no doubt, have successors till the end of time. Becoming

exhausted with the theme, though the theme was far from being exhausted, I quote for Jane's benefit the following sensible lines:

> "Expect not more from servants than is just;
> Reward them well if they observe their trust;
> Nor with them cruelty nor pride invade,
> Since God and Nature them our brother's made."

Pollygolly will leave us to-morrow, I hope, and then the co-operative system, the patriarchal system, camp life, tent life, or any other honest style of life God pleases to give us! Nothing shall come amiss. David Jones and his wife Jane shall never be the slaves of servants nor the victims of circumstances!

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## TEN YEARS.

### A PARLOR DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

*Dramatis Personæ.*

| | |
|---|---|
| WILLIAM, lover of | RITA (daughter of Lubin.) |
| DOBBIO, lover of | LIZA. |
| LUBIN, | DAME LUBIN, his wife. |
| CAPTAIN, | MADGE, the Gipsy. |
| SQUIRE, | ZULEIKA, a Moorese. |

Villagers, Sailors, Moors, &c.

ACT I, *Scene I. In front of Lubin's cottage. A rustic fete. William and Rita "spooning." Ditto Dobbio and Liza. After dance, Lubin calls the young men. All draw near.*

LUBIN. Gather around me, neighbors. Here is a splendid chance for the young men of drown-trodden England, trampled as they are under foot by a bloated aristocracy who batten on the turnpike tolls and have repeatedly refused to abolish rent,—nay, who steadily decline to grant to the industrious mechanic a seat in the house of lords. Well, well, the days of such tyrannies are nearly over. I have here a new magna charta [*unrolls about six feet of a scroll*] sent me by Messrs. Bamboozle and Foozle, the lawyers, (who kindly charged me no more than six-and-eight-pence for it,) the prospectus of "THE GRAND FREEBORN BRITON'S EL DORADO LAND SCHEME from which, with your permission, I will read a few extracts:

> "The lands of this Beneficent Institution are situate along the shores of the delightful river Gambia, which

fertilizes with its lukewarm waters the most productive region of the gobe. The soil is a rich black mud, sixty feet in depth, beneath which it is surmised will be found an exhaustless deposit of gold dust. Society in the district is good. Besides the aborigines, who are affable in their manners and exceedingly attentive to strangers, there are several independent tribes of monkeys far advanced in the scale of civilisation. There manners, it may be mentioned, are essentially Parisian. In no part of the world are the creatures of the chase so abundant and varied; deer may be found in the woods, and lions and tigers in the farmer's stackyard. In short the emigrant who avails himself of Messrs. Bamboozle and Foozle's terms will realise all the delights of Rasselas's happy valley."

There! young men, what do you think of that for a chance to make your fortunes?

ALL. Charming! delightful!

LUBIN. So it is. I have thought the matter over with that gravity and wisdom which age and a constant perusal of the county paper always brings, and have determined to found a new home on the Gambia. A new home,—who'll follow?

WILLIAM. I.

GOBBIO. And I.

L. Good. Be ready by to-morrow's noon. It is my destiny to lead you, like Moses, to the promised land, and when we have had our first harvest home we will freight a ship with cocoa nuts and gold dust, and return for our wives and sweethearts to dance around the Maypole under the shadow of our own banana trees. [Exit.]

*Quartette.*

RITA. Ah! do not go.

LIZA. It is not fair.

R. 'Tis just like men.

L. They do not care!

BOTH. Think, think again and answer "no!"

WILLIAM and GOBBIO. Think, think the joys to sail the seas,
And 'neath the tall banana trees,
To track the tigers to their lair,
And bring their spoils to deck your feasts——

LIZA. (Odious beasts!)

WM. and GOBBIO. Tempt us not to break our trust,
Honor calls and Lubin leads,
We must seek the golden meads——
We must, we must!

RITA and LIZA. Cruel, cruel, do not go.

SCENE II.

*Scene, the same. Enter William, in travelling equipment, with rifle, etc.*

WILLIAM (solus.) After all, this is England, and this is mine own native village. How happy have I been in these humble scenes. What ecstasy, when a boy, to trespass on the squire's demesne, when his keepers were at feast or market, and bring home a dozen of spotted trout weighing in the aggregate at least a pound. Here is the copse in which I found the nest of hornets that so terrified my sainted aunt. There the mill-race into which I fell, and but for Nero—poor fellow—would have been converted into meal. On yonder dune is the very knoll where Dame Durden's cat (a tabby, I remember) met her untimely end. Here is farmer Wiggin's orchard,—ah me! There his hind's chimney which we stopped up. Everything reminds me of the happy innocence of childhood. [Whimpers.]

*Enter* RITA. William.

WILLIAM. Dearest Rita.

R. *(Sadly)* And must you go?

W. My barque is rocking on the narrow seas,
And, what is more,—my traps are all on board.

R. My heart will break! I know you will be sick
With none to wait on you but sailor men;
Think of your precious health, and do not smoke,
But eat blancmange and eggs and milk and things.

W. I will, I will. And when the angry waves
Fierce bellow, and the blasphemous skipper calls
To the small sea-boy on the mast, O then
My love, my love, I will remember thee?

R. And you'll return?

W. As sure as yon sun shines, and as a gift
Will bring to Rita, mine own bride the—the—moonstone.

R. Thanks.

W. Meantime accept this thimble.

R. And you this huswife.

W. I will, and ever wear it next my heart.

[*They walk apart.*]

*Enter* DOBBIO, *ridiculously stout, in stage sailor rig.* [*Sings.*]

"A girl there loved a sailor lad,
lad! lad!
And when she had robbed him of all he had,
Forsook him quite,—which was very bad,
bad! bad!"

LIZA. What! singing and so soon to part from me?

D. Liza! [*kisses her repeatedly.*]

"A girl there loved a sailor lad."

That girl was you Liza and that sailor lad was me. [*Thumping himself on the breast.*] But you will never forget me, Liza, your own true blue-jacket sailor boy?

L. What folly! You are no sailor lad, but an honest farmer's boy. Your heart is sound, I know, but your head, my dear, is soft, very soft.

D. No, no, Liza. My head is hard, hard as the nether millstone, and my heart is soft, [*grinning at her,*] and as sweet as honeycomb.

L. But must you really go?

D. Certainly,

"My boat is on the shore and my ba-a-arque——"

L. Bother! But time hastes, and the hour of noon peals from the tower of yon grey church, where you and I, boy and girl, have so oft gone hand-in-hand,—I culling for you the violets from the mossy bank, you calling me your little wife, and we, alternately, taking bites from the apples or gingerbread you produced from your pocket,—affection's offering. Ah! happy days. Golden hours. Never again to return when you have gone to Gambia and places, for there *I know* you will forget your Liza and be wedding with an aboriginal,—or a monkey perhaps. It is too shocking. [Weeps.]

D. [vehemently.] Perish the thought! I will never forsake thee for a wilderness of monkeys,—[*reflecting*]—and yet I must, for my passage is paid. Yet, ere I go, Liza, pledge me your true love; break with me this crooked sixpence (it is all the money I have.)

[Sings] "One half to me, one half to thee-e-e" [*breaks down and whimpers*], and so on.

L. Dobbio.

D. Anon?

L. You know you've often praised my skill in housewifery, and at merry Christmas time have said the plum-pudding tasted richer and plummier because I made it, and have kissed me under the mistletoe for it. When you go to foreign parts, poor boy, you will get no puddings there,—but, see, I have made a rare old English one such as I know you like, juicy, bursting with fruit. Accept it, Dobbio, in remembrance of me.

D. I will, and ever wear it next my heart.

*Enter Lubin, Dame Lubin, and villagers.*

[*Chorus.*] Farewell! good speed! thus England's bravest blood,
Goes forth to battle upon land and flood,
With England's freedom, England's flag unfurled,
To plant new Englands over half the world.

[*A trumpet sounds.*]

LUBIN. Hark, my merry comrades call me, sounding on the bugle horn——

[*Trumpet call repeated. Tableau.*]

SCENE III.

*A calm at sea. Mariners about decks in various attitudes. Captain nodding over a chart which he holds on his knees. Around the mast an arms' rack. Taken by the Moors. Time, sunset.*

WILLIAM [*Solus. Leans against the mast, looking out.*]
How gloriously beautiful the scene!
The mighty orb of daylight, like the ember
Of some great globe on fire, rests on the line
Where ocean ought to meet the sky, but where
Long bars of flame are banked up, of all colors
Produced or dreamed of in the dread alembic
Of him who would distil the magic rose,—
Gold rayons from the Lord of the house of life,
Verd tapestry from the house of the Lord of death,
Leaden from Saturn, and Argentine,
Sapphire and emerald and violet,
All with a prevalence of the great red Dragon,
The masterpiece of color and the mystery.
Now, as might hap were a creation dying,
The light fades out of the flushed face of heaven
And the grey shadow of decay sets in,

Even as o'er a human countenance
Steals the dun reflex of Azrael's wing
So the dim obscure creeping sayeth plain,
"Another day may come, but this is done."

Enter DOBBIO. My Captain!

CAPTAIN. Hillo.

D. How far is it called to Gambia?

C. A month mayhap—if these dead calms hold on.

D. O dear! [*sinks down in a corner.*]

A SAILOR [*sings to the banjo.*]

Olé on the banjo, olé on the banjo,
White men are coming up the bay,
To our fields they will go and do just so,
Olé, olé, olé.

Old King Coal was a kind old soul,—
They have taken him away,
And tied him tight to a ten-foot pole,
Olé, olé, olé.

The Priest was hid in the tall rice canes,
They have taken him away,
And bound him hands and feet with chains.
Olé, olé, olé.

The belle of maidens was called Babèe,
They have taken her away,
And sent her over the white man's sea,
Olé, olé, olé.

All the olla pod will soon be gone,
They will take them all away,
And of good niggers there will be none,
Olé, olé, olé.

CAP. A reminiscence of the slave trade, I presume. Well, we are now off the Barbary coast and must keep a look out for the Moors, else we may be made slaves ourselves. Although there may be no need for it, I hope my passengers can fight, if need be?

DOBBIO [*sits up, rolls up his cuffs, spits on his hands and spars vacantly.*]

LUBIN. We are freeborn Englishmen, Captain, and know how to defend our lives and liberties. That good quality has, at least, been left us despite the admixture of Norman blood and Norman instincts in down-trodden ——

WILLIAM [*interrupting him.*] Do not talk of fighting, Captain. Can anything be more peaceful than this motionless sea, this breezeless air, those watching stars, and that low, streak-like haze on the horizon that marks the sleeping land. The ship seems to me a perfect ark of rest. [*A pause.*] A sleepy kind of life it is at sea.

[*They lounge and rest about languidly.*]

THE (*unseen*) LOOK-OUT. Hillo! ahoy! Pirates on the quarter.

[*All is activity. They spring to the arms. The Moors rush in.*]

WILLIAM. To me, El Dorados! [*fights.*]

DOBBIO. To me the rest of you! Blockheads of pirates, come on.

Dobbio to the rescue! Strike for England and Gambia! [*lays about him.*]

[*General engagement, during which the curtain falls.*]

*TEN YEARS elapse, sometime during which Act II. is supposed to be represented.*

## ACT II. SCENE 1.

*Old Madge's Cottage on the moor. Time, night. Rita leading Liza. The front draws aside disclosing the interior.*

RITA. Art afraid kind Liza? It is very dismal. See those clouds what strange shapes they take, and not a star in the sky. Pray Heaven we commit no sin in thus seeking to learn the destiny of those we love. [*They enter.*]

MADGE. Now who be ye who in the witch's den
Would seek to tamper with the dread unknown?

R. Two unhappy maidens.

M. What would you know?

LIZA. Both our lovers have gone away to Gambia, or somewhere, and we will pay you well if you will tell us if the monkies have got them, or what? [*Puts her apron to her eyes.*]

M. I might have known; some foolish lovequest. Nought else could have tempted you hither on such a night. Hark how suddenly the storm has come up. [*Noise of rain, etc.*] And yet mine art can show what you seek. Have you the courage?

R. Yes.

L. And the money too. [*Gives her money. Madge draws a circle on the ground. Enters it and points with a wand to the wall, which is prepared for the reception of figures from a magic lantern. As she describes, the figures appear on the wall.*]

M. What dost thou wish to see?

R. What *dost* thou see?

M. I see a city —— walled,—beautiful with steeples and every one of them with a vane like a new moon. —— Trees are growing in the streets —— people pass to and fro —— many ships are floating by a wall; —— the city is built upon the sea.

L. That cannot be Gambia.

R. (*excitedly*) Go on.

M. The scene is changed. It is a courtyard shut in by high walls and arches —— people are toiling at different tasks —— I see an old man.

R. My father.

M. His beard is grey—he appears worn; he rests upon his load—a young man comes and consoles him;—now a soldier roughly shakes the old man; another young man, stout and ill-favored, stands behind the soldier and makes believe to knock him down ——

L. Dobbio! I know it is Dobbio!

M. Again the scene changes. It is a garden. The first young man walks up and down among tall flowers—to him comes a lady in rich garments; they talk lovingly and caress; the ill-favored young man is on watch by the wall; he takes a packet from his breast and eats it.

L. [*indignantly.*] Kisses it you mean.

M. The scene grows dim—shadows gather over the vision.—It is gone.

R. And is that all you can tell us?

M. All that is vouchsafed to me.

L. Not a word about monkeys and Gambias and things, and we paid her so well! It is shameful. But I, for one, don't believe a word of it. O Dobbio, Dobbio! Where, where can he be? How hungry he must have been when he ate the plum-pudding I gave him for a keepsake, poor dear.

[*Wings of cottage close. Curtain falls.*]

ACT III. Scene I.

*At sea, homeward bound. Lubin reclining meditatively. William walking thoughtfully up and down. All are bronzed and in Moorish costume; Dobbio has added to his apparel a sailor's jacket and naval cap with a gold band.*

LUBIN. Once more for England! oft do they who roam,
To seek for freedom at the bounds of earth,
Returning, find it nowhere but at home,
And bless the happy land that gave them birth.

WILLIAM. A few days more and we shall see the white cliffs. How say'st thou now, old friend, to a bloated aristocracy and a down-trodden people?

L. Blind, blind,—I was more blind than envious. But thus it is. An excess of liberty generates more restlessness and insubordination than the veriest tyranny would produce.

W. Even so. Our experience of what slavery really is, will but make us more thankful to enjoy the blessings of freedom.

L. And yet my mind disquiets me. Great changes must have occurred in these many years.

W. No need for disquiet there. Britain is a fast-anchored isle. Changes there may be and doubtless are; but all in a direction tending to increase the happiness and welfare of the people.

L. I do not mean that. I mean in our family relations. —my wife, my child, your affianced.

W. Ah! [*Walks about gloomily.*]

L. If all is well when we reach our village, what with the wealth the benevolent young Mooress enabled us to put on board, and the sale of this ship, we shall have enough to gladden the declining days of my old dame, and you, wedded to my Rita, I shall be proud to call my son. But has nothing been heard of the Emir's fair daughter to whom we are indebted for our lives and liberties?

W. Nothing.

L. 'Tis well. May she be happy among her kindred and be the ornament of some prince's zenana. [*Lies down fatigued. Enter Dobbio on tiptoe stealthily (although there is no occasion for stealthiness) and beckons sepulchrally to William.*]

W. Well?

D. 'St—'st—[*approaches as if to whisper in William's ear, but spake loudly*] a stowaway.

W. A what?

D. A stowaway.

W. That is unfortunate. I do not see what we can do with the poor fellow. It is too late to put him ashore. Some Moor I suppose.

D. Yes, a Moor.

W. Bring him hither.

[*Dobbio exit: and returns with Zuleika.*]

ZULEIKA. Selim, my lord!

WM. The saints preserve me,—Zuleika!

Z. Dear Selim, she. [*falling at his feet,—he raises her.*]

WM. My own Zuleika! But how came you here? Did I not leave you watching from your lattice when, with my aged friend, I rowed under cover of night to the ship awaiting in the bay? Have you wings my beautiful Peri? How came you?

Z. I owe my happiness to Dobbio Bey.

WM. To Dobbio? [*looking at Dobbio, who is making deprecating gestures.*]

Z. To him. May his shadow increase. He concealed a boat beneath the garden wall, for he knew that I loved my Selim and pined to leave my father's halls; and he, the dear kind friend, took me in his arms, kissed me tenderly, and, hiding me in his boat-cloak, brought me to the ship where, he assured me, my Selim awaited me with ecstacy, and burned with impatience to reach his own country, that he might make me the chief of his wives and the queen of his harem.

WM. Upon my soul! Is this true Dobbio?

Z. My lord, it is true.

WM. And you?

Z. I hastened to kiss my lord's feet.

WM. Welcome to your Selim's arms, my own Zuleika, (*aside*)—although I havn't the slightest idea what to do with her. (*Aloud*) Dobbio!

D. Lord William-Selim?

WM. Is this your stowaway?

D. This is the Moor.

WM. Then, sir, what do you think of yourself?

D. I think I would have been an ungrateful Moslem if I had suffered the poor girl to be abandoned to the wrath of her kindred when they discovered our flight. I think I

would rather be a circumcised dog of a Moor than a Christian who could see he had won her heart, and, seeing it, would not give her the small recompense of a life-long devotion. I don't think of anything else that occurs to me at present.

WM. You are right, Dobbio. Forgive me, you are the nobler animal * * * [*reflectively.*] But Rita? [*Places his arm around Zuleika and walks up and down.*]

DO. [*sings.*] "A girl there loved a sailor lad ——."

Pshaw! there is something the matter with my organ. An old beast of a Mahommedan once told me that treachery to a confiding woman is forbidden by the Koran. But then the Koran is no guide for Christians. I must consult Liza about it when I get home.

SCENE II.

*Home again. Lubin (not recognised) sitting on a bank meditating.*

LUBIN (*solus*). I tremble, and know not whether it is with joy or apprehension. What a strange feeling comes over one on returning from a long absence. And this has been long,—so long. A sensation almost of pain. So many changes may have occurred, —changes in me,—changes in them. Well, well, my suspense will soon be over. There before me is my own cottage, only more deeply embowered than when I called it home. I see the roses have climbed over the eaves. Towser ought to have recognized me before this,—but I suppose Towser is dead. Poor fellow, he was a good dog. My wife I think must be well, for the smoke curls merrily from the chimneys, and there are geraniums in the windows of Rita's chamber. What a strange life has been mine. A captive for ten years,—the best part of a man's life,—and would have been captive yet but for the Mooress and William. William is a good boy and shall have my Rita. The Mooress had better be sent home to her own country by the first steamer. I can't imagine how she got on board.

*Enter* RITA (*handsomely dressed*). Poor old man, you seem weary and worn,—a foreigner, too, and doubtless poor. Let me offer you assistance.

L. An Englishman, lady, and not poor, but returning home after many sore trials and hardships on the coast of Africa.

R. Of Africa! Alas, the country! My poor father fell a victim to that horrible climate,—nay, we know not, perhaps he was lost at sea. It is many years since we saw him last.

[*Enter dame Lubin.*]

L. Was it long ago?

R. Ten years to-day.

L. (*wildly.*) Your name, lady? Tell me, I beseech you, who are you?

R. I am the wife of Squire Hubert of the Hall.

L. [*sinks back despondingly.*] Ah! it is not she.

DAME LUBIN [*approaches, gazes at him earnestly and exclaims*] Rita, it is my husband, your father, my Lubin. [*They embrace.*]

L. Heaven, I thank thee, my cup of happiness is full.

SCENE III.

*Enter Dobbio as an organ-grinder, with a monkey.*

Enter LIZA. Dear, dear, what dreadful noise is that? Ha! a foreigner,—with a monkey too? He must be from the Gambia. O if he only knew!

DOBBIO. Womanny give penny povero man.

L. Can you not speak like a Christian?

D. No.

L. Why?

D. Mahommedan. Moor.

L. A Mahommedan moor. How very shocking [*Dobbio nods.*] When you were in foreign lands did you meet a young man [*Dobbio nods*], a foolish, good fellow, called Dobbio, whom I love very dearly, and [*weeps*] whom I have not heard of for long, long years.

D. Ya. Have Dobbio seen;—great lord, nine wifes, all black; twenty-eleven picaninnies, all black and tan.

L. [*screams*] Black and tan! the monster.

D. Ya. Says no come back because loves Liza no more. Love him other wifes and picaninnies better.

L. [*aside joyfully*] Ah! he knows my name. Now I look at him, I see it is himself. O the wretch! But if it should be true? Picaninnies—black and tan. Horrible! [*aloud*] Well, I am Liza, and when you see him again tell him I am married and have five sweet little cherubs of my own, as beautiful as angels, and not one of them black, nor tan neither. Hem!

D. Married? Liza!

L. Tell him what I have told you; I am married and have six little cherubs——

D. Five.

L. Six. I am sure it is six, and not one of ——

D. But Liza!

L. — Of the whole seven, is black and tan.

D. (*Dashes his hat on the ground and is going.*)

L. Where are you going, Mr. Mahommedan Moor?

D. Back to Gambia, where wives can be bought by the dozen, either black or tan.

L. Dobbio, dear Dobbio (*runs to him.*)

D. Liza, dear Liza. Are you really married?

L. Surely no, but have waited for you. And have *you* been faithful? and kept the pledge we exchanged in all true love? (*meaning the broken sixpence, but Dobbio mistakes and thinks she means the pudding*). Yes, I have ever worn it next my heart, or (*hesitating*) I would have done so but circumstances over which I had no control ——

L. (*reproachfully*) Yes!

D. Yes. Once when we were shipwrecked and had had no food of any description for forty days, except boots, I was compelled ——

L. (*perceiving his mistake*) Shipwrecked? O you Mahommedan Moor! You mean when you were set to watch by a garden wall ——

D. (*starting violently*) Ha!

L. —— While William strolled about with a lady —

D. Ah!

L. You found the time hang heavy on your hands, and, like a Gambia tiger, you drew my keepsake from your pocket and devoured it.

D. Zooks! I left my sweetheart an angel and come back to find her a witch.

L. Not a witch, dear Dobbio, but a good, true, and faithful wife, who has waited, and waited, and prayed Heaven to send you home again, or to bless you with its choicest blessing if you stayed in those hateful foreign parts.

D. Dear Liza, take that, and that (*kisses her*) and the last kiss I gave to mortal woman was to a beautiful Moorish princess.

L. Black and tan?

D. No more of that. No, to the princess Zuleika.

L. Ah! Dobbio, don't tell me about her. Yes do. Who is she?

D. The lady of the Lord Selim.

L. And who is *he?*

D. Why, William.

L. And are you a lord too?

D. Do *I* look like a lord? No, no, Liza, I am nothing but your own faithful Moor—husband that is to be, I mean—that you love so much. For you do love me, you know.

"A girl there loved a sai-a-—"

L. Please don't. I see you are the same old dear, but singing is not your forte.

D. No, my organ is a little out of tune. I think some of the pipes got injured on the passage.

SCENE IV.

*Terrace at the Hall. Enter Zuleika and William, hand in hand.*

WILLIAM (*soliloquizes.*) So this is the Hall. I remember the worthy squire,—an Englishman, as much of the past as his own top-boots and buckskins. They tell me his wife is a benevolent lady. She will not refuse my request. With her Zuleika will receive honorable protection till we decide what is to be done. Poor Zuleika.

*Enter* RITA (*William throws himself at her feet, and Zuleika, seeing him kneel, kneels too.*) Whom have we here? Are you foreigners? Rise my good man, and you, too, young woman, for such I surmise you to be from your appearance.

W. (*Rises astonished, and clasps his hands*). Rita! dearest Rita! have you forgotten your William? Ah, if you knew the weary hours ——

*Enter* SQUIRE HUBERT (*who slaps him resoundingly on the back.*) Dang it, Bill! come back from foreign parts? eh? And courting my wife, you dog? ho! ho! well, I don't mind.

WM. Your wife? This lady your wife?

SQUIRE. Did you take her for my mother? Ho! ho! Dame, he takes you for my mother.

R. (*affectedly.*) Ah, William, I think, who was lost at sea. Am I right? And who is this singular young creature? Not your sister?

WM. Lady, I have no sister and no one to love.

R. Dear me. How very odd. Did you not once love *me* when you were quite a little boy? I have a sort of impression that I

lost a lover somewhere,—who was drowned, or something dreadful. Could it possibly have been you? But then it could not have been me. I was a girl in frocks.

WM. (*sullenly*). I think there was something of the kind, but it was so very long ago one cannot remember.

R. You never thought of me, then, when you were away in those dreadful places?

WM. Never.

R. Indeed how could you. Husband, how would you like to go to foreign parts?

SQUIRE. No, dang it, I've no fancy for Pagans that shave their polls and ride in baggy ——

R. Hubert!

SQUIRE. Yes my dear.

R. But who *is* this young person? A charming creature, and in feminine apparel would be really quite presentable.

SQUIRE. Put her into petticoats, man. In this country young women don't wear trousers. But enough when the old ones wear the ——

R. Hubert!

SQUIRE. Yes my dear.

WM. This lady is the Moorish princess Zuleika, my beloved wife.

R. [*courtesies*] Charmed I am sure.

[*Enter Lubin, Dame Lubin, Dobbio, Liza and villagers.*]

DOBBIO. And this is the English princess Liza, *my* faithful wife.

LUBIN. And here with *my* faithful wife and darling child, wife of the worthy squire ——

SQUIRE. He means you, dame.

LUBIN. —— let us return thanks to all our kind friends who have interested themselves in our fortunes.

WILLIAM. [*advancing with Zuleika to the footlights*] And learn from our experience that true love is faithful to the end, and (with some trifling exceptions) suffers no change even in the somewhat lengthened period of

TEN YEARS.

[*Curtain falls. The end.*]

HUNTER DUVAR.

# MAGNETIC INFLUENCES IN IRON SHIPS AND COMPASSES.

IN a recent issue of a Halifax newspaper various theories are advanced in explanation of the cause of the steamship *Atlantic's* deviation from her proper course when running for Halifax, and thereby stranding.

The subject of magnetism, its influence, and *modus operandi* in every department of nature having long been my favorite study, I take the liberty of giving an opinion of these theories referred to, from my own observation of facts.

The first theory attributes the deviation to defective compasses. We find that the more simple the construction of a compass the better, and what are generally considered defects arise from local influences from what are called *unknown* causes.

The theory of the earthquakes we do not pretend to understand, when the calculation transfers the effects of an earthquake at San Salvador on 4th March to the steamer *Atlantic*, and stranding her near Halifax, Nova Scotia, on April 1st.

The third theory, "That the ship's course to the northward, while the adjustment of her compasses were for eastward and westward courses, causing a deviation in her compasses not accounted for by the officers, and not sufficiently provided against in the adjustment," we believe *might be a cause* influencing the *Atlantic's* compasses by which the ship might be carried so far westward. The adjustment of compasses on board iron ships by *fixed* magnets for eastward and westward courses, would cause a deviation in her compasses when her head is north or south not likely sufficiently accounted for in their calculations, nor probably provided against, and would cause the error attributed to a supposed current.

The adjustment of compasses in iron ships with fixed magnet to counteract the magnetic influences of the ship upon her compasses, we believe to be not only a defective arrangement, but is a deception also, for the following reasons.

Magnetic attraction and repulsion of the compass needle being a *natural* force from a natural cause, cannot be obviated by any artificial means, without detracting from the true use of the compass.

The artificial magnets used for adjusting, is a piece of steel, magnetized, that retains the same force permanently without diminution by any change of its position. It is placed in a ship near the compass as a fixture, therefore its magnetic influence upon the compass must more or less change the compass with every change of the ship's position. This magnet is supposed to counteract the *varying* natural magnetic influence of the iron ship and of her "et ceteras" of iron, such as fixed projections and detached pieces of iron, and of cargo, that influence the compass, which is in a position to vary by any magnetic influence.

The compass, ship, etc.,—all except this fixed magnet—drawing that influence from the magnetism of the earth, which is the greatest magnet, they must be subject to an unobserved varying, and hence defective influence upon the compass that will destroy the otherwise invariable certainty of its use.

The earth's natural influence upon the compass being the mariner's guide, any counteracting influence must necessarily cause its variation from its natural and true direction, therefore must be defective and dangerous.

The only remedy for those local attractions is to *know the cause* of their influence, and how they act upon the compass; when that is ascertained their dangers may be provided against and obviated.

The difficulty in navigating iron ships will appear to arise from the variety of magnetic surroundings on shipboard, contending or interfering with the proper or the natural action of the earth upon the compasses.

We will first notice the nature and action of each of those influences separately, and state how their influence acts upon each other.

The compass is a piece of magnetized steel poised upon a point and covered by a card so marked as to show the direction to which the needle points. It must—to be of service—be in a position to move by the operation of the earth's influence alone, and is thus when not otherwise influenced found to be parallel with the magnetism of the earth, pointing north and south.

The magnet used by authority for "adjusting" the compass is supposed to counteract all other magnetic influences of the iron in the ship that may act upon the compass, it has the same fixed force and nature as that of the compass needle, but is much larger, hence stronger, and is secured in a fixed position not to be influ-

enced—perceptibly—by the earth. Its magnetic power also is stationary so as not to be moved or influenced by any other magnetic force, but its influence on the compass must vary with every change of the ship's position. All other magnetic influences in and about the ship are affected by the earth's magnetism and liable to be, or are, changed or varied by the changing movements of the ship, and its change of course or position.

The Law of Magnetism by which similar poles of magnetized bodies repel each other and opposite poles attract, the greater body influencing the less, is still at work.

That all moveable bodies, such as the iron ship, are continually changing their magnetic force, by changing their position, may be proved by a simple experiment.

Take a piece, or bar, of soft iron and (without either striking it with a hammer or allowing it to stand for a length of time in one position)—as directed by our scientists—place it horizontally near a compass needle, and little if any influence upon the needle will be observed, now raise the distant end of the bar to a vertical or perpendicular position *over* the needle—still keeping the same end in its position near the needle—the south point of the needle will be immediately attracted towards the bar, now depress the same end to a vertical position *under* the needle and the north point will be immediately attracted towards the bar. Those varied and different actions of attraction by the bar will result when at the like distance, or space, between the bar and the needle.

("The inverse ratio of the square of the distance, commonly called 'the law of gravity,' does not seem to apply in such cases, or agree with the true law of attraction.") The attracting and repelling force will be observed to be in proportion to the length of the bar, and according to its vertical or horizontal *position*, the measured space, or distance, between the bar and the needle continuing the same.

Towards the equator the influence of earth (as with all other magnets) or of iron upon the needle gradually diminishes. South of the equator the influence with its effects has a reversed action, and a gradual increase of power towards the south pole. South of the equator of the earth, as of the middle of a magnet—the vertical position under the needle attracting the south, and the same end with position over attracting the north pole of the needle. This influence and action is the same with any bar of "soft" iron,

how much greater then must it be with iron ships, and the various iron bodies of which they are composed.

The defect and deception with regard to the fixed magnet is this. The compass is free to be acted upon by all magnetic influences, while the fixed magnet is supposed to counteract all other influences, except that of the compass, all receiving their influence from the earth except the magnet, although they are continuously changing with the changes of positions of the substances acting upon the compasses. Yet when the fixed magnet is placed sufficiently near the compass to influence it at all, it cannot in all positions of the ship have the like influence upon the compass. Thus, a magnet placed fore and aft upon the deck of the *Atlantic*, with its north point towards the prow of the ship and adjusted for east and west courses, should, when the ship steers north have the magnetic influence parallel with the needle of the compass, and its north point will have the same direction with the north point of the magnet. But the compass needle being free to motion and subject to all influences, and being the least or smaller magnet, its north point must be repelled by the north pole of the fixed magnet, the greater, or rather the latter, would show its influence according to its position with the compass. This would be quite sufficient to alter the course westward, apart from the supposed current.

But it may be said this influence has been noticed and provided for in the adjustment, and the officers are acquainted with and make due allowance for it. If so, can they, with *fixed* magnets, provide against that changeable influence shown to be in all iron, hence also in the ship and other iron bodies on board? That must, of necessity, exhibit that force continuously changing by every change of position, as seen in the experiment with the bar of iron, but proportionally, with greater force in the larger body of the iron ship.

Those considerations evidently prove to any thinking mind not only the correctness of that theory referred to, but the "scientific" fallacy of making use of fixed magnets to correct or counteract such a conditionally fluctuating and universal force, instead of seeking to be *acquainted with the nature* of that influence and its action.

Those facts also show a grand "scientific" deception in the theory that "All bodies are attracted or gravitate with a force

according to the inverse ratio of the square of the distance," and not of *like* substances being magnetically attracted according to their condition and position.

In the case of the *Atlantic* disaster, assuming the calculations of reckoning by the Captain and officers to be correct, will not the principles of magnetism here referred to as operating upon the compass needle of an iron ship, when changing her course, sufficiently account for westwardly deviation not properly accounted for by the usual coast currents of the ocean or otherwise.

R.

Halifax, N. S., April 26, 1873.

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## LOVE IN THE KURD MOUNTAINS.

BY M. ALBERT EYNAUD (REVUE DE DEUX MONDS.)

SEVERAL leagues north of the Lake Van on one of the ways leading from Tauris to Erzeroum, one meets with a little plain watered by a stream and shadowed by old oaks. Some European travellers, coming from Persia, arrived one day in this solitary plain during the autumn of 1860, and halted there at midday. One was an English officer, of the Royal Engineers, named Meredith Gordon Stewart. He was bringing to England his cousin, Miss Lucy Blandemere, under the protection of an elderly lady named Mrs. Morton. An Ottoman functionary of the Armenian nation accompanied them, besides a considerable number of servants of various countries.

Lucy Blandemere was entering on her twenty-second year. While very young she had lost her mother. Her father, a Colonel in the East Indian army, seldom was seen in England. Young Lucy had grown up in the family of her uncle, a nobleman, in Westmorland, who left her almost her own mistress. Happily, Mrs. Morton, a distant relative, had been found to become the willing governess of the child and to superintend her education. In 1859 Lucy was a beautiful person, grand, fair; sensible and haughty by turns, with a dreamy imagination and a determined spirit. She loved the old music, accounts of foreign voyages, and the poems of Moore. Her father, an Adjutant-General, had been

charged with a political and military mission in Persia, and resided at Tauris. She had gone with Mrs. Morton to pass some months with him. The country displeased her at first. It was not the Orient of books. But she consoled herself soon for the disappointment, by discovering, in place of the conventional beauties which they described, other beauties more vivid, more satisfying, which she had not anticipated. Lieutenant Stewart, son of the great lord with whom Lucy had passed her infancy, had preceded her to Tauris, whither he had gone as aide-de-camp to General Blandemere. He could not separate himself from his beautiful relation. She neither encouraged nor repulsed him. It did not enter into the views of Miss Blandemere to declare herself at once. Meanwhile, as the Lieutenant had been recalled to England at the same time that Lucy was necessitated to return, she consented to make the journey in company with her cousin.

No untoward incident marked their first movements. Till the caravan came to the Turco-Persian frontier the weather was uniformly beautiful.

The day on which we find them on the afore-mentioned little plain the voyagers were just finishing their breakfast. Mrs. Morton prepared for her daily nap. The Lieutenant had taken from his baggage, a fowling-piece which some one had given him a little before his departure from Tauris, and, in company with the Turkish Armenian, called Tikraine-Effendi, had gone out to try the range of the rifle. Whilst the old lady was buried in her cushions, Miss Blandemere seated herself at the opening of the great tent. She saw a high pole in the distance surmounted by a plank as a target. The Armenian fired first, and missed. The Lieutenant was alike unfortunate. Either his ordinary skill was at fault, or the target was too far off, for he could not put a single ball in the plank, and he was mortified with his unsuccessful attempts.

Turning her eye to the opposite side of the plain, Lucy saw a small group of voyagers who stopped by the side of the way. One of them wore the fez and riding-coat of Constantinople. The others were poorly clad as peasants. They regarded curiously, and with a little irony, the unsuccessful efforts of the officer. At an order of the master, one of the peasants went to the horses which fed in the distance, and detaching from a saddle a long gun inlaid with mother of pearl, brought it to him. The master opened the powder pan, cleaned it with his nail, and renewed the priming,

waiting till Stewart and Tikraine suspended their fusillade. Then kneeling on the road he made a little heap of stones on which he rested his piece; then stretching on the ground he aimed, and fired. At the first shot he struck the mark though placed at an enormous distance.

Such address was wonderful. The travellers turned to look at the shooter. Without moving he introduced with his ramrod a rag into the barrel of his gun, and cleaned it cautiously, charged anew, and shot again. The second ball struck as the first.

"These balls of the Turk must have been made by the Devil," said Stewart to the Effendi, at the same time throwing his gun on the grass.

"That man has not the 'air of a Turk,'" answered Tikraine. "Despite his dress, he is a mountaineer and a Kurd."

"Kurd or Turk he is a clever fellow, and I go to compliment him," answered the Lieutenant; who as a true sportsman mingled admiration and esteem for such merit.

He had no time to felicitate his rival, who immediately resumed his journey. He vaulted lightly into his saddle, followed by his companions. A bend in the road caused him to pass the tent where Lucy sat spectatress of the scene. She now saw him near. He was twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, spare, nervous, with an eagle nose and piercing eyes. Those eyes of the bird of prey which at the distance of a league can distinguish one stone from another in the torrent's bed. He carried no arms, a strange thing in that country, where the most peaceful never leave the town but with the sabre at the side, and his Turkish vestments were of a rude simplicity. But his horse, of pure Arab blood, appeared swift, vigorous, full of ardour. The men who composed his escort were armed with guns, and large poniards like the Roman sword. He did not perceive Lucy till within two steps of her; but the sight produced on him an effect as strange as unexpected. His look, when he fixed his eyes upon her, expressed surprise and enthusiastic admiration. The prophet of the legend, for whom God opened for a moment the iron wall which engirdles paradise was not more dazzled by the view of the wonderful heaven than was that Kurd in contemplating the radient beauty of the stranger. The impression was as rapid as vivid. The cavalier could not restrain a violent movement which frightened his horse and made him bound. With quick and vigorous hand be brought

him to his regular pace. Passing before Miss Blandemere, the Kurd saluted her. She could not remain insensible to that mute admiration. Oftentimes she had been told that she was beautiful, and she esteemed as flatteries what she heard of herself in the salons of Europe; but the language which the eyes of this man spoke, demi-barbarian as he was, could not but be sincere, and in no respect resembled a vulgar compliment. She returned the salutation. He looked at her once more, then galloping off with his troop he was soon lost to view.

During the three following days the caravan continued its route. The mountains became more and more bare, and the nights more cold. Even at midday the sun seemed to have lost his heat. Autumn advanced. One morning the grass was covered with a white frost. The winds, coming from the eternal snows on the summits of Tauris, blew upon the plain, despoiling the trees of their last leaves, while the crows wheeled in the whirling blasts of heaven.

The travellers could only lie in their tents. The evening of the fourth day it was necessary to seek an asylum in the house of a poor village. The only abode of any size was that of an Armenian Priest of the place. They were sent thither by the *Mouktar*. Whilst the strangers warmed themselves before the small fire, the master of the house, a poor creature, clad in a covering of blue cloth, silently smoked his cigarette in a corner. He had spent his life in cultivating the plain, as did his parishioners. He was almost as stupid as they, and, without the round bonnet, entwisted with a black rag, which covered his head, one would have taken him for a peasant. He complained of his misery to Tikraine, in whom he soon recognized a compatriot. He pretended that the Turks, the Armenian Bishops, and the Kurds were alike in their way of despoiling the village. "The Kurds," said he, "are not our worst enemies. Those around belong to the tribe of Abdurrahmanli. Their chief, Selim Agha, attacks only rich travellers like you."

The conclusion of this discourse was not reassuring. Tikraine interrogated the Priest, and learned that the Agha of Abdurrahmanli often despoiled caravans to avenge his people of the Governor of Van, who troubled them a long time. Otherwise he is not a bad man, added the priest, but if the government is not strong enough to conquer him it should not quarrel with him, Selim

Agha is brave and resolute. The Chief of Mekkio, at the frontier of Persia, had taken from him, last spring, a troup, with the shepherd, under the pretext that the sheep had fattened on the pasturages of the Khadarli which appertained to the Persian Kurds. The Agha said nothing at first, but about five days ago he departed dressed as a Turk, with a troop of four or five men only, fell suddenly on the people of Mekkio, broke many of their heads, and delivered his shepherd. He passed yesterday in this village returning with him.

Tikraine discovered soon that the Chief of the Abdurrahmanli was, without doubt, the adroit marksman whom they had encountered four days ago. He imparted his observations to Stewart. Bah! said the Lieutenant, if they attack us we will defend ourselves. These Kurds are good marksmen, but they take a good half hour between each shot.

As to Miss Blandemere, the prospect which alarmed so much the Armenian did not affright her. The remembrance of the Kurdish cavalier was oftentimes present with her, and she was by no means averse to seeing him again. Besides he was not a vulgar brigand, and she had reason to think he would not do much harm to the caravan in which she travelled. She passed the night tranquilly, while her cousin was more unquiet than he wished to confess, not on his own account, but that of the women he had under his protection. Next day, before departing, he demanded of the *Mouktar* an escort of soldiers. He knew what value to place on the valour of these official protectors, but the size of the caravan would be too great for the Kurdish tribe to dare to bar the way.

For two days nothing occurred to justify the fears of Tikraine-Effendi. The travellers encountered frequently long files of mules carrying merchandize in charge of their drivers, who seemed to travel in security. To the right and left were numerous groups of villages, inhabited by a miserable population, one half Armenian, the other Turkish. The poverty seemed inexplicable in the midst of a country of fertile pasturage and rich wheat lands. Tikraine felt keenly the contrast. It was the first time he had travelled through Armenia, his paternal country. Born and brought up at Constantinople, he had come by the Caucasus to Tauris, where he made part of the International Commission, in which General Blandemere represented England. My unhappy country, said he, has been the battleground of the East since the commencement of

history. It serves to-day as a camp for five or six races,—enemies to each other, and, to crown the misfortune, our compatriots live but to quarrel among themselves. At the same time you see that, all miserable as we are, we live, while the others pass away. Who knows but a better future is for us.

His interloquitur heard with a distracted ear. He had preoccupations of another kind. In quitting Tauris he calculated on the chances of the voyage—on their common life as giving him an opportunity of explaining himself to Miss Blandemere on a subject which he had not yet been able to touch. Meantime, the days were passing. Each hour added to the power of the charm which subdued him, and less than ever dared he speak. In the reception which Lucy gave him there was nothing cold or severe, but she did not appear to suspect the nature of the affection which she inspired. She had a sweet, kindly, communicative manner. Entering into the many incidents of the journey, which evidently pleased her, she loved also to see her friends partake of the pleasure which she experienced. Yet she remained mistress of herself despite the delirium of the vagabond existence which she led, and she did not appear to care for sweets of any other kind. The lieutenant was very unhappy. Full of energy and activity when striving against the difficulties of life, he dreaded uncertainties of another order. He had a settled confidence in the superiority of the institutions and the excellence of the national habits of his country; he dreamed of happiness in the object of his choice, and in the peace of the domestic hearth. A wife, "distinguished and well born as his cousin," a house filled with beautiful children, the regular advancement which his profession promised, he desired nothing more, and never thought that Miss Blandemere would be opposed to a lot so enviable.

Mrs. Morton felt little of the mental agitation of Stewart. The brave woman had in her youth travelled over the fourth of the globe in the company of her husband, charged with the commissariat of the army, and had seen many things without being much affected by them. Her husband one day, having adventured far from his books with the Colonel who pursued the Maoris, had been killed, and they say, eaten by savages. Mrs. Morton had returned to England, attached herself to Lucy, then a little girl, and had never quitted her. The thought of going to Persia did not affright her. The return voyage found her as placid as possi-

ble. Seated on a mule, she contemplated with her eyes the country which the caravan traversed; sent forth at times a strong, admiring exclamation, ate with a good appetite, and slept soundly at each station. The Turks, who passed, stopped a moment before the great red lady with the calm eyes, habited always in light clothing, and regarded her with consideration. During the intervals of the journey she wrought at a marvellous piece of tapestry commenced at Tauris, and, inspired by the remembrance of the Persian stuffs, covered with birds and brilliant flowers.

## II.

WHEN they approached Khinis they found the ground covered with snow. The winter had already burst over those high plateaux which, for six months, experience the cold of Siberia. It was necessary to hasten lest they should encounter a bad time in the mountains between Erzeroom and Trebizonde. The daily march was lengthened. They set out in the morning before the dawn, rested an hour at midday, and then marched till nightfall. The cold became very keen. A white carpet covered the plains, the mountains, and the frozen waters. Long stalactites were suspended from the cascades like to the crystal hair of a Naiad surprised by the winter. The vertical rocks, black in the midst of that immense whiteness, presented the appearance of funeral monuments. The crows perched on their summit, flapped their wings, and pursued with their hoarse cries those who feared not to trouble with their presence the silent mysteries of an Armenian winter.

The travellers, contracting the contagion of the sadness of surrounding nature, conversation became rare, and in the caravan one scarcely heard anything save the noise of the sword scabbard striking at equal times against the stirrup. Miss Blandemere alone preserved her serene and haughty gayety. She was charming under her Astrakan bonnet, with her hair falling in long curls upon the black fur of her pelisse. She rallied Tikraine-Effendi about the discreet enthusiasm with which his country inspired him. You are no patriot said she to him. Why don't all you other Armenians come and establish yourselves in the subterranean huts of these villages in the middle of your national snows. One should have courage with his opinions.

About three in the afternoon the snow fell more thickly. They were traversing gorges, absolute desert,—the stopping place yet

far off. The horses advanced with difficulty. The travellers felt the cold under their thick furs. At four o'clock the west wind rose. It swirled between the rocky walls which bounded the way, raising the snow and blowing it into impalpable particles. Like frozen needle points they beat into the nose, eyes, ears, and stopped breathing, sight and hearing. The Lieutenant marched a little in advance of the two women. Tikraine, advancing, said to him in a low voice: "I think that we are in danger. This is the commencement of a snow tempest. I have never seen one, but I have heard of them, and it is said to be terrible."

"What is the nature of the danger?"

"At first the animals refuse to advance, and the men blinded by the whirling snow cannot see two steps before them. All trace of the way having disappeared they are forced to remain where they are and wait by the grace of God the conclusion of the tempest."

"How long does it ordinarily last?"

"That varies. Sometimes two hours, sometimes two days," said the Armenian, becoming suddenly grave and affrighted with his own words. "They say that the simoom of Arabia is nothing in comparison."

At the same time the Lieutenant saw that the chief of the muleteers had stopped to confer with his men. Stewart, who had learned the Persian at Taurus, as well as his cousin, demanded what he did. "Why," said the muleteer, "Do you not see the *tipi?*" at the same time shaking off the snow which covered his beard and thick eye-lashes.

"What must we do?"

"We have no choice. Neither men nor brutes can make ten steps now, and in half an hour not that. If the storm continues we are in great danger.

Stewart went to tell the women that it was necessary to stop a little. Mrs. Morton, who had no consciousness of danger, descended from her mule with all the grace in the world, but Lucy had read some descriptions of these terrible storms. She comprehended the truth and turned pale. Stewart was sadly affected. To the sentiment of love was added that of responsibility.

The travellers in a caravan are as the company in a ship, and experience has traced the line of conduct which each should follow in these mountain tempests, as it determines the duty of

sailors in storms at sea. The chief of the muleteers having become the veritable captain of the troop ordered to throw off the baggage, and put all under cover. A large carpet was stretched on the earth at the foot of a rock. Then all the travellers huddled together in a group, and drew over them a covering as a vault. They formed thus a sort of living mound, which the snow was not slow to cover. One of the muleteers, with care, kept open above a passage for the air to those below. They tell that companies surprised by the *tipi* have survived twenty, thirty, forty hours in this imprisonment. If the tempest lasts longer, cold and hunger do their work. In the following spring, the first passengers who cross the country after the thaw find the dead bodies untouched, in the situation in which they met death. There is no hope which can hold out against the fatality of such a situation. The most impatient know that the strife is impossible, and resign themselves. Those who have seen death in that form pretend that it is even sweet. The cold benumbs before killing them, and they perceive not their end. A profound, invincible sleep spares the dying the horrors of agony.

At nightfall the tempest was more violent than ever. Lucy was seated between her cousin and Mrs. Morton, who had at last comprehended that the caravan was in serious danger, and was weeping, not for what would happen to herself, an aged woman, but to the youthful daughter of her adoption, cut short in the spring of life. Stewart thought that, if it was necessary to die, it would be sweet to do so near her he loved the dearest in all the world. Lucy, to whom the terrors of such a situation could only raise the serenity of her soul, repeated her prayers in a low voice; as to the Armenian and the Persian muleteers, they took their own part. Orientals behold their last hour approach without tears or complaint.

The travellers did not suffer greatly from cold as yet. The heat of their bodies, combined in a small space, kept around them a temperature higher than that without. But the snow still fell, and might so fall for days or a week. The time would come when it would accumulate in such heavy mass that there would no longer be access to the upper air. The hours passed, long as ages, and hunger began to make itself felt.

Both Europeans and natives were silent. They heard only the blasts of the wind and the dead sound of the masses of snow falling

from the tops of the rocks into the valley. A muleteer rose in silence and stretched himself to his full height to free the opening above their prison of snow; but instead of seating himself, he remained a few minutes observing what passed without. "What do you see?" demanded the *Katerdji-bachi.*

"Give me your pistol," said the man, "a bear roves about us." He fired in the darkness.

No one had previously thought of this new danger. The perspective appeared too horrible to poor Lucy. Her firmness of soul permitted her to resign herself to a covering under the white shroud of snow, but the idea of that yellow brute eating her, which now perhaps opened with his paws the roof of snow, and was choosing a victim among the unfortunate travellers, was too much for her to bear. Little by little she grew weak, and finally lost all consciousness.

When feeling returned, she found herself in the open night, carried under the arm of some one whom she did not know. The snow still fell and the wind lashed her face. Those after caresses of the tempest no doubt re-animated her. She suffered now, but perceived herself invaded by a sort of stupor which prevented her from speaking, or enquiring about the situation. After some minutes she perceived herself laid on the earth, many persons round her conversed with a low voice. She opened her eyes and saw Mrs. Morton, who cast herself into her arms. "I thought you dead, my dear," said the old lady, covering her with kisses. Stewart, Tikraine, and the people of the caravan were there also. Also men in the costume of the country stood before a great fire. In looking round, she saw sculptured vaults, arcades and columns. The place where all were assembled was a half-ruined church.

"How came we here?" said she to her cousin.

Stewart told her that the muleteer had fired on the bear, and missed it,—two things equally fortunate, for if the ferocious brute had been wounded it would have besieged the cave of snow which served for the retreat of the travellers, instead of flying as it did at the sound of the pistol. Then, also, the report had brought to them a saviour. "See," said the Lieutenant, going to seek a man who held himself apart before the fire. Miss Blandemere recognized Selim-Agha.

He approached softly. Mrs. Morton ran toward him and threw herself on his neck, crying that he had saved her life. The Kurd

stopped, astonished at the demonstrations of gratitude, and the discourse in a language which he did not understand. "The ladies wish to thank you for the service which you have done us. It is God who has conducted you in our way," said Stewart—in Persian.

"Every one has his destiny written on his front," said the Agha. "I ought to thank my star for having brought me here more than you your's for my having met with you," added he, his black eyes fixed on Lucy.

The young lady, also, wished to go to express her gratitude to the Agha, but despite the aid of her cousin she could not walk. "The lady's feet have been frozen while I carried her," said Selim. "You must rub them with snow." Mrs. Morton hastened to bare the feet of her young friend which were white, inert and cold as marble. They brought snow and the dame commenced rubbing. It is not thus they should rub a frozen foot, said the Kurd to Stewart, and he made a movement as about to show the old English woman the proper way, but immediately arrested himself—struck by a sudden thought. He comprehended that the assistance of a man, entirely unknown, would be, despite the gravity of the situation, an unpleasant circumstance for the stranger lady. "Come here Aicha," said he, turning to the group before the fire. A boy of about twelve years of age responded to the call. Selim-Agha spoke to him a few words in the Kurdish language, and the boy kneeling down by Lucy took up the business, so badly commenced by the widow. After some minutes the feet of the young lady became red, and the blood began to circulate. She was not permitted to approach the fire. Having taken some food, a bed was made between two columns, and the two women went to seek, behind the barrier provided, a repose, very necessary after such emotions.

The Lieutenant then asked the Agha how he found them so *apropos* in the way. "I was surprised, like you, by the storm; but I knew of this church, and took refuge here. As you see, it is only about a hundred steps from the place where you halted, a fact which the clouds of snow prevented you from discovering. I found on my arrival the peasants before us. They had stopped in the church also, with their ass laden with wood which they were taking to sell in the market of Khinis. Thus we have a fire. Just as we were going to sleep, one of my men, placed as a senti-

nel, heard the report of a pistol. Thinking that this was the appeal of some unfortunate traveller we went out to discover him. That is all. To-morrow, if the storm abates, I go to my village of Abdurrahmanli. I will bring back from it whatever is necessary for your journey. But before your departure for Erzeroum, I hope you will pass some time with me. Poor as we are you will find in my house what will enable you to rest from your fatigue." Stewart and Tikraine accepted the offer with thanks. When they rose in the morning they found that the Kurd had departed.

A ray of the sun penetrating the church, aroused Lucy. She made a rapid toilette, and went to seat herself beside her companions at a breakfast, as frugal as the supper of the evening. It consisted of preserved meat, in a little curdled milk, and pressed apricots dried in the sun. Mrs. Morton brought out the box containing the famous tapestry, which some one had found under the snow with the other baggage, and began quietly to work. Tikraine took the Lieutenant and Lucy to have a look at the church. "It is an illustrious monument, contemporaneous with St. Gregory, the illuminator," said he. The Turks call it Samardjie-Kilisse, because of an ivy leaf which runs round the sculptures of the facade. Miss Blandemere hardly thought of admiring the cupolas, the arcades, and figures of saints, which adorned the church. She thought of the events of the night, of the death so near, of the unexpected saviour, who at the risk of his life in the snow had snatched her from the most terrible danger. He is a brigand, they say, "but the ideas of the East are not ours," and the ancestors of Lucy could boast of many like brigands in the history of their family. The Blandemeres of the middle ages pillaging the ships stranded near their Chateaux were, no doubt, less scrupulous than the chivalrous bandit of the Kurdish mountain. The feudal Normans had not the fine elegant nature and elevated sentiments of which Abdurrahmanli had given proof. How could she show her gratitude for such a service to such a man. Miss Blandemere was very much embarrased. Towards the middle of the day she carried her seat to the porch of the church. Heaven had resumed its serenity. The sun shone on the perfidious snow, so calm now, which last evening swept from earth to heaven its impalpable waves. Miss Blandemere was happy to revisit the light. In escaping a great peril one feels that calm intoxication of conva-

lescence which renews the sweetness of life. Casting her look over the plain, she saw in the distance a troop of cavaliers coming from the mountains on the north side. They advanced as quick as the thick coat of snow on the earth permitted. Selim-Agha rode at their head, but Lucy did not at first recognize him. He had left off the Turkish vestments, which served to disguise him on his expedition to Mekkio, and he now appeared in the brilliant war costume of his nation. A white turban, narrow and high as a tiara, replaced the Constantinopolitan *fez*. His blue vest shone with silver embroidery, and at his kilt, like that of the Scotch Highlander, hung a complicated arsenal of little instruments of graven silver, with which the Kurds charge their fire-arms. Two long pistols were stuck in the Cashmere scarf which encircled his waist; one of the ancient sabres, with almost straight blade, now become so rare, was suspended at his side by a narrow band of red silk with golden tassels. Agile as a stag, his Turkish horse scarcely sunk in the snow. The Kurd had a beauty truly noble and intelligent; his movements discovered a nervous and easy vigour—the vigour of these tame panthers, upon which the Grecian Mythology shows us the companions of the Indian Baccus mounted. Behind him marched a company of thirty Kurds, equipped almost in the same manner, and armed with long lances with floating bunches of silk. The glittering light of the beautiful winter day was reflected from the polished steel of sword and lance, and became decomposed into little rainbows in the snow dust raised by the prancing of the horses. It was a charming sight.

The preparations were soon made to depart, and they were soon on the way to Abdurrahmanli. The roads were filled with people as on other such occasions. The *Katerdgis*, whom the tempest had kept the day before in the villages, recommenced their journey, and the Europeans encountered them seated on their bales, chanting the complaint for the cruelties of the beautiful Derico. "I love Armenia," said Lucy to the Effendi, "despite its snow and long winters, but it will remain always poor."

"Do not think that. It is rich, only its riches remain hid. The wheat which lies there under the snow will cover, in spring, the plains with a harvest sufficient to nourish half of Europe. As roads are wanting the grain cannot be exported, and sometimes it

rots in the barns. For the Armenians this is the best pledge for its future prosperity."

By their side Selim-Agha journeyed in silence. "What makes you sad?" said Lucy. Selim answered by a grave smile, which was customary with him. Miss Blandemere pursued her enquiry; interrogated the Agha concerning his family, about his past and present life. He departed a little from his reserve, and described to her, with simple eloquence, the pleasures and dangers of his nomadic life, the long leisure of the winter in the close houses, the journeys in pursuit of cattle during the beautiful season when the tribe planted their tents successively on the mountains of the immense plateau of Tauris. Then he told of the strife with rival clans, of the razzias, the skirmishes by the borders of torrents and precipices. At times, in the midst of his recital, he would fix his eyes on Lucy, forget his story in contemplating her, and then ride on, plunged in silent reverie. Lucy was no coquette, but she could not observe without a secret pleasure the emotion of Selim. "It is not to sport with fire," thought she. "In three days we will be far from each other." After one of these intervals of Selim, she asked of him what he was thinking of. "Have you any chagrins?" said she.

"Perhaps," was the response.

"Then I see that these belong to all climates. Happily, it is possible to get rid of them after that information."

The Kurd looked at her with a melancholy smile. Their companions were a little behind. He bent towards Miss Blandemere —and in her ear pronounced these words of an old Persian Anthology.

"Feridoun, thy thoughts are sad as the funeral wail."
"My sister, the blond locks of the stranger are rays of the sun—
Rays which have entered my heart, and they burn me."
"Feridoun, the girls of our country, are the cure for thy ills."
"My sister, I shall forget the ills which I suffer,
Only under the funereal cypress beyond the gate of the city."

Miss Blandemere reddened. It is my fault, thought she. My questions have been imprudent, and I should have foreseen the response. Stewart and the Armenian having rejoined them, Selim put his horse to the galop, and withdrew from Lucy. She did not wish him to do so. The avowal which she had involuntarily provoked was made with a tone of resigned sadness, which prevented

it from being audacious. During the rest of the journey the Kurd held himself aloof from Miss Blandemere, but that did not hinder her from dreaming of the strange metaphors of that poetic Persian, for whom "the blond tresses of the stranger are rays of the sun."

Tormented by the uncertainty and the pre-occupation of his love, the Lieutenant had not beheld without chagrin the long conversation of his cousin with the Agha. Not that he saw in Selim a rival. He would have been jealous at times of the last Cornet of his Company, but he could not of a Kurd. Approaching Miss Blandemere, he said, with a constrained air, "Selim-Agha has been telling you something very interesting?"

"Very interesting," Lucy replied drily. The question had annoyed her.

The conversation ceased till they arrived in sight of Abdurrahmanli.

(To be continued.)

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## HOW COUSIN GEORGE FELL IN LOVE.

### CHAPTER III.

NOW I must tell you, in all sincerity, who my Cousin was in love with, because I hurried so in my narration that I skipped over the events of a week, as if they were of no consequence at all, and I can assure you that they were the most momentous that ever disturbed the peaceful annals of our hamlet.

The widow arrived at the Judge's, and as Amoret had said, they gave a party in her honor. To this entertaintment I was invited, of course, and Auntie Fan was taken with a most pestilent influenza, and also as a matter of course I had to stay at home and nurse her. My Cousin called to escort me to Brownriggs, and was grieved beyond measure that I was not going. He squeezed my fingers at parting, and said that he would not enjoy himself a bit, because I would not be there. I believed him implicitly, and then—what if he did give me a cousinly kiss, it's nobody's business but mine. Ah! he had not seen the widow then. The widow had taken the place by storm, and the young girls trembled and the old maids grew deadly pale. For who could see and not

love her, with her town grace and her fair youthful face? Away went all the disengaged, and, shocking to relate, all the engaged young men, to worship at her shrine, and the fair Rivermouthians were left lamenting. This last sad fact I had learned by report, and alas! also by experience, and now I was curious to behold this wonderful personage, and judge for myself of her fascinating powers. It was to the fatal charms of the Judge's visitor that my Cousin had fallen a victim. I dare say you had thought as much long ago. I determined to attend the party next day, given for the sad and bereaved lady, no matter how much influenza Auntie Fan should be pleased to take. Having made up my mind to be present, I next wondered what dress I should wear, the toilets in my simple wardrobe being neither numerous nor handsome. After a lengthened survey of their flimsy scantiness and well-washed fadiness, I came to the conclusion that *a new dress* was indispensable to me as a partaker in the coming festivities. I asked my father for some money, he gave me *four dollars*,—a nice sum that to deck a person out for a party; but I thought it munificent, accepted it joyfully, quickly put on my sun-hat, and took the road to the village store. There was no difficulty, generally speaking, in making selections from the goods from this, our only shop, for every season in the year the proprietors sent to town for two large bales of material, and if you did not like the blue, you must perforce take a suit of the rifle-green, so that, although our skins did differ, we were clothed in blue and green the same.

Being a brunette, with a very brown and red complexion and jet black hair, I was tired of wearing these terrible blues and greens in winter, and fady lilacs and brilliant pinks in summer, and I recollected with pleasure the information that Amoret had communicated to me a few days ago, namely, that Mr. Baize had a piece of white Swiss muslin,—lovely white Swiss,—at a shilling a yard! Cheap and coarse you would deem it, yet so delighted and anxious was I to have a dress of it, that I could scarce keep from running to the store. "White, snowy white, with knots of scarlet ribbon, just like a novel!" I exclaimed, rapturously, giving a skip that startled a little calf grazing by the roadside, and made it skip too with sheer fright. It was a brown calf with very long ears, and it belonged to George. I used to take an interest in it, because I thought that one day it would belong to me too; *now*, so changed were my feelings, that I picked up a stone and threw it at it. I

am ashamed to say that I hit it and hurt it too; the poor, dumb creature shook its head and gazed at me sadly. If its lips had language they would have said, "*Et tu Brute*," also have added, "Belle Barnaby are you not ashamed of yourself? Why strike me on the defenceless head?" I was really sorry that I had been so cross, and I went on to the store in more subdued spirits. Imagine how deeply disappointed I was when Mr. Baize informed me that every yard of the muslin was sold or bespoken. I sighed deeply, you may be sure, and all his compliments and entreaties would not make me purchase twelve yards of rose-pink muslin, with grass green fern leaves four inches long carelessly printed on its highly-glossed surface.

"You won't have it Miss Barnaby. Why now, the Doctor's housekeeper bought a dress of this just half an hour ago, and little Miss Smith the dressmaker is going to have an upper skirt and waist of it, and I am sure that you and she have the same fine, dark complexion, if I might say so, Miss Belle. I really think that it would be more becoming than white." Here he paused and smoothed out its painfully gorgeous folds, and regarded me with a winning smile.

"Oh! no Mr. Baize," I said fretfully, "I won't have a dress of that. I set my heart on a white Swiss, and I am so disappointed. Have you a prettier colored piece than that?" I next inquired. The face of the shopman became overcast, and he slowly put away the rejected goods with a fond sigh and a pat, then took down from the dusty shelf a remnant from last year, and very tiresome it was in my sight, for I had two dresses off that same piece, and so had Amoret Croppley, so had the little lame girl, and so had the Doctor's housekeeper. "Oh! Mr. Baize," I exclaimed, wildly, "I've had frocks of that already, and so has everybody in Rivermouth, why the very pattern makes me sick. Oh! for goodness sake find something else."

"Well, well, I never saw you so hard to please before. May I ask why you are so very particular?"

We were a confidential race in Rivermouth, so I told him with readiness, that I was going to attend the party next day, and how I wished to appear well dressed on account of the visitors from the city.

Mr. Baize sort of smiled, and then became thoughtful, then almost melancholy: finally, he went away into the rear of the house

and remained there for some time. I thought that he had given me up in despair, and was meditating flight, when he returned with his arms filled with the lovely Swiss. He laid it in triumph on the counter, and then looked at me with an eye full of exultation and satisfaction. "There, Miss Belle!" he cried in rapture, "There it is, and I can tell you I would not do it for another girl in the place." A fine row I had to make I can tell you before she'd give it up. "Some of the frills were hemmed," she said—but I took it from her. I told her "You'd set your heart on it." "Set her heart on it indeed," says she, "And I'd like to know what I'm to make the half-dozen shrouds out of? I guess the folks has set their hearts on being decently laid-out, and what am I to do?" "Make 'em out of cotton," says I, catching up the muslin, "and here it is Miss, but it's tore in lengths and frills, sure enough," and he gazed dolefully on the pieces. "A fit dress," I thought bitterly, "for me to wear,—a proper dress to bury my lost love in, and in which to lay out my dead hopes."

"Don't fret about it," Mr. Baize, "I will manage to make it up somehow, for I am determined to wear white, and now I want some scarlet ribbon."

I bought the ribbon, and Mr. Baize made a parcel of the shroud lengths, and with this inspiriting package under my arm I walked calmly home.

The person whom the shopkeeper robbed of her goods, was his sister, an old maid, who did nearly all the undertaking business in the village.

"What sort of a dress did you buy dear?" said my aunt when I reached home. "White muslin," I answered faintly. "Eh! plain white, well it's simple and pretty enough, but," glancing at my downcast face, "you look tired out Belle, had you a warm walk?" "Yes, aunt, very warm;" and then I went up stairs and planned that frock, and next evening when I was dressed in it I did not appear so very countryfied after all. I trimmed it with frills and crimped the frills with a patent flat-iron, that a travelling agent made Aunty buy, and the knots of scarlet ribbon that looped the skirt and decorated the waist, relieved the grey-white of the material. Auntie and Papa, poor prejudiced people, assured me that I looked lovely,—of course I allowed a wide margin for their love-blinded eyes, and even then I thought that I was much improved by a becoming dress, and I somehow thought that

perhaps it might have some effect on George. I dare say plenty of girls thus donning a pretty toilet in anticipation of meeting a recreant beau, may have hoped that it would "bring their lover back to them," and I am sure I wish them more success for the future, and in the past, than I had. "Made out of shrouds! made out of shrouds!" seemed to sound in my ears as I went to Brownriggs, but I did not feel sad, only sort of amused at the droll idea. It was a ghastly fact looking at it in one light, and I know very well that not one girl in a hundred would have touched such a robe; yet I wore it to the party, and as Amoret Croppley told me, I never looked better in my life. Yes, I looked well, but after I reached the Judge's paraffine-lit mansion a presentiment came over me that it did not signify a bit how I looked. I went into the spare bedroom and took off my sun-hat and shawl, and threw them hastily on a chair. I did not linger long in regarding my toilet, but in that short time I comprehended that here the widow reposed and reigned supreme, for even my wild untutored eyes saw tokens of city tastes in various little accessories to the dressing-table. Large jewel-cases, brushes of every kind, a box of the most feathery caps of woe, hair-puffs and wonderfully crooked hair-pins, besides cut-glass bottles filled with washes and delicate perfumes. Innovations on the simplicity of the rustic toilet, but where ignorance is bliss 'twere folly to be wise, and yet might not these things have helped to steal from me the affections of Cousin George? I sighed as I glanced at them, then just for spite smoothed back my hair with an ivory-handled brush—how smooth it made it, just like satin. I began to wish for just such a brush, when Amoret came for me, looking delicate and pretty in a pale blue dress. I wondered greatly where she got it, but did not like to ask. I knew there was no stuff like that in Rivermouth. She put her hand through my arm and with a whispered "You'll see how lovely she is," I was led into the parlour. It was filled, but not uncomfortably, by the friends of the Croppleys. I recognized the pink muslin with the green fern leaves at once, and inside of it about one dozen of the inhabitants; also a half-dozen of last year's pieces, some new, some old; then there was a most astonishing display of stuff with a green ground and purple egg-plums scattered thereon; lastly, four of the white Swiss, but thank fortune trimmed with green and blue ribbon,—not one person in scarlet and white but myself.

This was a small triumph, and re-assured me greatly, so that I was able by Amoret's help to make the circuit of the room and behold with amazed eyes the terrible widow herself. She was standing near the paper-decorated grate, and around her were gathered the best of the Rivermouth beaux, each striving to attract her attention to themselves, and I must say that she was dividing her smiles and pretty speeches and pouts and tosses of the head, and Heaven knows how many more beguiling gestures, fairly among them. Now this kind of behaviour was all very fine, but I thought it neither lady-like nor polite, everyone sat seemingly bored to death, except *the visitors* and most ardent admirers, including my Cousin George; that wretched youth, let me here remark, never withdrew his eyes from her face. Lost! lost to me for ever! I saw that at a glance. This select group laughed and chatted together gaily and heartily, but the rest of the company could only half-hear and take no share in their mirth; yet it was quite loud enough to disconcert them, and quench their feeble attempts to enjoy themselves. The widow had assumed the attitude of one who is mistress of the situation, the queen of the occasion as it were; and I felt my hot country blood rising in my face as I watched her city airs and town snobbishness.

She was as lovely and yet as unlovely a woman as I have ever seen. I do not wish to add to my acquaintances any more specimens of the class. Men, as a rule, think them amiable perfection, let them marry them then and they'll find out their dispositions to a nicety. They have a way, by their oily, studied manner, of making honest-hearted, honest-spoken women seem blunt and bad-tempered, and all quiet and retiring people seem sullen and stupid. The way that she looked at me when I first entered the room is distinctly imprinted on my mind. I could never like her after that, even if I had not disliked her on George's account.

Beyond a doubt, beyond a question she was loveliness itself, yet she owed to dress and manner a part of her charms. She could not wear bright colors, she could not—this recently bereaved one, whose eyes danced with mischief and whose baby lips curved with smiles—leave off her sable garments, could not throw aside her widow's cap, that badge of woe; but as far as such a dress could be modified, the taste of city artistes had lightened and modified it. The cap that rested, no it did not rest, it perched coquettishly and defiantly on her "golden head running over with curls," flossy

and shining as a child's, was the airiest, flimsiest scrap of white crape, and enhanced the beauty, while it hid merely four square inches of her hair. Her face was a lovely baby face, with infantile fairness of skin, with infantile dimples, with baby flushes of bright rose, with bright, eager baby eyes, ready to overflow with tears or smiles. Her beautiful white throat and part of her bust were bare, the square cut neck of her dress being edged with a close-crimped crape border, that was scarce whiter than the throat it shaded. The material of the dress was *gros-grain*, so Amoret told me, the trained skirt swept half across the room when she walked, and the long, hanging sleeves shewed her beautiful arms and dimpled elbows. She wore massive jet jewelry, which enhanced the fairness of her complexion, and her beautifully fitting dress over her beautiful figure made our forms, by comparison, like tree-stumps. Her waist was nearly as small as our necks, but I did not envy that, for it seemed unnatural. The result of my long and curious survey of Mrs. Williams' charms was the disagreeable impression that it was no use being there, and I wished that I were once more at home.

"The evening must be spent in some manner," I thought, sadly, so I looked around the room for a secluded corner in which to hide myself. "Come and be introduced to Mrs. Williams, I know that you will love her dearly!" said romantic Amoret. She still held my arm, and was about to add herself and myself to the group, but I drew back, and hurriedly saying that "I was tired, and never to mind," I walked away and found a vacant seat beside the lame girl, who sewed her mortification work in the corner, as of old.

"How do you do, Miss Belle," she said, with a glad smile, "I am delighted that you have come this evening." "Is she not beautiful! just like an angel!" she indicated the widow with a loving nod. "Yes, without the wings, and with a widow's cap," said I, tartly. "Ah! how can you make fun of her," she cried in horrified accents, and as I looked on her then, I saw that she had transferred her worshipping gaze from the Chickering to the admired guest.

"Well," I thought, "let her gaze, I can't and won't give in to the universal idolatry." "You were ill-natured," says my reader. If I was, how would you like it yourself? I would have felt more amiable if my rival had had a squinting eye, or a crooked nose, or big hands,—some defect to feast my eyes on; but this fearful perfection maddened me. "Your cousin likes her, I think?"

continued the lame girl, inquiringly. "It appears so," I replied. "Have you been introduced yet?" she asked, pausing in her sewing. "No, I don't care to get acquainted with her," I answered. "Oh! I would love to, just to tell her how pretty she is, but Amoret took me nearly close to her and then I got frightened and ran back to my corner and lost the chance," and she actually sighed. "I don't think that you need tell her how pretty she is, she knows it too well already," I said, spitefully. "I don't think it, she seems innocent as an angel," replied she, in a reverent manner. "Well, I don't want to see angels if they are like her," (and I don't believe that they brush their hair with ivory brushes,) I murmured to myself. Out loud, I asked, "Is she musical?" "Oh!" exclaimed the lame girl, clasping her hands, "You should hear her sing. Oh! I shut my eyes and felt as I were floating, you know. I never heard such a voice, there is no one in the choir that can sing like her."

I could not help smiling at the comparison, when I thought of the gallant little band of assorted voices, that met once every week, and shouted themselves into a state of readiness for the Sabbath service, each particular voice on that said Sabbath struggling bravely for the supremacy. "It was not very likely that she sang in their style," I thought to myself, and then I wondered how the people were to amuse themselves that evening. I wondered greatly if we should dance and have merry games, such as we used to on former occasions. The prospect of enjoyment for the larger portion of the company was small. While I wondered, the door of the room opened and a young man came in, the like of whom I had never seen in life, but recognized at a glance as own brother to a young man that I had the picture of in a fashion-book at home. He was tall and slight, with oh! such fine clothes, such a lovely tie, and lavender kid gloves on hands. "What next!" I thought, and my glance left him and wandered towards my countrymen in general, and Cousin George in particular. What guys he made them appear by the contrast, with their colored shirts and white collars and suits of three different kinds of cloth. Here was comfort, if *she* the obnoxious made guys of us, *he* the obnoxious made guys of them.

I now watched the scene with interest, the lavender kids advanced to the exclusive group and saluted it heartily, wringing Cousin George's red hands with his delicate ones, and then—I

fancied perhaps, that the two obnoxious ones exchanged a meaning glance and smile — then he moved away, bowed and spoke to everyone in the room except myself. He looked at me inquiringly, admired the fancy work of my friend, then he walked away and spoke again to the widow, and they both turned and stared at me, and whispered together about me, I knew very well, and there was a triumphant light in her eyes that made me wince. For a short time he returned to us and said in winning and musical accents, "Miss Hacket, please introduce me to your friend, Miss Barnaby!" He knew my name then, and so they had been talking about me beyond a doubt.

## CHAPTER IV.

LUCY HACKET, alias the Lame Girl, with great trepidation, muttered some kind of an introduction. Such things were not the fashion in Rivermouth, for everyone had been acquainted with everybody else from youth up. "May I have the pleasure of dancing the first set of quadrilles with you, Miss Barnaby," said the fine young man, in beseeching tones, clasping his lavender kids together in an entreating fashion. I had a suspicion that he was making fun of me, because the village beau always asked me to dance in this style: "I say, Belle, come out on the floor and head this set; hurry, 'cause if you can't come I'll get somebody else." While waiting for me to make up my mind, he would skip and hop about, and snap his fingers for pure delight. This was *our* style; so, when the drooping exquisite with the rolling eyes and dying attitude invited me to take part in a quadrille, a dance that we had never learned, I distrusted him, and staring defiantly in his face, I said, curtly: "I don't know what you are talking about." "Ah!" whispered Lucy, "It's the new dance that they taught us." "Indeed!" I replied. "Yes," she whispered again, "Don't snap him up so, Belle. The girls are all delighted with him. Say you will be most happy," prompted Lucy, as the exquisite asked me again. I felt in such a bad humor that I had much ado to keep from plucking out some of his well-arranged hair that was bent so temptingly near. However, I merely drew myself up with a dignified air, thanked him, and declined the honor of being his partner, as I was only a country girl and quite ignorant of quadrilles. The exquisite looked slightly mortified I thought, and

went away breathing a theatrical sigh. He was tall and slight and handsome, with glossy hair, long silky moustaches, a very pale face and mournful dark eyes,—a black and white party: you have seen them, I'm sure. Why do city folk always have glossy hair?

The lame girl and I sat in our corner, like little Jack Horner, without being molested in any way, and we saw the first quadrille formed, and danced in most wonderful style to the terrified thumpings of a poor female Rivermouthian, who, when she got through, nearly fell off the piano-stool with fright and exhaustion. I fancied that I again saw meaning glances pass between the obnoxious ones, they were vis-a-vis, and the widow danced with Cousin George, whose blunders in the figures were perfectly awful. The next dance was an eight, and who asked me to be his partner but Cousin George? I consented, not that I thought that I would enjoy it, but my mind was in that restless state that cannot bear inaction; and besides, in *our* style I was thought a good dancer, and I wished to convince the town people that I could dance if I pleased to do so. We went through the eight very well; the pianist was not so terrified, and kept better time. George and I skipped away greatly to our own satisfaction, and when it was over we left the close parlor, and passing through the hall to the outer air, we strolled up and down the field that lay before the house. The rest of the company strolled likewise in groups or in couples, and some walked thoughtfully alone, the latter being injured individuals, whose beaux had slighted them, and who refused consolation at the hands of anybody else. George spoke scarcely a word to me, for he had seen me refuse the introduction to his inamorata, and he was vexed with me, but too bashful and preoccupied to ask an explanation. We had not walked far when he palmed me off on some one else, and left with a hurried step to look for Mrs. Williams, I knew well. I was not surprised, for I fully expected it. With a sigh for the fickleness of the sex in general, and George in particular, I continued my ramble with Harry Thompkins, the party to whom I had been consigned, as it were. Harry thought it his duty to entertain me, which he did by reciting all his family troubles,—how Sally was down with the fever, and Polly, who lived a hundred miles away, had broken her arm and had to come home, that he would have to start that very night to fetch her, and that the young mare was lame with a nail in her foot, and mighty frisky to drive at night besides. I listened to the story of all his

woes with wonderful patience, and then, as we had been absent some time, I proposed that we should return to the house.

The day had been warm and sultry, and after the sun had set, wreaths of white fog wrapped the hill-tops around, and came floating down, settling in banks, and blown in clouds over the fields and meadows around. We heeded it not at first, and chatted away, too young to dread rheumatism or neuralgia; but as it grew thicker and thicker, I dreaded its influence on my white Swiss, so I turned Harry Thompkins' steps in a homeward direction. 'Twas on this account that I had proposed the return trip, and not to see Cousin George, as I daresay many of you think. We could not see to any distance, but as we neared the house, above the subdued chirp, chirp, of the crickets, we heard voices talking together, and they were the voices of the "obnoxious two." I could dimly discern their figures, and their voices I knew by the town twang, and although I did not wish it, I became a listener to their conversation: "What a fool that girl Barnaby made of herself in that country dance! What skipping and hopping! She'd prove a treasure to some third class theatre," softly lisped the widow. "Now, you are jealous," laughed the other, "because she danced with her cousin, Mr. Morse. Talking of skipping, the male cousin outshone the girl by far; the fellow leapt about like a moose:" and then they both laughed uproariously. "They're talking about you, Belle," said Harry Thompkins, "Go and stop them." "Hush!" I said, "Let us hear it all." Of course, these remarks were in a whisper, and spoken while the city folk were deafened with their own laughter. "It will be the death of me," merrily sighed the lady. "I could never have believed that such animals existed. It was certainly lucky that we travelled in this direction. Ah! as a class, or a community, or a collection, or ——" "a menagerie," said the gentleman; and again they laughed. "They are rich," continued she, "especially this last new attempt of a fool, this Barnaby girl." I could stand no more. I had heard enough; and you agree with me, I think. I left the agitated Thompkins, and hastily strode towards the widow, my hands clenched to keep down some of my wrath. They saw the white dress and moved away, but I soon overtook them, unclenched my hands, and caught the lady by the arm. I could scarcely think or speak for a moment, so overwhelmed was I with a sense of her treachery and my own wrongs. The grasp on her arm must have grown painful, for she

gave a slight scream, and cried "Hands off, you savage!" But I still held her. "Mrs. Williams," I said, "You and this other witty person have amused yourselves in abusing the people whose hospitality you are enjoying. We are strange animals; and I am a fool, that would do well in a third class theatre. You have had your say, and I will now have mine. That we are simple, I grant you; but there is only one person in Rivermouth that is playing the fool, and that is yourself; and I'll do you the credit to say, that I believe you could act it in a first class theatre. A newly-made widow you are, with the crocodile tears for the dear departed scarce dried in your wicked, faithless eyes, you amuse us as much as we amuse you. My Cousin George," I cried, turning savagely to the lavender kids, "was a manly, honest-hearted young man till he met with her; and now, his only fault is liking her too well. As for you, if we are fit to be put in a menagerie, you are not: nobody puts puppies in a menagerie, sir, especially mongrel curs."

"Thank you for the information," said the gentleman. "She's mad!" cried the lady. "For pity's sake, Ralph, make her let go my arm." "He need not," I answered, taking away my hand. "Good-bye, gay widow, you will not be troubled by the last attempt of a fool any more, be your sojourn among the animals long or short," and I bowed mockingly and walked off to the house. Harry Thompkins, thinking there was going to be a great row, had, with true heroism, fled the scene long since, after pulling off my sash ends, in a feeble attempt to take me with him. The lady never made me an answer. She could not have been half so ready-witted as I thought her, or she could easily have replied to my angry, incoherent speech. I think, however, she did feel slightly ashamed of being overheard talking of us all in this way, after every one in the place had been so kind to her. I ran into the spare room to get my hat and shawl, and I could not help dropping the ivory brushes behind the bed and setting the box of airy caps afloat on the basin of water. Having accomplished these feats I left, and was passing through the hall on my way out, when I met Amoret, with a plate of cake in her hand. "Oh, Belle, where are you going? We are just getting supper, and afterwards Mrs. Williams is going to sing." "Let her sing," I said, stolidly. "Oh, do stay," pleaded Amoret. I looked earnestly in her face—"Amoret, she is a treacherous woman, and if I stay I'll thrash her." The girl stared in round-eyed wonder. "Thrash her! Why, whom

do you mean?" "The widow," I replied, and fled, leaving my friend lost in amazement. As I hurried away from the place, a burst of melody came through the open windows,—a sound so sweet, so thrilling, that I stayed one moment in my flight to listen, fascinated in spite of myself by the syren's voice: then I cried wildly "Witch's spells! witch's spells!" and putting my fingers in my ears, fled on again over the fields through the clover, and over the turnip field, often falling and stumbling, picking myself up again, and going on and on like a crazy thing, till I arrived breathless and spent, at home. Not a stir, not a sound in the house: Aunty and Father and the cat all asleep, and a paraffine lamp, with bleary eye, screwed down and smelling horribly of the oil within. I crept up to bed, like a kicked dog, but that night I did not sleep much: I made plans, however, and the very next day I put some of them into execution.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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## "OCEAN TO OCEAN."

"OCEAN to Ocean," a Diary written during the Sandford Fleming Expedition, from Halifax, on the Atlantic, to Vancouver's Island, on the Pacific, by the Rev. G. M. Grant, Secretary to the Expedition, is a most fascinating and instructive volume. As a book of travel alone, though we had no special interest in the country, it is enchanting. The eye of the Antient Mariner is upon those who commence to read, and they must hear the tale to the end. We have heard of one of the greatest of metaphysicians commencing a biography, lengthy and elaborate, and being so fascinated that he went through the whole at a sitting; and, lest any one might suppose that none but a metaphysician could be guilty of such a folly, it is important to know that his man-servant had been previously entrapped by the book, and carried to the land of dreams, so that his master failed to arouse him to a sense of life and duty by repeated ringing of the bell. Such is the book before us. That the interest is kept up through the hundred days during which the Expedition was on its way, is a proof of the capacity and versatility of the writer. But it is more than a mere book of travel.

The subject matter gives an interest to the work—were the details never so dry and formal—written neither with genius nor fervour, many of us would read it. For is the country about which the book is written not our own? Is it not a part of our own Dominion? In a word, Does the route gone over not traverse every Province that goes to make up one Confederated Canada? No, Prince Edward Island is not once touched; we had almost overlooked that. But the Island had not accepted the situation then; and besides, the Pacific Railway can hardly be made to connect directly with the Island, there being no plan invented yet whereby nine miles of sea may be bridged over. Who will say, however, that none of us will live to see such a project as that accomplished? On either of the grounds referred to, the book would be one of great interest, but when both are combined, when the *form* as well as the *matter* is what we have indicated it to be, it may be inferred what a feast is provided. We present one or two extracts that our readers may judge for themselves, that is, if they have not already perused the interesting volume.

The following extract will show how energetic men can get along in the Province of Manitoba—

"Some of us dined at Grant's, and the rest with one of his neighbours—McKenzie. Both these men seem to be model settlers. They had done well in Ontario, but the spirit of enterprise had brought them to the new Province. One had come three years ago, and the other only last year; and now one had a hundred and twenty acres under wheat, barley and potatoes, and the other fifty. In five years both will have probably three or four hundred acres under the plough. There is no limit to the amount they may break up except the limit imposed by the lack of capital or their own moderation. This prairie land is the place for steam ploughs, reaping, mowing, and threshing machines. With such machinery one family can do the work of a dozen men. It is no wonder that these settlers speak enthusiastically of the country. The great difficulties a farmer encounters elsewhere are non-existent here. To begin with, he does not need to buy land, for a hundred and sixty acres are given away gratuitously by the Government to every *bonâ fide* settler; and one third of the quantity is a farm large enough for any one who would devote himself to a specialty, such as the raising of beets, potatoes, or wheat. He does not need to use manure, for, so worthless is it considered, that the Legislature has had to pass a law prohibiting people from throwing it into the rivers. He has not to buy guano, nor to make compost heaps. The land, if it has any fault, is naturally too rich. Hay is so

abundant that when threshing the grain at one end of the yard, they burn the straw at the other end to get rid of it. He does not need to clear the land of trees, stumps, or rocks,—for there are none. Very little fencing is required, for he can enclose all his arable land at once with one fence,—and pasture is common and illimitable. There is a good market all over Manitoba for stock or produce of any kind, and, if a settler is discontented he can sell his stock and implements for their full value to new comers."

The drawbacks and deterrant circumstances are thus disposed of—

"And what of the Indians, the mosquitoes, and the locusts? Myths, as far as we could learn, with as little foundation as myths generally have. Neither Crees nor Sioux have given those settlers the slightest trouble. The Sioux ask only for protection, and even before Governor Archibald made the Treaty with the Sauteaux and Crees by which they received a hundred and sixty acres of land per family of five, and three dollars per head every year for their rights to the country, they molested no one. 'Poor whites,' were they about in equal numbers, would give ten times as much trouble as the poor Indians, though some of the braves still paint ferociously and all carry guns. And the mosquitoes, and the grasshoppers or locusts, no one ever spoke of, probably because the former are no greater nuisance in Manitoba than in Minnnesota or Nova Scotia, and the latter have proved a plague only two or three times in half a century. Every country has its own drawbacks. The question must always be, do the advantages more than counterbalance the drawbacks? Thus, in returning home through California we found that the wheat crop, this year, amounted to twenty millions of bushels. The farmers told us that, for the two preceding years, it had been a failure owing to long continued drought, and that, on an average, they could only count on a good crop every second year, but, so enormous was the yield then, that it paid them well to sow wheat. Take, too, the case of the great wheat-raising State of what, as distinguished from the Pacific, may be called the Eastern States. The wheat crop of Minnesota this year amounts to twenty millions of bushels. But, up to 1857, enough wheat was not raised in the State to supply the wants of the few thousands of lumbermen who first settled in Minnesota. Flour had to be sent up the Mississippi from St. Louis, and the impression then was very general that one half of Minnesota consisted of lakes, sandhills, sandy prairies, and wilderness, and that the winters were so long and so cold in the other half that farming could never be carried on profitably; and, doubtless, severe remarks could be made with truth against Minnesota, but it is also the truth that twenty years ago its population was five thousand, and that now it is five hundred thousand. The soil of Min-

nesota is not equal in quality to the soil of Manitoba. Calcareous soils are usually fertile. And Manitoba has not only abundant limestone everywhere, but every other element required to make soil unusually productive. Whereas, when you sail up the Red River into Minnesota, the limestone disappears, and the valley contracts to a narrow trough, only two or three miles wide, beyond which the soil is thin and poor. But, notwithstanding all difficulties, most of the emigrants to Minnesota are prospering. Hundreds of thousands of hardy Welshmen and Scandinavians poured into the new State, secured land under the Homestead Acts or bought it from Railway Companies, lived frugally—chiefly on a bread and milk fare—for the first few years, and they are now well-to-do farmers. Seeing that all the conditions for prosperous settlement are more favourable in Manitoba, is it not easy to foresee a similarly rapid development, if those entrusted with its destinies and with the destinies of our great North-west act with the energy and public spirit of which our neighbours show so shining an example?"

The fertility of the soil is beyond all question, and the excellence of the climate is also an established fact. Of these, Mr. Grant says—

"Speaking generally of Manitoba and our North-west, along the line we travelled, it is impossible to doubt that it is one of the finest pasture countries in the world, and that a great part of it is well adapted for cereals. The climatological conditions are favourable for both stock raising and grain producing. The spring is nearly as early as in Ontario; the summer is more humid and therefore the grains, grasses, and root crops grow better; the autumn bright and cloudless, the very weather for harvesting; and the winter has less snow and fewer snow-storms, and though, in many parts colder, it is healthy and pleasant because of the still dry air, the cloudless sky, and bright sun. The soil is almost everywhere a peaty or sandy loam resting on clay. Its only fault is that it is too rich. Crop after crop is raised without fallow or manure."

We cannot forbear giving Mr. Grant's description of the Rocky Mountains—which are brought to our mind's eye with wonderful vividness—

"For the first three hours the trail continued at some distance east from the valley of the Athabasca, among wooded hills, now ascending, now descending, but on the whole with an upward slope, across creeks where the ground was invariably boggy, over fallen timber, where infinite patience was required on the part of horse and man. Suddenly it opened out on a lakelet, and right in front, a semi-circle of five glorious mountains appeared; a high wooded hill and Roche à Perdrix on our left, Roche à Meyette beyond,

Roche Ronde in front, and a mountain above Lac Brulé on our right. For half a mile down from their summits, no tree, shrub, or plant covered the nakedness of the three that the old trappers had thought worthy of names; and a clothing of vegetation would have marred their massive grandeur. The first three were so near and towered up so bold that their full forms, even to the long shadows on them, were reflected clearly in the lakelet, next to the rushes and spruce of its own shores. Here is scene for a grand picture equal to Hill's much admired painting of the 'Yo Semite Valley.' A little farther on, another lakelet reflected the mountains to the right, showing not only the massive grey and blue of the limestone, but red and green colourings among the shales that separated the strata of limestone. The road now descended rapidly from the summit of the wooded hill that we had so slowly gained, to the valley of the Athabasca. As it wound from point to point among the tall dark green spruces, and over rose bushes and vetches, the soft blue of the mountains gleamed through everywhere, and when the woods parted, the mighty column of Roche à Perdrix towered a mile above our heads, scuds of clouds kissing its snowy summit, and each plication and angle of the different strata up its giant sides boldly and clearly revealed. We were entering the magnificent Jasper portals of the Rocky Mountains by a quiet path winding between groves of trees and rich lawns like an English gentleman's park.

"Crossing a brook divided into half a dozen brooklets by willows, the country opened a little and the base and inner side of Roche à Perdrix were revealed; but, it was still an amphitheatre of mountains that opened out before us, and Roche à Meyette seemed as far off as ever. Soon the Rivierè de Violon was heard brawling round the base of Roche à Perdrix and rushing on like a true mountain torrent to the Athabasca. We stopped to drink to the Queen out of its clear ice cold waters, and halted for dinner in a grove on the other side of it, thoroughly excited and awed by the grand forms that had begirt our path for the last three hours. We could now sympathise with the daft enthusiast, who returned home after years of absence, and when asked what he had as an equivalent for so much lost time,—answered only 'I have seen the Rocky Mountains.'"

We would like to give many other beautiful passages—such as that in which the shooting of the rapids is described, but we would rather send our readers, one and all, to the book itself, assuring them of a rich reward of interest and information in its eloquent pages.

# THE STORY OF NAISI.

(From Ferguson's "Irish History before the Conquest.")

CONOR, King of Ireland, had educated a beautiful damsel, keeping her secluded from all mankind till she should be of an age to become his wife. Her name, Deirdré, signifying *alarm*, had been bestowed at her birth by the Druid Cathbad, and was prophetic of the long train of conflict and disaster to which her charms gave rise. Notwithstanding the precautions of Conor, she saw and loved Naisi, the son of Usnach. He was sitting in the midst of the plain of Emania, playing on a harp. Sweet was the music of the sons of Usnach—great also was their prowess; they were fleet as hounds in the chase—they slew deer with their speed. As Naisi sat singing on the plain of Emain he perceived a maiden approaching him. She held down her head as she came near him, and would have passed in silence. "Gentle is the damsel who passeth by," said Naisi. Then the maiden, looking up, replied, "Damsels may well be gentle when there are no youths." Then Naisi knew it was Deirdré, and great dread fell upon him. "The king of the province is bethrothed to thee, oh damsel," he said. "I love him not," she replied: "he is an aged man. I would rather love a youth like thee." "Say not so, oh damsel," said Naisi, "the king is a better spouse than the king's servant." "Thou sayest so," said Deirdré, "that thou mayest avoid me." Then plucking a rose from a briar, she flung it towards him, and said, "Now thou art ever disgraced if thou rejectest me." "Depart from me, I beseech thee, damsel," said Naisi. "If thou dost not take me to be thy wife," said Deirdré, "thou are dishonoured before all the men of thy country after what I have done." Then Naisi said no more, and Deirdré took the harp, and sat beside him playing sweetly. But the other sons of Usnach, rushing forth, came running to the spot where Naisi sat, and Deirdré with him. "Alas!" they cried, "what hast thou done, oh brother? Is not this damsel fated to ruin Ulster?" "I am disgraced before the men of Erin for ever," said Naisi, "if I take her not after that which she hath done." "Evil will come of it," said the brothers. "I care not," said Naisi. "I had rather be in misfortune than in dishonour; we will fly with her to another country." So that night they departed, taking with them three times fifty men of might, and three times fifty women, and three times fifty grey-hounds, and three times fifty attendants; and Naisi took Deirdré to be his wife.

After wandering through various parts of Ireland, "from Easroe to Ben Edar, and from Dundelgan to Almain," the fugitives at length took shelter in Scotland, where they found an asylum on the banks of Loch Etive. The loss of three warriors of such

repute soon began to be felt by the nobles of Ulster, who found themselves no longer able to make head with their accustomed success against the southern provinces. They therefore urged Conor to abandon his resentment, and recall the fugitives. Conor, with no other intention than that of repossessing himself of Deirdré, feigned compliance. But, to induce Clan Usnach (as the fugitives were called) to trust themselves again in the hands of him whom their leader had so outraged, it was necessary that the message of pardon should be borne by one on whose warranty of safe conduct the most implicit reliance could be placed. After sounding some of his chief nobles who were of sufficient authority to undertake the mission, among the rest Cuchullin, and finding that any attempt to tamper with them would be unavailing, Conor fixes on Fergus, the son of Roy, as a more likely instrument, and commits the embassy to him. But though he does not so much fear the consequences of compromising the safe conduct of Fergus, as of Cuchullin or the others, he yet does not venture openly to enlist him in the meditated treachery, but proceeds by a stratagem which, in these days, may appear somewhat far-fetched, yet probably was not inconsistent with the manners of that time. Fergus was of the order of the Red Branch, and the brethren of the Red Branch were under vow not to refuse hospitality at one another's hands. Conor, therefore, arranged with Barach, one of his minions, and a brother of the order, to intercept Fergus on his return, by the tender of a three days' banquet, well knowing that the Clan Usnach must in that case proceed to Emania without the presence of their protector. Meanwhile Fergus, arriving in the harbour of Loch Etive, where dwelt Clan Usnach in green hunting booths along the shore, "sends forth the loud cry of a mighty man of chase." Then follows a characteristic passage:—"Deirdré and Naisi sat together in their tent, and Conor's polished chessboard between them. And Naisi, hearing the cry, said, 'I hear the call of a man of Erin.' 'That was not the call of a man of Erin,' replied Deirdré, 'but the call of a man of Alba.' Then again Fergus shouted a second time. 'Surely that was the call of a man of Erin,' said Naisi. 'Surely no,' said Deirdré; 'let us play on.' Then again Fergus shouted a third time, and Naisi knew that it was the cry of Fergus, and he said, 'If the son of Roy be in existence, I hear his hunting shout from the loch; go forth, Ardan, my brother, and give our kinsman welcome.' 'Alas!' cried Deirdré, 'I knew the call of Fergus from the first.'" For she has a prophetic dread that foul play is intended them, and this feeling never subsides in her breast from that hour till the catastrophe. Quite different are the feelings of Naisi; he reposes the most unlimited confidence in the safe conduct vouched for by his brother in arms, and, in spite of the remonstrances of Deirdré, embarks with all his retainers for Ireland. Deirdré, on leaving the only secure or happy home she ever expects to enjoy, sings a

pathetic farewell to fair Alba, the mountain, cliff, and dun, and her green sheeling on the shores of Glen-Etive.

Barach meets them on their landing, and detains Fergus, who reluctantly assigns his charge to his two sons, Red Buiné Borb and Illan Finn, to conduct them in safety to their journey's end. Deirdré's fears are more and more excited; she has dreams and visions of disasters. She urges Naisi to go to Dunseverick or to Dundelgan (Dundalk, the residence of Cuchullin), and there await the coming up of Fergus. Naisi is inflexible. It would injure the honour of his companion in arms to admit any apprehension of danger while under his pledge of safe conduct. The omens multiply. Deirdré's sense of danger becomes more and more acute. Still Naisi's reply is, "I fear not; let us proceed." At length they reach Emania, and are assigned the house of the Red Branch for their lodging. Calm, and to all appearance unconscious of any cause for apprehension, Naisi takes his place at the chess-table, and Deirdré, full of tears, sits opposite. Meanwhile the king, knowing that Deirdré was again within his reach, could not rest at the banquet, but sends spies to bring him word "if her beauty yet lived upon her." The first messenger, friendly to Clan Usnach, reports that she is "quite bereft of her own aspect, and is lovely and desirable no longer." This allays Conor's passion for a time; but growing heated with wine, he shortly after sends another messenger, who brings back the intelligence, that not only is Deirdré "the fairest woman on the ridge of the world," but that he himself has been wounded by Naisi, who had resented his gazing in at the window of the Red Branch, by flinging a chessman at his head, and dashing out one of his eyes. This was all that Conor wanted; he starts up in pretended indignation at the violence done his servant, calls his body guard, and attacks the Red Branch. The defence now devolves on the sons of Fergus. Clan Usnach scorn to evince alarm, or interfere in any way with the duties of their protectors. But Deirdré cannot conceal her consciousness that they are betrayed. "Ah me!" she cries, hearing the soldiery of Conor at the gates, "I knew that Fergus was a traitor." "If Fergus hath betrayed you," replied Red Buiné Borb, "yet will not I betray you." And he issues out and slays his "thrice fifty men of might." But when Conor offers him Slieve Fuad for a bribe, he holds back his hand from the slaughter, and goes his way. Then calls Deirdré, "Traitor father, traitor son!" "No," replies Illan Finn, "Though Red Buiné Borb be a traitor, yet will not I be a traitor. While liveth this small straight sword in my hand I will not forsake Clan Usnach!" Then Illan Finn, encountering Fiachra, the son of Conor, armed with Ocean, Flight, and Victory, the royal shield, spear, and sword, they fight "a fair fight, stout and manly, bitter and bloody, savage and hot, and vehement and terrible," until the waves round the blue rim of Ocean roared, for it was the nature of Conor's shield that it

ever resounded as with the noise of stormy waters when he who bore it was in danger. Summoned by which signal, one of King Conor's nobles, coming behind Illan Finn, thrusts him through. "The weakness of death then fell darkly upon Illan, and he threw his arms into the mansion, and called to Naisi to fight manfully, and expired." Clan Usnach at length deign to lay aside their chess-tables, and stand to their arms. Ardan first sallies out, and slays his "three hundred men of might;" then Ainlé, who makes twice that havoc; and last, Naisi himself; and "till the sands of the sea, the dewdrops of the meadows, the leaves of the forest, or the stars of heaven be counted, it is not possible to tell the number of heads, and hands, and lopped limbs of heroes that there lay bare and red from the hands of Naisi and his brothers on that plain." Then Naisi came again into the Red Branch to Deirdré: and she encouraged him, and said, "We will yet escape; fight manfully, and fear not." Then the sons of Usnach made a phalanx of their shields, and spread the links of their joined bucklers round Deirdré, and bounding forth like three eagles, swept down upon the troops of Conor, making great havoc of the people. But when Cathbad, the Druid, saw that the sons of Usnach were bent on the destruction of Conor himself, he had recourse to his arts of magic, and he cast an enchantment over them, so that their arms fell from their hands, and they were taken by the men of Ulster; for the spell was like a sea of thick gums about them, and their limbs were clogged in it, that they could not move. The sons of Usnach were then put to death, and Deirdré, standing over the grave, sang their funeral song.

The lions of the hill are gone,
And I am left alone—alone.
Dig the grave both wide and deep,
For I am sick, and fain would sleep!

The falcons of the wood are flown,
And I am left alone—alone.
Dig the grave both deep and wide,
And let us slumber side by side.

The dragons of the rock are sleeping,
Sleep that wakes not for our weeping.
Dig the grave, and make it ready,
Lay me on my true-love's body.

Lay their spears and bucklers bright
By the warriors' sides aright;
Many a day the three before me
On their linked bucklers bore me.

Lay upon the low grave floor,
'Neath each head, the blue claymore;
Many a time the noble three
Reddened these blue blades for me.

Lay the collars, as is meet,
Of their greyhounds at their feet;
Many a time for me have they
Brought the tall red deer to bay.

* * * * * *

Wo to Emain, roof and wall!
Wo to Red Branch, hearth and hall!
Tenfold wo and black dishonour
To the foul and false Clan Conor!

Dig the grave both wide and deep,
Sick I am, and fain would sleep.
Dig the grave and make it ready,
Lay me on my true-love's body!

So saying she flung herself on the grave and expired.

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## CURRENT EVENTS.

THE wreck of the *City of Washington* following so soon after the tragedy of the *Atlantic*, on the same coast, yet so far out of their proper course, calls very forcibly for enquiry whether there be no means whereby a greater amount of safety may be secured. In the more recent disaster the fault lay in the compasses. No means of correcting them by observations were taken—sun, moon and stars being all invisible, it is said, for several days previous to the disaster. Depending on the compasses no coast was supposed to be near. Why should the lead be thrown at such a distance from the land? Many are the disasters which have happened from trusting implicitly to the magnet, particularly since iron ships came into use. We direct attention to an interesting article on this subject in our present number.

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WE are glad to welcome Prince Edward Island in to the Dominion, and the consequent removal of all fiscal barriers. Trade can now flow freely to and from her shores. We are not concerned to notice under what party the union was effected, nor to enquire whether it should have been accomplished under the leadership of a Laird or a Pope. The Island is fertile, and though it may have been purchased at a high figure, it will do the Confederation no harm in the end. The adhesion of Newfoundland to the Dominion may be shortly expected. A railway across that Island will make it gravitate into Confederation as in the case of Prince Edward Island.

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THE Pacific Railway developments are the engrossing subject of all circles, but they are in such a condition that it is impossible to pronounce any positive opinion in regard to the degree of guilt attaching to the various parties concerned. As yet we have only had *ex parte* statements, some of them indeed on oath, not, as it would appear, above suspicion on that account. We had hoped that the Government would have been able to shew that their hands were clean, *perhaps* they may yet be able to do so.

THE Winnipeg correspondent of the Toronto *Mail* writes that one noteworthy feature connected with this year's emigration is the very general movement which appears to have commenced among Canadians and English people in the Northwestern States, who are leaving their American homes and taking up their abiding residence in Manitoba and the Northwest, under the shelter of the old flag once more. No doubt national sentiment has something to do with this, but the superior inducements which our Northwest offers have also great weight. Among these are, 1. The superiority of the soil; 2. The superiority of the climate; 3. The absence of the frightful storms in winter which do such damage in Minnesota and Dakota; 4. The almost entire absence of taxation. Already a number of persons from Michigan, Minnesota and Missouri have come in and taken up their claims, and they report that they are but the advance guard of a large emigration which will most surely follow.

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OF all the dependencies of the British Empire the most troublesome to the legislature of England is Ireland. It is an easy affair to manage the Canadas, or Australia, or New Zealand. Even India, with her rebellions and horrid massacres, is a quiet place and of easy government as compared with Ireland. Whigs and Tories are alike incompetent to produce a panacea for the ills which have from the time of Strongbow afflicted her. The Penal Laws have been repealed; the Emancipation Bill has been passed; the Tithe System has been abolished; the Tenant Right has been secured; the Episcopal Church has been cut adrift from the State, and the state of the country is as unsatisfactory as ever—not indeed, as regards material wealth, which grows, but as relates to party feeling and spirit, which is still bitter. It has been proposed by Lord John Russell to abolish the office of Lord Lieutenant, while other noble Lords have met this with a counter proposition that the Prince of Wales should assume the Vice-regal seat in the capital of Ireland. We notice, however, with satisfaction, that the last twelfth of July passed over peaceably, contrary to general expectation. And we trust that, without any more special legislation, Ireland may henceforth make that progress in the arts of industry to which the fertility of her soil and the genius of her sons alike entitle her.

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THE presence of the Shah of Persia in England during last month was a very noticeable event. He came from Brussels with a brilliant escort, was welcomed at Dover and Charing Cross by enthusiastic multitudes, was received with all royal honours by her Majesty, has been shewn round that he might see whatever was worth seeing, and might himself bless the vision of those who delight in royal personages. What lessons he has learned, how much information he will carry away, what advantage his visit

will be to his own or the English people, we cannot compute. It is said that he has done a large business with BARON DE REUTER, who, by a series of companies, is to give Persia railways, canals, telegraphs, peace, plenty and civilization. The Baron and those under him will be great men in Persia for the next seventy years, as they alone will be permitted to construct any of those works on which the material prosperity of the country is based. With the exception of mines of gold, silver and precious stones, the great contractor is to be allowed to work all government mines, on paying fifteen per cent. of the profits to the state. He may require the owners of private mines to hand them over to him unless they have worked them within five years. If he discovers a mine he is to pay nothing for it but the mere price of the surface. Forests and canals are handed over to him on similar terms. The government guarantees to him six millions sterling to help on his various enterprises, and for twenty-five years he is to receive all customs dues of the kingdom, giving to the Shah a progressive bonus on his present revenue. No other is to set up a bank or credit establishment until the Baron has considered whether he would not like to take the business into his own hands. The Sultan also is to provide the necessary labour of all these works at current prices. At present, Persia is poor, but she is to be made rich by DE REUTER. She would need it by all accounts. Whether it will really pay to make canals and railways in a country where population is poor and scant, is a question for the capitalist with his associates to consider. There are, no doubt, many important works which will pay the contractor and benefit the country. We may therefore congratulate Persia that she is to become to some extent a partaker of the wealth and civilization of the age.

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THE Khan of Khiva having been thoroughly beaten in the appeal to arms has been glad to make peace with Russia by paying a large indemnity. Probably we should have less interest in this war save for the ultimate designs which Russia is supposed to have in pursuing it. Great Britain thinks she sees, in every movement of Russia towards Khiva and Persia, a step in the direction of India. England's true policy is, without doubt, to sustain and build up both these powers as a barrier against the possible designs of Russia on the Indian Territories. Anything which tends to weaken these nations cannot be looked on without some anxiety. As far as the capacity for fighting is concerned the Khivans are weak enough. They made no resistance worth notice during the campaign, and even behind the walls of their city the shew of fighting was poor. We hear of five men killed and thirty or forty wounded in the Russian army by the Khivans, whose valour is magnified by the victors as though they were of desperate courage. The present war is concluded, and Khiva will be permitted to have peace till the indemnity is paid, when some cause of quarrel will

be readily found for a new aggression. It is to be hoped, however, that under BARON DE REUTER Persia may have her resources developed so that she may form a barrier against the hordes of Russia in their progress south towards the rich and fertile clime of India, upon which, distant as it is, Russia is supposed to aim as her ultimate goal.

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SPAIN is in a most unhappy condition. Taking advantage of the abdication of Amadeus, the Carlists have attempted to secure the sovereignty by force of arms. They seem to have had quite a series of successes, capturing what are called "armies." The latest telegrams indicate that the insurrection is making great progress. The Municipal authorities of Barcelona are said to be pressing into the service all men between twenty and forty years of age, and the news comes that the crews of five men-of-war have revolted, whom the government treat as pirates, while the Cortes denounce the government for such a proclamation. With war in Cuba, and intestine war, Spain seems rapidly going to ruin, unless she meets with some strong saviour. Should the insurgents gain rights as belligerents they may be ultimately successful.

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THE return of Sir Samuel Baker from, and his discoveries in, Central Africa we hail with pleasure. He has had a difficult time with the savage hordes through whose territories he journeyed. The traders in slaves and ivory were by no means prejudiced in his favour, as they had an idea that his presence would injure their trade, and spoil their profits,—no doubt a correct surmise. Between the traders and the Negro chiefs a plot was made to murder Baker by poison, which almost did its work, yet failed, when his ambassadors were killed, and war was levied on his small force by a mighty army before which he retreated, till coming to the border land of a friendly chief, he was enabled to turn the retreat into a pursuit. There appears to have been a much more deadly war between Baker and the slave traders and chiefs, than that between Russia and Khiva. Thirty of Baker's soldiers were slain by being fired on from the houses at Lazarita; but in return, the slave party being attacked lost one hundred and fifty, many prisoners being made, and the remainder being entirely dispersed. Baker then set himself to organize the districts in his possession, and the people seem to have settled down under his authority. Safety and quiet reigned everywhere. On his leaving he was cheered as "father" and "master" by the Negroes of Fatiko. A chain of stations has been formed, a route marked out, and "a thousand additional troops were sent to garrison these stations." No wonder they call this wonderful man PASHA. Then there is the wonderful discovery that lake Tanganika and Albert-Nyanza are the same lake—a magnificent inland sea, of not less than seven hundred miles in length—the largest inland lake in the world.

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THE

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## A MAGAZINE

OF

## Literature, Science, and Art.

SEPTEMBER, 1873.

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THE

# MARITIME MONTHLY.

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## NORTHWARD—HO!

OR,

### THE BEST ROUTE TO THE NORTH POLE.

BY REV. M. HARVEY, ST. JOHN'S, N. F.

MAN is a born explorer. His history shows him to us as a restless wanderer, "going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down therein." His first migration from the garden of Eden has been followed by countless and ever-widening waves of human population, flowing around the globe, and occupying its solitudes. No barrier, raised by the hand of nature, has long resisted the onset of the great human march. The first pioneers may have been baffled and beaten back; the earliest explorers, like a forlorn hope, may have perished; but over their dead bodies others have rushed on to victory. Man is determined that no part of his earthly inheritance shall remain unexplored; that no nook or cranny in his dwelling shall be allowed to hold a secret. The more determinedly nature has fortified any region against his approach, the more fiercely has he assaulted the ramparts. His feet have scaled the loftiest snow-clad peaks amid the mountain solitudes of the Himalayas, the Alps and the Andes, and traversed the scorched plains and penetrated the gloomiest forests. In his strong-knit ocean-ranger, he has dared the stormiest seas, and wrung from the sea its secrets. From the highest mountain-summit, crowned with its diadem of eternal snow, to the lowest depths of ocean, all nature is now being ransacked, and every one of her recesses invaded. Even in these solitudes, where as yet the foot-step of man has not resounded, there is something that whispers

of his coming. The far-off din of his approaching victorious march makes the air tremulous, and tells that the mighty conqueror is at hand. The very silence of these yet uninvaded recesses proclaims his name and prophesies his dominion. Nature awaits her king and eagerly listens for his footsteps. In the depths of American forests, where the sound of axe has never resounded, the winds, in their march amid the pine tops, murmur his name, and the rushing streams take up the secret and spread it far and wide over the plains, and at the glad intelligence "all the trees of the forest clap their hands." Nay, even in the icy solitudes around the pole, in the awful stillness of the arctic night, there is a murmur in the air which speaks of human approach, and predicts the not distant day when man will pierce these ice-barriers which have so long defied his efforts, and burst into the unknown waters of the Polar Sea. For all earth is given to man, as his fair domain, to gather up its treasures, and subdue it to his use and pleasure.

There are two regions which have hitherto withstood the most determined efforts of the explorer, and driven him back, baffled and defeated. I refer to those portions of the earth's surface which spread around the north and south poles. These extensive tracts nature has guarded with such formidable ice-ramparts, that the bravest navigators have failed to pierce them, although their attempts have been renewed again and again, during the last three centuries. If we take the north polar region, we find, first of all, around the north pole, an ocean of enormous extent, at least two thousand miles in diameter, and having an area of more than three millions of square miles. We find further, that this polar sea is almost entirely surrounded by land, and almost at a uniform distance from the pole; but that everywhere its shores are within the region of perpetual frost. The northern coasts of Asia and Europe, as well as those of America, terminate about 70° N. lat., which may be regarded as the general boundary line of the polar sea; but within this boundary, and separated from the mainland, are some of the largest archipelagos in the world. A glance at the map shows us vast land-masses, separated from the northern coasts of America by very narrow straits. Then comes Greenland, having an unknown northern extension, and on the east of it the extensive group of islands known under the name of Spitzbergen, the small island of Jan Mayen, Iceland, Nova Zembla, and the

new Siberian Island. Now, all around these shores and islands of the Polar Sea, there spreads a ring of ice, the extent of which towards the pole is yet undetermimed, but it is known to clasp the entire circuit of the globe, in these northern latitudes. From Nova Zembla to Spitzbergen, thence to Greenland and the American shores, on across Behring's Strait to the coasts of Siberia, this vast ice-belt extends, thus investing the polar regions with an icy rampart, against which all man's skill and endeavour have hitherto exhausted themselves in vain. Numerous attempts have been made to break through this ice-belt, in the hope of reaching an open sea around the Pole, but though the roll of Arctic heroes contains some of the noblest names in the records of fame, and though their deeds have added a new lustre to the pages of history and enlarged the boundaries of science, yet as far as the grand object of reaching the Pole is concerned, their story is one of defeat. True indeed the gallant McClure has, in our own day, solved the problem of centuries, and discovered the north-west passage between the Pacific and Atlantic oceans, without, however, being able to carry his vessel completely through; and it is also true that the shores of the Polar sea have been explored with a perseverance and success which leave little to be achieved in this direction. But still the vast Polar region, within the ice-belt, remains unknown; and so long as it is in this condition, must exercise a powerful fascination over the adventurous spirits of our race. While three millions of square miles of the surface of our planet around the north pole, and as many around the south pole, remain unknown, it is not to be expected that men will rest contented. All that they do know will avail some of them nothing, while this expanse is unknown. It will have a resistless charm for the bolder spirits who delight in danger, and will draw them irresistibly onward, in spite of every difficulty. Every avenue leading into this unknown region will be eagerly watched, every opening will be taken advantage of, in the hope of penetrating the ice-belt, and reaching the Pole. The achievement can no longer be reckoned an impossibility. All-conquering steam has given man an immense advantage in these days, in navigating ice-laden seas. Experience has taught him how to construct his ship, so as to make way through the floating ice-masses: and science has instructed him how to face the rigors of an Arctic winter and pass through them unharmed. The dangers of such explora-

tions are now greatly lessened: and there is a strong probability that, at no distant day, the Pole will be reached. Hope begins to beat high, and the passion for Arctic exploration has of late revived with increased intensity.

A glance at a map of the world shows us that there are but three gateways to the Polar Sea, through which its waters mingle with those of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. These are Behring's Strait, Smith's Sound, at the head of Baffin's Bay, and the great opening between Greenland and Nova Zembla. Experience has shown that of these three openings, that through Behring's Strait is the least hopeful for advancing Pole-ward, the heavy polar pack being invariably found to bar all progress north in that direction.

In consequence, of late years, this route has been practically abandoned by Arctic explorers. The favourite route of late has been through the ice-belt to the west of Spitzbergen: and by this gateway ships have approached nearer the Pole than in any other, with the exception of Captain Hall's late voyage in the *Polaris*, by way of Smith's Sound, in which he reached lat. 82° 16′ N. The Swedish expedition of 1868, in the iron steamer *Sophia*, attained the highest latitude by the Spitzbergen route,—namely, 81° 42′ N.: and in 1871 Mr. Leigh Smith reached 81° 24′ N., on the same meridian. By the same route, in 1806, Scoresby reached 81° 30′ 19″ N. These have been the nearest approaches to the Pole: and in every instance, they were arrested by the heavy northern ice-pack. That ships were enabled to penetrate so far, in a peculiarly favourable season, was probably owing to the fact that prevailing winds had broken a great mass off from the main pack and had driven it south very early in the spring, before the main pack began to move, thus leaving a broad open lane which would of course disappear when, later in the season, the main body began to move. This favourable condition of the ice, west of Spitzbergen, is exceptional, and occurs at distant and uncertain intervals. As a general rule, ships are stopped by the ice far short of the high latitudes already named, as having been reached by a few fortunate voyagers.

It is not difficult to discover the reason of vessels being able to attain a higher latitude by sailing up the west side of Spitzbergen rather than the east. The great Polar current, flowing from east to west along the coast of Siberia, sweeps round the north end of

Nova Zembla and drifts the Polar ice upon the east coast of Spitzbergen, blocking it up with ice during most seasons, and rendering navigation, in this direction, dangerous, and frequently impossible. On the other hand, the Gulf Stream strikes the south end of Spitzbergen and divides itself into two branches, one of which flows on to the Nova Zembla coast, where it mingles with the Polar current, while the other flows up the west coast of Spitzbergen and keeps it comparatively free of ice and renders navigation easier. Here it is that the Gulf Stream also meets the Polar current, and the former having a greater specific gravity in consequence of containing more salt than the Polar water, plunges into the depths, and, for a time, becomes a submarine current flowing in a contrary direction to that of the Polar current. Slowly and gradually it mixes with the colder current and is eventually lost in it. These great oceanic movements render navigation along the west coast of Spitzbergen comparatively easy, and have rendered this route specially interesting to Arctic explorers. Hitherto, however, no great success has attended their efforts to break through the ice-belt, with the view of reaching the Pole: and even the most enthusiastic are now inclined to abandon this route in despair.

While adventurers have been trying to force there way Pole-ward, along western Spitzbergen, others have been exploring the more difficult eastern shores and their outlying islands. The history of the various expeditions which, during the last three hundred years, have succeeded each other in this quarter, is one of absorbing interest, and contains some of the most thrilling records of human courage and endurance. None of them, however, surpasses in interest the story of the gallant Dutchman, William Barents, who discovered Spitzbergen, in 1596. While endeavoring to sail round Nova Zembla his ship was beset by ice, and, in consequence, he was compelled to winter in that desolate and frozen country. The journal of Barents and his companions, during that terrible winter of 1596, is one of the most touching tales ever written; while their escape, in two open boats, from that dismal country, after a perilous and painful voyage of eleven hundred miles, is among the most marvellous events on record. Barents, however, was overcome by the severity of the climate and died. Two hundred and seventy eight years afterwards, in the year 1871, Captain Carlsen found Barents's ancient winter quarters in Nova

Zembla. No man had entered that lonely dwelling for nearly three centuries. There stood the cooking-pans over the fireplace, the old clock against the wall, the arms, the tools, the drinking vessels, the instruments, and the books that had beguiled the weary hours of that long night, two hundred and seventy-eight years ago. The most touching of the relics was a pair of small shoes which had belonged to a little cabin-boy among the crew, who died. There was a flute too, once played by that poor boy, which will still give out a few notes. These interesting relics are now in a museum at the Hague.

The English and the Dutch were competitors in whaling adventures, around the Spitzbergen coasts, during the early part of the seventeenth century. The English mariners especially did excellent geographical work, and as shown in Purchas's Chart in the 3rd volume of "His Pilgrimes," they discovered and traced the outlying islands off eastern Spitzbergen,—Edge Island, Wiche's Land, North East Land, and several others. Within the last few years no less than five consecutive Swedish expeditions, between 1858 and 1872, have been despatched to Spitzbergen and have made very valuable collections and observations, chiefly on the southern and western coasts, but also extending to the eastern shores. The gallant enterprise of English yachtsmen has also been directed to this quarter, and in 1861, Mr. Lamont, and in 1867, Mr. Birkbeck made yacht voyages to Spitzbergen, with excellent results. Most interesting of all, however, have been the voyages of Mr. B. Leigh Smith, with the view of attaining the highest possible latitude, and of exploring the unknown lands to the eastward of Spitzbergen. A few weeks ago the newspapers informed us that he had started from Dundee, in the steamer *Diana*, in order to press further eastward, extend his important discoveries, and attain a high northern latitude. Thus England still retains her reputation as the leader in Arctic exploration. But we must not pass over the German expeditions, of the results of which as yet little is known. These expeditions owe their origin to the ardour of Dr. Augustus Petermann, the distinguished German geographer, and have been directed along the east coast of Greenland. The first of them took place in 1868. A tiny vessel, called the *Germania*, under the command of Captain Koldewey, with a crew of only eleven men, was despatched to the east coast of Greenland, but was soon beset in the great ice-stream which is ever pouring

along those shores. The *Germania* then struck for Spitzbergen and attained a latitude of 81° 5′ before she returned. The second German Polar expedition in 1869 was better organized, consisting of a small steamer named the *Germania*, and a store-ship called the *Hansa*. The latter was crushed in the ice, and the crew built themselves a house on an ice-floe of the patent fuel which they had on board, in which they drifted eleven hundred miles, and spent nearly eight months, at length getting round Cape Farewell and reaching Friedriksthal, on the west coast of Greenland. This wonderful ice-voyage has however been far surpassed by that of the *Polaris* party, who drifted more than two thousand miles on an ice-floe, with no better shelter than snow-huts, and living most of the time on seals. The steamer of this expedition had, however, fairer fortune than the *Hansa*. She succeeded in sailing up the east Greenland coast as high as 75° 30′, but was forced to turn back and winter in the Pendulum Islands, in 74° 30′. Here the voyagers met with musk-oxen: and on the whole passed a not unpleasant winter, as times go in these cool regions. On the 24th March a party of seven started northward over the ice, dragging a provision-laden sledge behind them, but after reaching a distance of one hundred and fifty miles from the ship, want of provisions compelled them to return. On the 27th of April they regained the deck of the *Germania*, laden with zoological, botanical and geological specimens, but very sceptical regarding the "open Polar Sea." As soon as navigation opened they commenced operations, and were fortunate enough to discover, in lat. 73° 15′, a branching fyord, stretching for a long distance into the interior of Greenland, and having on its shores peaks respectively fourteen thousand and seven thousand feet high. On the the 11th September they returned to Bremen, after an expedition which redounded to the credit of the German people, more especially as these were their first efforts in the Arctic field, but will certainly not be their last. In a scientific and geographical point of view, the results of the voyage possess much interest.

Thus all efforts to penetrate the ice-belt, on either side of Spitzbergen, have proved abortive. Despairing of success in this way, some explorers have tried to cross it in sledges. In 1827, Sir Edward Parry attempted to reach the North Pole by means of travelling with sledge-boats over the ice. Two boats were constructed for the purpose, the one commanded by Captain Parry,

the other by Lieutenant Ross. They proceeded in the *Hecla* to Spitzbergen, and there left their ship, starting in their sledge-boats with seventy-one days provisions. On reaching lat 82° 45′ N. he found the ice becoming loosened by the advancing season, and carrying him south faster than he travelled north, so that he was compelled to abandon the undertaking as hopeless. Equally fruitless have been the efforts of several courageous officers of the Russian service to cross the ice north of Siberia, in dog-sledges. The most distinguished of these explorers was Wrangell who in 1821 travelled one hundred and forty miles northward, and then found the ice so thin and rotten that he had to retreat. In 1823 he made an attempt to reach some high northern land, the snow-clad mountains of which, some natives reported could be seen from Cape Shelagskoi, on a clear summer's day. At the distance of seventy miles from land the ice was found to be unsafe, and Wrangell had to turn back. Lanes of water were opening in all directions, and the little party were in extreme danger, being without a boat. A gale of wind arose and split many of the floes into pieces. The dogs saved them by rushing wildly and swiftly towards the land. This northern land, though not seen by him, Wrangell thinks may possibly exist. It was sighted in 1867 by Captain Long, an American whaler, who approached from Behring's Strait, and is now marked on maps as "Wrangell's Land." Dr. Petermann holds that Greenland runs up to and projects over the Pole, meeting this land. This, of course, is merely a theory at present.

It thus becomes evident that there is no hope of making any important discoveries by the Spitzbergen route. The boldest and most skilful sailors have led expedition after expedition, and the dread Polar pack has proved too strong for human courage and ingenuity. The opening by Behring's Strait holds out even less encouragement. From the north end of Prince Patrick's Island to Behring's Strait, the most formidable pack in the Polar seas, bars all progress in that direction; so that no vessel has yet succeeded in sailing any great distance towards the Pole on the meridian of Behring's Strait. Captain Collinson reached 70° N, and Captain Kellett saw some high land in 72° N. These are the highest latitudes reached by this route.

Are we then to regard the unknown Polar region as unknowable, and abandon it to the dominion of the Frost King? Not so.

One door of hope remains "out of the valley of Achor." Smith's Sound seems destined to be the true gateway to the Pole: and here the hopes of all Arctic explorers are at length concentrated. It has this vast advantage over all others—that it is the only point in the whole circuit of the 80th parallel where lines of coast stretch away towards the Pole. The expeditions of Kane and Hayes, and the still more recent voyage of Captain Hall in the *Polaris*, have proved, beyond all question, that the land on both sides of Kennedy Channel is continued away beyond its termination at Cape Constitution, and stretches far towards the North Pole; while at the same time, it is now known that, in an ordinarily favourable season, the waters of both Smith's Sound and Kennedy Channel are navigable, by properly equipped vessels, and that it is possible to carry a ship, as was done in the case of the *Polaris*, beyond 82° N. With a coast line as a basis of operations, and a well-appointed ship in a high northern latitude as a starting point, all the elements of success are present, and to reach the Pole seems no impossible or even difficult achievement.

The world is indebted to the energy and perseverance of American explorers for opening up and making known this portal to the vast unknown North Polar regions. Though late in entering the field, America has done noble service in the cause of Arctic exploration; and with characteristic enterprise and courage, her sons have pressed forward into unknown regions, and already won a high place in the roll of Arctic worthies. With a true instinct, they fixed on Smith's Sound as the portal that was to lead to the Pole, and this at a time when the highest authorities in Europe either ignored or condemned this route. They persevered; and now among European geographers and the most eminent Arctic authorities, there is almost a perfect unanimity of opinion in favour of the route by Smith's Sound. At the close of last year, a deputation from the Royal Geographical Society of England waited upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the First Lord of the Admiralty, and presented a memorial in which the despatch of another Arctic expedition was earnestly urged. Sir Henry Rawlinson, Sir Henry Holland, Dr. Carpenter, and the veteran Arctic explorers Sir George Back, Admiral Collinson, Admiral Durmaney, Captain Sherard Osborn were members of this deputation. In their memorial they stated that, "seven years of unsuccessful labour in the direction of Spitzbergen have led to the

collection of further proofs, by the leaders of both the Swedish and German expeditions, that the experience of all previous navigators was not at fault as to the impracticability of penetrating the ice in that direction. Arctic authorities are now therefore unanimous in the opinion that the route by Baffin's Bay and Smith's Sound promises the largest amount of valuable scientific results combined with the best assurance of safety." The memorial closed with the following paragraph: "Universal interest continues to be felt in the examination of the unknown North Polar Region. Every first class power of Europe and America, except England, has sent forth expeditions for Arctic discovery during the last twelve years. These attempts have been watched with the deepest interest, and not without some feeling of shame, by the press and people of Great Britain; and there is now a very general feeling in this country, that the time has come for us again to assert our old pre-eminence in the field of Arctic discovery."

It is remarkable that though Smith's Sound was discovered as early as 1616, by Baffin, and named by him after Sir Thomas Smith, then one of the leading spirits of the East India Company, his discovery remained unverified and almost unnoticed for two centuries. At length, in 1818, Ross and Parry, in the *Isabella* and *Alexander* saw the land at the head of the bay, and named the two capes at the entrance of Smith's Sound after their two discovery ships. Captain Inglefield, in 1853, entered the sound, reached lat 78° 28′, but returned without landing on its shores. It was reserved for the gallant American explorer, Dr. Kane, in the same year, to be the first to lead an expedition into those distant northern regions, and to be the first civilized man who landed on and examined the shores of Smith's Sound. It is true Kane was in error in supposing that Sir John Franklin and his companions had made their way into the "open Polar Sea," and were shut in by the great ice-belt which girdles the globe, and which, after admitting them had closed behind them. But it was a noble impulse which prompted him to say "I will go after them into this unknown waste of waters where, as I believe, they are still alive and waiting for help; and, God helping me, I will either restore them to the hearts that are pining for their return, or, at all events, lift the mysterious veil that enshrouds their fate." Events proved that Sir John Franklin and his brave men per-

ished a thousand miles south of the scene of Kane's explorations. But the bold American was not mistaken in his conclusion that the true route to the Pole or to an "open Polar Sea," in which he devoutly believed, was to be found by Smith's Sound. He stood almost alone in that opinion; now the whole world has come round to his conclusion. Reasoning from the analogies of physical geography, he concluded that Greenland was a vast peninsula stretching away to the Polar Sea. He therefore determined to make Greenland itself the basis of his operations to force his vessel along its shores as far north as the ice would permit—then, having secured the brig in some creek or inlet, he proposed to send out travelling parties on sledges, drawn by dogs, carrying with them gutta-percha boats, explore the whole north-western coast, reach the extreme north of Greenland, and there embarking on the open water which he hoped to find, reach the Pole. How much he accomplished, in a little brig of one hundred and twenty tons, poorly provided for an Arctic winter, and with a crew of seventeen men, all the world has learned from his charming narrative. Never were awful sufferings and privations more gallantly endured. The most important result of his expedition was the discovery by Morton, one of his crew, of open water at the northern end of Kennedy Channel, which Kane fondly concluded was the long-sought open Polar Sea. We shall see presently that Captain Hall's voyage has disproved this notion, and shown that Morton saw only the waters of a bay which a strong current, in the warm days of summer, had cleared of ice.

In 1860, Dr. Hayes, one of Kane's companions, led a second American expedition, in the same direction, to follow up Kane's line of research. He was unable to carry his vessel farther up Smith's Sound than to 78° 17′, where he wintered in Port Foulke, and found abundance of animal life. In the face of tremendous difficulties, he succeeded, in the Spring of 1861, in exploring, by means of dog-sledges, the west coast of Kennedy Channel to lat. 81° 35′ N. His further progress was stopped by cracks and rotten ice. His conclusion was the same as that of Kane, that Kennedy Channel expands into the open Polar Sea. Unfortunately his vessel was so much injured by the ice that he had to abandon the project of pushing her farther North, and had to return home in July 1861. Dr. Hayes's narrative is second only to that of Kane in interest; and his survey of the western coast of Kennedy

Channel possesses great value. Speaking of the point at which his survey terminated, Dr. Hayes says: "Standing against the dark sky at the north there was seen in dim outline the white sloping summit of a noble headland — the most northern known land upon the globe. I judged it to be in latitude 82° 30′, or four hundred and fifty miles from the Pole." "All the evidences showed that I stood upon the shores of the Polar Basin, and that the broad ocean lay at my feet; that the land upon which I stood culminating in the distant cape before me, was but a point of land projecting far into it." Like Dr. Kane, however, the enthusiastic explorer was mistaken in his conclusions. The "open Polar Sea," if it exist, has yet to be discovered.

A third American expedition was led by Captain Hall, in 1871, the destination being once more Smith's Sound. With the results of that expedition the world was made acquainted in May last, the bearers of the news being a portion of the crew who had been accidentally separated from the *Polaris*, and who had drifted on an ice-floe not less than two thousand miles, from Whale Sound to the coast of Labrador. I shall now refer to Captain Hall's explorations only in their bearing on the question of the best route to the North Pole.

The original intention of Captain Hall was to enter Jones' Sound, on the west side of the "North Water" of Baffin's Bay, and to follow the coast of Ellismere Land to advanced winter-quarters, whence he hoped to reach the North Pole by travelling parties. On arriving at the most northern of the Greenland settlements, he found that the season was the most open which had been known for many years, and he was, in consequence, induced to change his original programme, and to proceed directly north, by way of Smith's Sound. By the most extraordinary good fortune, he got through Melville Bay, the "North Water," and up Smith's Sound without any serious obstruction from the ice. The run he made was indeed quite unprecedented. In eight days after leaving Tessinsak he had reached lat. 82° 16′ N., the highest to which a vessel had ever been pushed. He had passed Cape Constitution, the point on which Morton, of Kane's expedition, stood, when he saw, as he believed, the "open Polar Sea." Arrowsmith places this point in 80° 56′ N.; but Mr. Meyers, of Hall's expedition, found it to be farther south, in 80° 27′. Here Kennedy Channel narrows to fourteen or fifteen miles in breadth. At its

termination, the land, on the Greenland side, trends sharply eastward, and a sound sixty miles in width opens, having a bay, which Hall named Polaris Bay, on its eastern side. Having sailed for about eighty miles through this sound, Hall found himself entering a narrow channel, twenty-five miles wide, which he named "Robeson's Channel." The southern point of this channel he named Cape Lupton, being in lat. 81° 44′. After advancing about forty-five miles up Robeson's Channel, Hall found that it widened out suddenly, and that the Greenland coast again trended eastward, forming another sound or bay, the extent of which could not be determined. On the western side, land could be seen beyond 83° The *Polaris* was now in lat. 82° 16′, the narrowest part of Robeson's Channel. Here heavy ice was met, and there were divided counsels on board. The majority of the officers, with Captain Hall, were in favour of pushing for the western coast, and either trying to get farther north, or to find a harbour there in which to winter. Captain Buddington, the ice-master, was in favour of wintering in Repulse Harbour, in Robeson's Channel, in lat. 82° 9′. Meantime the pack came down and the *Polaris* drifted south with it through Robeson's Channel, and finally went into winter quarters in "Thank-God Harbour," Polaris Bay, on September 2nd, 1871. The attempt to get north was not renewed though the season was early for wintering, and the pack seemed to be far from impenetrable. In addition to Repulse Bay, another bay was discovered in Robeson's Channel which was named "Newman's Bay." It is about five miles wide at the mouth. Its southern point, "Summer Headland," is in lat. 81° 55′; its northern point, "Cape Brevoort," in 82° 2′.

It would appear that there were no insurmountable obstacles to the progress of the *Polaris* farther north; and it must ever be a matter of deep regret that, at all hazards, she did not press on, or try the western side before turning south. In his evidence before the Commission at Washington, Mr Meyers, meteorologist of the expedition, one of the party who escaped on the ice, said, that at the north end of Robeson's Channel, where it is narrow, the ice gathers and presses tightly. But, he added, "if any vessel could push through this narrowest part she could get as far as 85° or 86°, or even further." Mr. Meyers also stated that in the Spring of 1872, he made surveys of Newman's Bay and of the interior, and kept on travelling north-east until want of provisions com-

pelled the party to return. "I believe," he said, "I surveyed a little above 84° on the west coast; on the east coast about 80° 30′." His meaning, I think, must have been that he saw land at these latitudes on both sides, not that he actually surveyed the coast to these distances. The winter quarters of the *Polaris* were in lat. 81° 38′ N., long. 61° 44′ W. The melancholy death of the leader paralysed further efforts to get north, and the *Polaris* started for home in August, 1872, with results which are already well known.

There can be no doubt that Hall's important discoveries will give a fresh impulse to Arctic exploration, as they have proved beyond all doubt that Greenland stretches away towards the Pole at least as far as 84°, or within three hundred and sixty miles of the mysterious locality, having a channel, which is at times navigable, between it and Grinnel's Land, which also runs Pole-ward. The "open Polar Sea" of Kane and Hayes has vanished, and will henceforth be known as Polaris Bay. There is at present nothing to warrant a belief in any "open Polar Sea" in this direction. Hall's discoveries seem rather to sustain Dr. Petermann's hypothesis, that Greenland is prolonged right over the Pole, and joins the land seen by the American whalers who ran up Behring's Strait, in 1867. At present this hypothesis seems more in accordance with known facts than any other. Clearly, then, this is the only practicable gateway to the Pole, the one route which promises important results. The advantages of a coast-line prolonged to 84° and possibly to the Pole, are paramount. The exploration of a coast, by sledge travelling parties, is of infinitely more importance to science than the mere discovery of a coast-line by a ship. In the former case, the coast is accurately charted, and its fauna, flora, geology, ethnology and physical features are fully ascertained; in the latter case, a coast is seen and inaccurately marked by dotted lines, but no substantial additions are made to our knowledge. The voyage of the *Polaris* shows the advantage of her route over the Spitzbergen one. Not only did she make important geographical discoveries, but should she arrive home in safety, we cannot doubt that the records will show most important results from the coast surveys, the meteorological astronomical observations, and the knowledge of the fauna and flora of the highest northern lands which civilized man has reached, which

has been acquired by these daring voyagers, who, if they have not reached the Pole, have opened the way to it.

I believe it is Captain Sherard Osborne, one of the highest authorities in Arctic matters, who has suggested that the next attempt at Arctic exploration should be made in this fashion: The expedition should consist of two stout steam-ships expressly built for encountering ice, such as the Newfoundland sealing vessels, or the Dundee whalers. One of them would be stationed at the entrance of Smith's Sound, so as to preclude all possibility of danger to the more advanced party, in the improbable event of their vessel being lost. The other would press forward if possible to 84° or farther, and winter there. From such a position, parties could easily survey the whole northern coasts of Greenland and Grinnel Land and reach the Pole. The distance to the Pole and back would not exceed 800 or 900 miles. McClintock's and Mecham's sledge parties accomplished longer distances than these. The ascertained fact that the land stretches far north would render the work of these sledge parties comparatively easy. Meantime the ships could follow up deep-sea dredging in these unknown sea bottoms. The value to science of such explorations would, in all probability, be immense. Not only would there be obtained a knowledge of the northern coasts of Greenland and Grinnel Land, but of the ethnology, geology, fauna and flora of these northern latitudes. In their letter on the subject to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Royal Geographical Society, when referring to "the value and importance of the results which a well-appointed expedition must yield, in exploring nearly two million square miles of unknown ground within the 80th parallel of north latitude," remarked that "such an expedition ought to lead to the solution of the numerous important scientific questions in physical geography, geology, natural history, terrestrial magnetism, anthropology and meteorology." "The Society, after a careful consideration of the subject, is convinced that its geographical results would be of great value." "Apart from the purely scientific point of view, the various explorations of the Arctic regions, by British navigators, have, since 1818, redounded to the national honour and repute, and have, in no small degree, contributed to keep alive, through a long period of peace, the spirit of courage, enterprise and self-denial which is so essential to the character of the seamen of a great maritime nation." Regarding the risk of

such expeditions, the letter remarks: "The experience acquired between 1850 and 1872, during which period expeditions commanded by British, American, Swedish and German officers have safely, and at many points, gone to and fro within the Arctic circle, has proved that, with the help of steam and other modern appliances and of the knowledge gained concerning the proper organization of travelling parties, Arctic exploration, under judicious leadership, is not unduly dangerous." In reference to the last point referred to it may be remarked, that the employment of steam has revolutionized ice-navigation within the last ten years. Vessels intended for encountering ice, in these high latitudes, are built immensely strong, and either have angle irons round the bows or iron stem-pieces and side-pieces of iron. The bows are sharp, so that they can charge the ice at full speed, rise to about six feet, and then come down upon it with crushing force. Thus the facility with which they can cleave their way through the ice-fields is vastly increased since the days of sailing vessels, and the work can be done with far greater safety. Experience has also shown that with due care in regard to the food and clothing of the men, and proper attention to warmth and ventilation on board, men may enjoy as perfect health in the Arctic regions as in any other part of the earth.

The existence of an open sea around the North Pole is still undetermined; but the recent discoveries of Captain Hall and the experience of the German and Swedish expeditions seem to render it more doubtful than before. The most distinguished English authorities in Arctic matters are altogether opposed to the theory of an open Polar Sea, but eminent names may be quoted in support of it. At present, the weight of evidence seems decidedly against it.

After all, many people will be inclined to ask, "What can we hope to gain by boring our way through ice-fields, and scrambling over ice-hummocks in order to reach the Pole? Why spend toil and money, and risk human life in these profitless explorations?" Those who raise objections on this ground to any further Arctic expeditions, do not seem to be aware of the fallacious assumption that pervades their reasoning. They assume that no good can follow from acquiring a knowledge of this portion of creation. But the truth is, no man can tell what important results may flow from the discovery of any new fact, or any new law of nature. When

Volta saw the legs of some dead frogs which he was dissecting quivering when in contact with certain metals, who could have foreseen that the issue of that discovery would be Atlantic Cables flashing intelligence between the two hemispheres! Watt's tea-kettle, with its little head of steam, led on to the building of the *Great Eastern*. The grandest results in science have sprung from the seemingly unimportant observations of those who were investigating truth for its own sake. Many problems in terrestrial magnetism have yet to be solved. No man can say whether the observations made by the patient scientific investigator, in the neighbourhood of the Pole, may not revolutionize our whole system of telegraphy, and so affect ultimately every department of human action. Let every realm of nature be fearlessly explored, in the confidence that each discovery will, in the long run, be found to subserve human well-being, and aid in extending man's lordship over his terrestrial heritage.

Moreover, "man does not live by bread alone." The quickening, elevating impulse of these daring adventures amid the ice-fields of the Polar regions are incalculable, in a moral point of view. They lift us above the routine of our poor plodding existence. They show us that heroism is not dead—that there still dwells nobleness in human hearts. What were life, divested of all its poetry and romance? So long as the Poles hold their secrets, brave spirits will be found to dare everything in search of them: and our sympathies will never be withheld from those who risk all to conquer for us new realms of nature.

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## CENTRAL ASIA.

BY CONSERVATOR.

A REVIEW of the "Central Asian Question" will be best approached by a brief reference to our Indian frontier; as divested of all addenda this question is simply, with respect to ourselves, the manner in which we can best check the advance of Russia upon the borders of Hindostan, while on the part of the Czar, acquisition of territory, without if possible embroiling Russia with England; but still, a greed for fresh conquests, at all risks, seems to be a not unreasonable phase of a topic, which has recently received much attention throughout this Empire.

The strategical side of this question is a most interesting study, and one on which much might be said, but its discussion would involve the aid of military maps, which cannot be here afforded, and a length far beyond the limits of this article. Strategy is, however, succinctly referred to when occasion requires, and this subject may be pursued at will by the reader. These pages simply profess to narrate certain proceedings connected with events touching the question under discussion, and to describe briefly particular portions of Asia, which by the aid of an ordinary map may, with little difficulty, be studied. Should the perusal of this paper tempt the reader to pursue its subject, the humble efforts of the author will be more than compensated.

It has not been forgotten that, in the year 1839, the British forces in conjunction with our then allies, the Seiks, crossed the Indus, and penetrating the Bolam Pass reached Cabul, and that in 1841 occurred that fearful disaster by which our army was cut to pieces, except a remnant which, for a time, was driven out of Afghanistan. But however sad the memories which these events recall, the bright pages of history which reflect the victories of Pollock in 1842 serve to soften the recollection of the loss of faithful soldiers who, in defeat, grasped at the laurels of victory.

The year 1843 is celebrated in the annals of British India by Napier's conquest of Scinde, and the year 1849 is commemorative of the glorious victories of Chillianwallah and Goojerat, by which we subdued the Punjab, and extended our boundary to the present frontier, at the foot of the Afghan Mountains. This frontier line is protected by a series of fortified stations, running from south to north. These are Jocobabad, Dera Ghazee Khan, Dera Ismael Khan Bunnoo, Kohat, Peshawar, Hotemimdan, and Abbotabad, besides several minor posts, about twenty miles apart, at the foot of the before named mountains. Peshawar, situated at the mouth of the Kyber Pass, is the chief of all the foregoing posts. It commands the road to Cabul, and is held by a large force of the regular army, while the other posts are defended by the Punjab and Scinde native forces, between whom and the fierce tribes which inhabit the mountains an almost constant warfare exists, owing to frequent outrages on the part of these hill tribes, which necessitate summary chastisement at our hands. Our strategical position in this region stands at the foot of a line of mountains

with the mighty Indus at our backs—our duty is to hold at all hazards this narrow strip of Trans-Indus country.

The north-western frontier of British India having been thus succinctly referred to, a glance at the countries across this frontier will not be amiss, as having, with reference to our military position in that locality, an important bearing on our external policy. These countries are Cashmere and Ladak, Turkistan, Afghanistan, and the three nominally independent Khanates of Khiva, Bokara and Kohand.

Cashmere and Ladak, although included in our border, are only partially under our protection, being governed by the Chief of the former province, who maintains an army and wages war at his pleasure. We have a British representative at Cashmere, but no troops, and within the past year or two, we have also had an agent at Leh, the chief town of the province of Ladak. The people who inhabit these states are said to be for the most part poor, quiet and inoffensive. Cashmere has been often described, and from authentic sources Ladak, we learn, is almost similar to it in topographical features, it will therefore suffice to delineate these regions as composed almost entirely of great chains of mountains, sheltering deep and fruitful valleys, studded with numerous lakes which bask in glorious sunshine, while the mighty mountain ranges, which seem to bar all access to southern lands, are furrowed by countless streams which rise in the northern plateaux.

Ladak being less known than Cashmere, it may not be uninteresting to the reader to depict a few of its leading characteristics before proceeding to portray the other countries which adjoin our Eastern possessions. This mountainous land is spoken of as singularly well placed for enquiries with respect to the geographical history of Central Asia, and to the study of its inhabitants. There may be seen the wild-looking Afghan, with his long black curls, and an old flint lock pistol in his girdle. He has spent the preceding summer in Samarkand, where he has inspected the Russian cantonments and compared them with those of our troops in India, where he has been spending the winter. Hot tempered, and apt to shorten a bargain, when tired of haggling, by a volley of abuse or a blow, he is courteous in his manners, although free spoken when not excited. Next comes the stoutly built pig-tailed tea merchant from Lhassa, in Greater Tibet, who has no manners at all. He is simply a good humoured looking barbarian, with an

ever ready grin, eyes set so far forward, and a nose so far back, as to form an almost flat round surface for a countenance. Then comes the handsome Jewish looking man of Badakshan, with his casket of precious stones, and the Chinaman from Yarkand, rather depressed looking and without his pig-tail, for he has to turn Mussulman to save his life, since the great slaughter of his countrymen in 1864.

After that the yellow-robed Lama of Tibet, on his ambling mule, on an ecclesiastical mission to inspect the subordinate monasteries of western Tibet. This individual is not communicative and ignores conversation, but the Yarkand Haji is more sociable. He has combined spiritual and worldly profit by a trading journey through India, wound up by a pilgrimage, per steamer, from Bombay to Mecca.

In the same crowd we have the half-naked Indian *Jogi*, or fanatic, covered with ashes and shivering in the cold; the Sikh merchant, the Dogra soldier, and other Indian types too numerous to mention. Such are some of the sources from which one has to gather information. The best point in them is, that the intelligence cannot be concentrated between men of such different origins. Hence whenever their testimony agrees, it is likely to be true.

Afghanistan, which lies just beyond our north-western border, next claims our attention. That part of it which is situated on our side of the Hindoo Koosh consists of narrow sheltered valleys, lying between lofty mountains, spurs of which radiate southwards, and traverse and divide the land from end to end,—one of the principal of these chains, the Soliman, forming the boundary with our dominions. It is ill adapted for military operations, except on a small scale, being rugged and comparatively poor, with few good roads. The Afghans are a brave, warlike race, incessantly quarrelling amongst themselves, but ever ready to combine against the common enemy. They have long suffered under the misery of miserable government and distracted rule, features which distinguish all the countries of Central Asia. Although the Afghans travel freely in our territory, no Englishman dare venture alone even to the foot of the mountains, much less penetrate the screen of hills which shuts off Afghanistan from India. That kingdom, (Afghanistan,) if it be entitled to that appellation, consists of a number of rather loosely knit states,

lying principally to the south of the Hindoo Koosh range. The chief towns are Herat, Cabul, Ghuznee, and Candahar. There are also outlying provinces, namely Badakshan and Wakhan, to the north of the mountain range, which owing to the diplomatic correspondence which has passed respecting them between the Russian and British Governments have recently attracted much public attention, and now claim more than a transient comment. For a long time these countries were in a state of uncertain dependency between the Usbegs and the Afghans, but in 1869 Dost Mahommend Khan fairly overran the districts and incorporated them in his empire: and there could be no doubt that from that time they had been *bona fide* Afghan dependencies. The settlement of the question, then, as to what were the limits of this territory in tracing the frontier of Afghanistan, would at first sight appear to be easy of solution, but for the existence of certain geographical irregularities which seemed somewhat difficult of adjustment. For instance, the districts of Roshan and Shignan and the Ruby Mines, though belonging to Afghanistan were to the north of the Oxus, while, on the other hand, a portion of Darwaz belonging either to Khokan or Bokara stretched across the river to the south. One irregularity, however, balanced the other, and the due distribution of the territory was not greatly affected by the adoption of the course of the river Oxus as the boundary of the Afghan kingdom. To this view of the question the Russian government did not at first assent; but on considering the difficulty of establishing facts in all their details in such distant parts, and also considering the great facilities which the British government possesses for collecting precise data with respect to Badakshan and Wakhan, Prince Gortchakoff did not refuse to accept the boundary laid down by England, and in a despatch on this subject of the 31st January last, says; "We are the more inclined "to this act of courtesy as the English government engages to use "all her influence with Shere Ali, in order to induce him to main- "tain a peaceful attitude, as well as to insist on his giving up all "measures of aggression or further conquest. This influence is "indisputable. It is based not only on the material and moral "ascendency of England, but also on the subsidies for which "Shere Ali is indebted to her. Such being the case we see in this "assurance a real guarantee for the maintenance of peace." It is therefore now agreed that the northern boundary of the Afghan

"and bring water to the troops, by which they could get over "their last march. The veterans marched steadily and even "jested at the distant mirages, but the young soldiers showed "some signs of discouragement. One of the young soldiers cried "out to his comrades, are we not soldiers as well as the others? "Are we going to yield to the old men of the regiments of Schir- "van and Apschron? This young fellow had the good luck to be "overheard and the Commandant promoted him at once."

These three principalities, independent of each other and frequently at war, are now being gradually overwhelmed by that great wave of Russian invasion, which, slowly but surely, is approaching from the north, and which must ultimately absorb them into one kingdom. Speaking of this advance of the Russians, Brigadier-General John Adyr, R. A., in a recent lecture, says: "Whatever changes the advance of Russia may make, and "however much or little it may ultimately affect our position in "the East, one can hardly regret that an end should be put to "these governments, which for a long period of time, by their "tyranny, fanaticism and depravity have been a curse to the "people placed under their rule."

But however much the rulers of these countries may abuse the power, which, as a rule, they arrogate to themselves, in a semi-barbarous country like Khiva, orderly government is, of course, out of the question, for the Khan, though a despotic chief in every sense of the word, is ever exposed to the poniard and the poison of his subjects.

It may not be out of place to dwell somewhat longer on Khiva than on the other two principalities, as the present advance of Russia towards that territory has attracted towards it more than ordinary attention. The towns and villages of this country are, as in all Central Asia, composed of mud huts, disposed in irregular, dirty, and dusty streets, surrounded by walls in ruins, in and outside of which are gardens and fields.

Khiva, the principal town, lies on two water courses belonging to the net work of the Palban Ata canal, and is protected by a clay wall, about five miles in circumference and ten feet high. Within this wall is another about two or three miles in circumference and twenty-two feet high, the foundations and tower portions of which are twenty-eight feet thick. This interior wall protects the palaces of the Khan, the houses of the most important

dignitaries and some ecclesiastical schools, of which there are no less than twenty-two in the place. The better to defend the inner town, which serves as a citadel, twenty guns are placed on the walls. The space between the outer and inner wall is to a great extent planted with gardens, and contains the summer residence of the Khan. The population of the town, which contains seventeen mosques, and three hundred shops, is twenty thousand.

Kungrad is a town of about eight thousand inhabitants, is situated on the Taldik branch of the Amou, and surrounded by a wall and moat, part of the wall being protected by water. The people live in tents, the houses being in ruins. There is not any artillery at this place.

Khadsheilli, fifty miles south-east of Kungrad, on the canal Suvali, has poor fortifications, intended to protect the town from the Turcoman tribes. It contains eight thousand inhabitants, with a garrison of thirty men.

There are some other towns, the principal of which is Khasar Asp, thirty-five miles east of Khiva, and considered, next to the capital, the best fortified town of the state, the wall being both high and solid. The condition of the artillery equipment is not well known; population about four thousand. The other places of Khiva, though mostly fortified according to the custom of the country, hardly deserve the name of towns.

In a military point of view Khiva is the weakest of all Central Asia states. The small force of five hundred infantry, and one thousand cavalry, armed with muskets, swords and bayonets, which the Khan keeps as a permanent guard, will be of little, if any, use in the field. They might, however, be turned to account by sending them to garrison the principal towns, all Asiatics fighting much more courageously behind walls than in the open field. With respect to cannon, although but twenty guns are mounted on the citadel of Khiva, it is known that in 1869 there were sixty guns in the arsenal. The irregular forces, enlisted on extraordinary occasions, chiefly consist of cavalry of little value. It is said that twenty thousand horsemen can be collected on an emergency, mostly Turcomans, a dangerous race to entrust with the defence of any community.

Of the several principal roads by which Russian troops may be marched against Khiva, the shortest is that from Kasalnisk to

Irbai, Irkebai Daukara to Khiva, and is in length five hundred and twenty miles. It would be tedious to enumerate the other routes, all of which are scantily supplied with water and grass, and offer considerable difficulties to the march of a numerous force. It is the knowledge of this circumstance which has persuaded the Khivese that the saints will continue to protect the ancient country of Khaveson as formerly. But as the Russians advance beyond the border of the Khanate all serious resistance will propably cease.

The attention of the reader has been already drawn to the difficulties attendant upon the present Russian advance on Khiva, and an extract respecting the great heat encountered by a detachment of troops has been quoted, the writer now offers another extract on this point, taken from the pen of an officer attached to the Russian Expeditionary force: "Late at night on the 24th February we started from Orsk upon our unknown journey across "the boundless steppe. The road is marked in the white snowy "valley by a broad well-beaten rut, along the sides of which are "placed bunches of grass in mounds of earth or snow. The "presence of Khirghez steppe is denoted by the boundless "distance blending with the horizon and producing unaccountable "melancholy, and a feeling of desolation.

"This night, the 25th February, the thermometer registers 20° "Reaumur, or according to the Khirgheze, a frost of six khalats, "because the harder the frost or the greater the heat, the more or "fewer khalats are worn.

"The houses of the Commandant and the other officials at Fort "Karabatak are cold and wretched, and cannot boast of any "comfort. If the officials posted in this region, and thus separated "from the rest of the world, cannot satisfy the most ordinary "needs of life, of course only the direct necessity will compel his "men to remain in the service with the prospect of living in such "an out-of-the-way hole.

"On the 26th February we arrived at Irghiz, a snow storm two "days before our arrival had deposited such a quantity of snow "that we were able to reach Irghiz on sledges, though at the last "station we found the sand bare in places, and our tired little "horses had great difficulty in dragging our sledges over these "spots."

Having now offered to the reader a somewhat brief geographical

sketch of the countries which are so closely connected with the subject under consideration, it is proposed to give a succinct narrative of the events which have led to the advance of Russia towards our Indian frontier.

Expeditions, for commercial purposes, from Europe through Russia to India and China commenced as early as the 9th century, and the stream thus set in motion induced Russia to follow the same direction for purposes of commerce and conquest. From the 13th to the 16th century intercourse between Europe and India, through Astrakan, was frequent, and only discontinued when the route round the Cape was discovered. Russia, however, continued her advance, and since that time has steadily progressed towards the extension of her empire in Central Asia. Peter the Great commenced operations by sending exploring parties up the Oxus. The idea of invading India, by way of Herat, was seventy years ago adopted by Russia, the nearest point of her territory being then twelve hundred miles from that city. This distance is now not quite four hundred miles by way of Khaja Salib and Merv. This project of invasion revived with the Treaty of Tilsit in 1807, and re-appeared for the third time during the Crimean war, adding one more proof, were any required, that an aggessive idea once adopted by Russia is never abandoned. The scheme of annexing Khiva was conceived and attempted by Peter the Great in 1707, resolved on by Nicholas in 1830, attempted by him in 1841, disavowed by Alexander II. in 1869, and accomplished by him in 1873. In 1828 Russia having hastily concluded the Treaty of Turkumanchai with Persia, entered into an agreement with that power to share the spoil, consequent on the reduction of Khiva by these two countries, and would have commenced operations had not the Russian army been called off to suppress the revolution in Poland. 1854 saw the Russian Posts advanced eight hundred miles from the original base of operations, where strong fortified forts were built. In February, 1865, the Emperor raised, by Imperial ordinance, the new acquisitions of Russia in Central Asia into a Province, of which General Tchernieff was appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief, with fifteen thousand men to enable him to maintain authority. On the 14th May, 1868, the Russian forces captured Samarkand, and entered it triumphantly on the 14th June. Bokara was subsequently virtually annexed, and on the 3rd November, 1869, the son of its ruler

went to St. Petersburgh, did homage there, and petitioned for the succession. The advanced posts of Russia are now, on the eastern side, pushed forward to the crests of the Tian Shan range, and are looking down upon Chinese Tartary, the province of Kulja having been taken about a year and a-half ago, and the Russians are said to have established a trading factory at Kashgar. Thus Russia, by steadily pursuing her career of conquest, has gradually been able to creep up to a position so near our frontier as to exercise at will a disturbing force, and to render us uneasy for the peace of our dominion in India. To guard against which the late Lord Clarendon, in 1869, considered it expedient to address the Cabinet of St. Petersburgh respecting Central Asia, and suggested, in order to avert future political complications, that some line should be drawn beyond which Russia should not extend her conquests. The Russian Government, in reply, acquiesced as to the desirability of recognizing an Afghan frontier, as nothing would be more in accordance with Russian wishes than a line of demarcation of this sort drawn so near the Anglo-Indian boundary, and promised to furnish correspondence explanatory of her views as to the contemplated line. The matter then remained in abeyance until October last, when Lord Granville re-opened the question and reminded the Russian Government that Great Britain had not yet received the long promised document explaining the wishes of the Cabinet of St. Petersburgh upon the proposed boundary line, reviewed at some length the views of our Minister upon the matter in hand, and finally proposed a line so that the provinces of Badakshan and Wakhan should be included therein, to which proposition Prince Gortchakoff courteously conceded. The *Times*, in referring to this concession on the part of Russia, says: "It must be eminently satisfactory to the "country that the correspondence respecting the affairs on Central "Asia closes with a complete concession on the part of the Russian "Government of the immediate point in dispute, and that this "concession is made in terms which materially enhance its value."

Opinions, however, vary in England as to the diplomatic tact of the British Government in thus determining a boundary to the conquests of Russia. It is thought, and not without reason, that it would have been more expedient not to have raised this point, and to have preserved, as it were, an elastic frontier, which could be expanded or shrunk to suit the pulse of either nation.

This feature of the recent arrangement is thus portrayed in a leading article in the *Broad Arrow*, and exhibits the light in which many well informed Englishmen regard this particular phase of the Central Asian question: "In fixing a limit to her conquests, "we give a tacit consent, if not direct encouragement, to an "advance up to that limit; and as a single step further would "have to be met with promptitude and rigour, we in reality enable "her to force a quarrel upon us whenever it may suit her purpose "to do so."

This opinion is, however, extremely questionable. It is true Russia has got rather more territory than she at present wants, and is permitted to advance to the boundary of a state, one border of which is in close proximity to our Indian frontier. But, then, the Czar knows exactly our attitude towards him. We have come to a most explicit arrangement. There has been no vagueness in the understanding. We have plainly said "so far may you come and no further." Let us then hope that the promptitude and rigour pointed out by the *Broad Arrow* may not be wanting should the Muscovite force upon us a quarrel which we do not seek, but which, when thrust upon us, must be settled by an appeal to arms, to those who in England's hour of need never failed. To this end we should be always prepared, the plea of the want of ample warning cannot here be admitted as an excuse for incapacity when the day of strife arrives. The design on the part of Russia of invading India is not novel. The idea was entertained by that power in 1807, when it was proposed in conjunction with the French on the plains of Persia to move from Astrabad through the cities of Meshed, Herat, and Candahar, to the Indies. For a still later plan, we refer to Captain Trench's recent lecture upon the Central Asian Question, when he writes: 'My authority for this "statement is the late Major-General F. R. Chesney, who in a "letter to me upon this topic, written now more than three years "ago, says: 'Mr. Vincent Germain, assistant to the French "Consul at Aleppo, when I landed in Syria in 1831, informed me "that he had been employed by the Emperor Napoleon in 1810 to "make the necessary arrangements and inquiries with a view to "the construction of rafts from the forests behind Marash, and by "these means to descend to Bassorah, his proposed pivot of oper-"ations against India, after landing his army at the mouth of the "Orontes, * * * "there can be no doubt that Napoleon con-

"templated the invasion of India by the line of the Euphrates as "well as by the united operations of Russia from Astrabad.'"

Whatever may have been the reasons for the abandonment of these schemes of invasion, the former route to India is beset with less difficulties than appear at a casual glance. With respect to this track, General Adyr in his lecture on Central Asia says: "Further to the westward towards the Caspian, where the great "range of the Hindoo Koosh begins to die away into the plains, the "scene somewhat changes, and several routes which converge in "Herat afford greater facilities for military movements. It is "this fact which gives Herat its strategical value as being on the "exposed flank as it were of the Hindoo Koosh and on the road "to Cabul and Candahar, and therefore to India via the Kyber "and Bolam Passes. The distances are, however, considerable, "(forty marches from Astrabad to Herat,) and we must bear in "mind that the road for the whole distance lies rather in Persia "or Afghanistan."

The difficulty here insinuated by General Adyr, as attendant upon a march through the countries named by him is of course dependent upon the attitude of those kingdoms towards an invading army. At the present moment, Persia and Afghanistan are friendly towards Great Britain. The Shah is now the guest of England, and Shere Ali has received at our hands kindness, presents, and pecuniary assistance. But what guarantee have we for the continuance of friendly relations towards us on the part of these potentates. Intimidation or the promise of some Turkish provinces may gain Persia to the side of Russia, and an understanding that the Afghans may plunder as much as they please in the rich districts of Lahore and Delhi, may secure the less amenable Shere Ali or his successor, as an ally of the Czar. These suppositions are perhaps more than speculative, but for the sake of argument assume them to be substantiated, and it is not illogical to infer that the recent reply of the Russian Cabinet to Lord Granville would have called for a much less flattering eulogium than that which the *Times* bestowed upon it. To proceed in this strain of reasoning, let it be assumed that Russia with Persia and Afghanistan are about to invade India, may it not be then inferred that other states than England must take an interest in the quarrel, and that Germany, whose arms now rest upon the Rhine and the Moselle, and of which the people still regard England as the corner stone of western civilization, would not feel more than

inclined to watch the Oxus and the Caspian. Were the author to continue in this speculative vein, the many phases of the Central Asian Question thus multiplied *ad infinitum* would quite bewilder the reader and weary a peruser who, perhaps, if initiated into a few of the leading points of the topic under discussion, which is all that is aimed at in this paper, would pass many an hour in seeking information of the countries north of India and in studying the character and habits of the people who inhabit these hitherto unknown regions.

Before quitting the consideration of the routes by which it is supposed a Russian army may advance towards India, it may be as well to observe that to reach the plains of Chinese Turkistan the ranges of the Tian Shan must be traversed, passes 17,000 and 19,000 feet must still be surmounted. These great ranges of the Himalayas are quite impracticable for military operations on an extended scale, roads for the restricted commerce of light goods can alone be constructed. Sir Henry Rawlinson says that "in all "history there is no instance of an invader having ever attempted "to descend upon India, either by the Polu or Chang Chemmo "routes from Eastern Turkistan." It may then be said that the route by Persia and Afghanistan is alone practicable for military operations on a large scale.

In the course of this article an attempt has been made to describe our Indian frontier line, and that which Russia has accepted at our hands as the extent of her conquests. To invite the reader to a slight acquaintance with the countries known as the regions of Central Asia, and to reveal the progress, step by step, which Russia has made during many centuries towards our Eastern possessions, it is now proposed to endeavour to describe the events which have led to the present advance on Khiva. In the month of November last, owing to numerous outrages and insults committed by the Khivans against Russian subjects, an expedition, under the command of Colonel Markosoff, was despatched against these depredators. This expedition nearly reached Khiva, but was eventually surprised and forced to retreat. Of course, Russia can no more afford to be beaten in Turkistan than we could afford to be driven from the banks of the Sutlej, or from the wilds of Abyssinia. Several columns have therefore been sent against Khiva to preserve Russian prestige in the East. One of these columns, it may be observed, attacks Khiva, not from the west but from the east, not from Russia but from Turkistan,

thereby showing that Russia has established herself in regions more remote from her frontier than even the country invaded. These facts prove, were anything necessary to prove the statement, that Russia is already a gigantic Asiatic Power. Her vast domains extend the whole breadth of that Continent, and swarm with Cossack posts. She now simply seeks to emerge southwards—through some of the few openings on the long unbroken Siberian frontier, which stretches from the Caucasus to the Sea of Okhotsk—on the tracts of the fertile country of the Khanates.

Then what more cause to fear Russia have we now than formerly. We have long known her supremacy on the Asiatic Continent; we have long known her to be aggressive and to be advancing slowly but surely towards India. We have recently drawn the line to which the Muscovite may proceed in his career of conquest, and he has accepted our *fiat* with apparent courtesy. Should an invasion really take place we are not unprepared. Conciliatory measures and invitations to join our Councils have won the natives of India to submit to the mild sway of Her Beloved Majesty, and it is questionable if the rule of the Czar would be in any way acceptable to the Hindoos. We may therefore reasonably count upon the cordial support of our Indian subjects, added to which the incalculable advantage of fighting on our own soil, which in itself points to victory, unless most unforeseen contingencies should occur, leaves little doubt of our ultimate success. Such are the opinions of Lord Lawrence, Sir Henry Rawlinson and Brigadier General John Adyr,—authorities not to be despised on matters connected with Indian affairs. These opinions have not been arrived at without much thought, deep research and profound calculation. It might therefore be considered presumptuous were the author of these pages to respectfully endorse the views of his superiors, but, even at the risk of such an imputation, he, in common with many of Her Majesty's subjects who reason and think, does advocate the views of an ex-Viceroy, and clings to the belief that when the exercise of diplomatic art fails, and when the Czar, impelled forward by

> "Vaulting ambition which o'er-leaps itself
> And falls on the other——"

to snatch the gauntlet which we have thrown down on the frontier line, that he will there find the ever ready British soldier, and around him Rajahs and Chiefs, with banners aloft emblazoned with the words *Quis separabit.*

# CANADIAN LITERATURE.

BY J. W. LONGLEY, A. B., HALIFAX, N. S.

LITERATURE, in its broadest and truest sense, is cosmopolitan. No man can gain a world-wide fame as an author whose works do not contain sentiments applicable to men of all nations—to humanity at large. These are very simple principles, and pretty generally understood and acknowledged. This fact seems to render appropriate,—perhaps necessary—some general observations on the subject at the head of this article, particularly at the present time.

Any one who is interested in the progress of literary enterprise in this Dominion cannot fail to notice the activity which is apparent, at present, in literary circles. Where only a few years ago there was scarcely a single publication that pretended to be either literary or scientific, there are now to be found very respectable periodicals, both weekly and monthly, which appear to be alive and progressive, and, in some instances, decidedly creditable. Where a short time since our very school books and novels came from American Publishing Houses, we have now a comparatively long Catalogue of Publishers, who are vieing with each other in fresh adventure each day. This new activity seemed to spring into existence at the inauguration of the Act of Confederation, and it seems, indeed, most reasonable that this measure should have borne such fruits. When we consider the proportions and pretensions of the political organization of Canada, it surely seems only natural and just that the matter of a distinctive National Literature should become interesting to our ablest men and best patriots. The idea of a country possessing important political institutions, and a political status that is constantly becoming higher, and commanding the attention and respect of other nations, and yet, destitute of a literature or literary men of note, strikes one as indicating a strange and unaccountable contrast, if not a decided lack somewhere. Hence, the natural effort that is being made to advance our literary interests, and to make letters as respectable as politics.

The idea embodied in the opening sentence of this article makes it necessary to refer to the peculiarities of our present position. It is affirmed by many of our own people that it is all

folly to talk of a *Canadian* Literature. We need not aim to build up anything of a distinctive type whatever. Literature is world-wide, and we have ready access to the highest thoughts of the best thinkers. All this may be readily granted, and yet it be evident that there is something important for us to do—something tangible for us to achieve.

If it could be truthfully asserted that literature was cosmopolitan fifty years ago, with how much more force can it be averred now. Even in that short space of time the world has shewn immense progress. National distinctions are being broken down, general and intimate intercourse with every quarter of the globe is the daily boon of all civilized people, and isolation is becoming almost an impossibility. Contact with other nations, and familiarity with other races, are tending to annihilate those arbitrary distinctions which used to prevail in such a marked degree. Everything seems to indicate the ultimate brotherhood of mankind. But still, Individualism does exist, and, so far, we must view our relations to the literary world at large with this idea in mind.

It may not be amiss to look back for a moment at the rise of Literature in Europe. Here we notice the most marked distinctions. We have the brilliant, flashy, and, in the main, objective literature of the Latin nations; that graver, duller, more profound and subjective literature of the Teutonic race; and, then, the crude efforts of the Slavonic tribes. Coming to sub-divisions: we have the peculiar and distinctive features of the English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Swiss, etc., etc. Perhaps the two opposite poles are the French and the German. The former is sprightly and vivacious; the latter abstruse and solid; in the one, we see the heavy, didactic tread of the Essayist; in the other, the rapid and flexible movement of the Narrator. Then, looking to the origin, we find that one hundred years ago Germany had no books and no literature, and yet, by the zeal of her scholars and men of letters, German literature, though tinged strongly with transcendentalism, and not free from Theosophic moonshine, is, nevertheless, a monument of subtle thought and elaborate research, "from which the learned of other generations shall borrow the corner stones of their edifices."

This glance at European Literature will suffice to suggest the propriety and importance of making efforts in this country to build up a distinctive National Literature, and of fostering a

spirit of literary zeal among our people. Indeed a study and contemplation of what has been achieved in other and older countries ought to stimulate us to seek, by vigorous efforts, to invest our literature with a brilliance and a glory which shall make our new nation famous and respected throughout the world.

It is known that National character exerts an influence on Literature, and literature and philosophy upon religion; it is not amiss, then, to consider what may be some of the marked features of the literature which we may expect to see developed in the course of time in Canada.

The enlightenment which is growing up on this side the water has many features entirely different from those which characterize the older countries of Europe. The lack of social distinctions, of rank, of a born nobility, of castles, and monuments of antiquity, the greater freedom of political and social institutions; these must have their effect on the national mind, yet, they have not developed, until very lately, any marked and distinctive features in American Literature. There has been apparent, among American literary men, a disposition to imitate and follow the English Masters. Longfellow is almost as much an English Poet as Wordsworth or Southey. To Bret Harte belongs the honour of originating a new and distinctive school of American poetry, and there are evidences of other men of that type springing up.

We in Canada may justly be supposed to follow more closely the style and thought of English genius than our American neighbours, and, yet, the facts seem to indicate considerable individualism in the budding efforts of the Canadian mind. The time is past when men will universally admire the poetry of historic deeds and associations. Canadians will not have a very deep interest in, nor derive a very strong inspiration from, the ruins of old castles, or the legends of Heroic times. We live in a country of broad and beautiful scenery. We have noble rivers, immense lakes, wide fields, majestic mountains, and grand falls. Our people are fond of Nature and admire the verdant lawn, the bursting of blossoms, and the waving of corn. Our poetry, if we ever have any, should be the Poetry of Nature.

Next, our people are liberal in sentiment. There is no aristocracy of blood among us; the patrician element is either wanting entirely, or varies with a generation. There is no oppression among us to call forth the patriotic pen of remonstrance and

noble appeal; there are no revolting forms of vice or corruption to awaken the pen of satire and rebuke; equality is acknowledged; the most perfect freedom is enjoyed, and insubordination is unheard of. To write Stories of Canadian life, and fill the scenes with brutal murders, ruthless assassinations and bloody riots, would simply be ridiculous. The delineator of Canadian life must picture the quiet scenes of industry, the simple incidents of ordinary life, the joys, sorrows, hopes, disappointments, successes and failures which are incident to men in the common routine of life. But there need be no lack of interest in these tales, because devoid of the "blood and thunder" element. The faithful history of *any* human heart, through all its struggles in life, can never grow wearisome. It must strike a chord that will vibrate in every other heart. There is more tragedy in the life of the poorest wood-cutter than ever the most brilliant novelist has conceived and written.

It may be inferred from these observations that the Literature of Canada must be broad, and contain elements applicable to mankind in all the relations of life. We are not destitute of interesting historical records; there are many memorable spots to be found in all the Provinces, where the relics of fierce struggles and bloody conflicts may still be found. The Plains of Abraham will ever be memorable, and the Siege of Louisburg will survive as long as the name of Wellington; but the recollections of these encounters will scarcely be the fountain of inspiration for Canadian writers. Our civilization and institutions suggest something broader.

There is no occasion, at present, to deplore the want of literary activity and zeal. We are advancing rapidly—our progress is surprising. Book after book is issuing from the Canadian Press; Magazine after magazine is being started and respectably patronized; Weekly after weekly is being published with unexpected success; Writer after writer is entering the field and competing for public favour; Story after story is appearing, embalming in pleasant narrative the scenes and incidents of our national life; Works of Science are followed by works of History, and everything seems astir. May we not predict that another generation may view the literary achievements of our country with pride, and speak with admiration and reverence of those who even

then shall have earned bright and fadeless laurels in fields of Literature?

I have no fear of our Literature becoming too distinctive. If I have a wish in the matter at all, it is that *Canadianism* may be a prominent element, and that the records of our thought may be tinged with the influence of our own favoured land.

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# A PLOT WITHIN A PLOT;

OR,

THE MYSTERIES OF THE DOG'S NOSE.

## CHAPTER XIV.

DELAVAL speedily found sensation returning to his damaged arm. He was quits for his temerity by a bruised elbow.

Groping his way forward he clambered with difficulty over the fallen *débris* that encumbered the mouth of the cavern.

At last he rose to reconnoitre.

"*Ouais!*" quoth the Frenchman, ducking his head again instantly, "What do I see there?"

In effect it was difficult for him to render himself an account of what he *had* seen; under such a fantastic aspect had the sight presented itself to him.

Through an enormous erosion wrought through the inner face of the cavern into the bowels of the hill, the regard of Delaval plunged under vaults sombre as those of a tunnel, cut and broken by vast sweeps of light and shade. The light came from a dozen torches attached to the pillars of living rock that had been left standing by the fretting tide of an older world than ours.

This light it was, projecting its pencil of radiance like a Pharos far over the billows, which had first attracted the new-comer's notice.

In the clear, there now stood revealed before him a reunion of some sixty men.

The assembly held its session at two hundred paces distance, or thereabouts, from their self-constituted visitor.

These men appeared to be gathered for an affair of the highest

importance, for they pressed around an orater who spoke with fire and gesticulated with energy.

"Stay, stay!" quoth Delaval, then after some seconds' contemplation, "Who are these men, and what are they doing here?"

In fact, thus illumined by the reflection of the torches, had it not been for their every-day male costume, one would have taken them for legendary witches out enjoying their unholy Sabbath.

Again Delaval drew out his *lunette*,—focussed it upon the singular spectacle he had before his eyes,—and sought to divine what it could all be about.

Thanks to the gleam of the flaming bog-wood splints, and also to the perfection of his instrument, he could see the workings of every frame in that nocturnal council.

Though all were masked or blackened, they expressed in every attitude the most rapt interest. The ears stretched, the lips half open, the eyes fixed on the speaker, all denoted how completely their attention was engrossed.

Whether it was that the orator's voice was feeble, whether he purposely spoke in a subdued tone, or whether the distance at which Delaval found himself from the group was too great, certain it is that how close soever the attention he lent, and that fine and practised as was his ear, he was not able after five minutes strained listening to catch one stray word of what was being said.

Though all were variously clad in the ordinary costumes of the country, one thing they had in common, all wore, loosely disposed around them, those long grey frieze coats with ample capes so generally used among the peasantry, and underneath these could be seen at times the gleam of side arms, with other martial accoutrements.

Their rifles stacked in approved military style, a sprig of green in every man's hat, together with other distinguishing badges, all marked them out as a secret society, convened for far other than peaceful purposes.

"Ah, I have found you, *Messieurs* the ghosts! Desolated to have lost sight of you so long, but enchanted to discover you once more, and in such congenial company too. I trust it will not be considered bad taste in a mere mortal like your humble servant to assist at your spectral interview."

So saying he pushed forward cautiously towards the light,

slipping from pillar to pillar till half the distance had been passed, when a sudden burst of voices made him drop into shade.

"Hurrah for the people!" shouted the crowd.

"*Vive le peuple!*" echoed the Frenchman softly.

"Down with the tyrants!" thundered the many.

"*A bas les tyrans!*" quavered the one.

"Down with the Saxons!" "Death to the landlords!"

"With all my heart: I endorse the sentiment, especially as it applies to Monsieur my uncle!" responded this affectionate relative.

The sound of an impassioned voice now fell on his ear, sustained, vibrating, but the words he could not catch. The startled regards of the throng seemed riveted on a shining object the speaker waved aloft from time to time, and soon the look of wondering curiosity changed into that of fury on every face, and the spy fairly shivered as each man started to his feet, and savage yells rang through the cavern:

"Kill him! Hang him! Where's the traitor?"

A sudden fear seized him, an insane impulse to turn and flee. The instinct of the murderer that tells him his sin has found him out, that instinct of flight which drove the first murderer a vagabond and a wanderer over the face of the earth, lest whoever found him should slay him, this over-mastering horror it was which now came strong upon the conscience-stricken wretch.

For, was not *this* a voice from the dead rising to accuse him? Was not *that* the palpable evidence of his crime?

Reason, however, returned in time to prevent him betraying himself, or, rather, rage took the place of remorse; rage at himself that he should have permitted himself to be duped by his own superstitious fancies; rage beyond all at the trick successfully played on him by this resurrected victim of his hate, "the deep damnation of whose taking off" had cost him so many compunctious visitings.

The voice told him, though the face was blackened, that this was none other than Barney! Barney, full of his wrongs, mercilessly unravelling and blazoning abroad his whole dark intrigue.

Grinding his teeth with fury, the Frenchman could scarce restrain himself from leaping there and then upon his foe, wrenching from him by the strong hand that tin lid on which so much of the success of his plot depended, and then by one dagger-stab silencing forever this indomitable witness against him.

"Reptile! You know too much to live! You shall not escape me a second time!" hissed the Frenchman, and his fierce eyes gleamed in the dark like those of the cobra when meditating a spring.

A new stir in the assembly diverted his thoughts for the instant from his purposed revenge. All were kneeling in a circle. In the centre stood one habited as a priest, holding aloft a crucifix in one hand, with the other reverentially pointing to a small box that lay on a table covered by a black velvet pall.

The holy man seemed to address the assistants in tones of solemn adjuration. One by one each started from his kneeling posture and with one hand on the heart, and the other stretched to the heavens, solemnly responded in the Irish tongue "I have not."

When the same unvarying response had been returned from all in the circle, a frown black as midnight gathered on the brow of the priest. Railer and skeptic as he was, it was with an involuntary shiver Delaval heard the dread anathemas of the Church thundering forth.

"And now," cried the priest in ringing tones, "on the *Donagh* I swear ye! Let the liar beware. Who ever missed the death swift and sudden that swore false on the Donagh?" and at the word he reverently opened the box, and displayed under a glass cover the sacred relic.

A groan of horror and dread ran round the auditory. Summoned to approach, one after another they drew near, and with blanched lips kissed the dread talisman. One after another they tremblingly asseverated their innocence:—All of them:—All but one!

As his turn came round, one miserable wretch with a yell of despair bounded from his knees, and dashed off into the darkness.

Straight on towards the hidden on-looker he darted with leaps like those of a wounded tiger.

With the quick instinct of self-preservation the shuddering Frenchman crouched close in the deepest shade,—clasped for safety the slimy rock,—hugged the cold stone with more ardor than ever as a child he had clung to his mother's bosom.

Death, swift, inevitable, seemed rushing on him.

The air,—heavy with the demoniac yells and bitter blasphemies of the infuriated pursuers, whose avenging footsteps rung in thunderous echoes through the resounding corridor,—seemed to choke him.

It was a face pallid as his own that glared out of the darkness upon the fugitive, whose mask falling as he swept by, shewed in the wide-staring eye-balls and the clenched teeth, that the bitterness of death was on him.

A second more, and a wild shriek rising shrilly over the hoarse cries of the balked pursuers told that the doomed wretch, anticipating his fate, had taken the leap sheer down amongst the engulfing billows and the cruel crags far below.

Ah! that face,—with the stamp of death upon it! That despairing shriek,—a shriek as of the damned! Could Eternity ever efface the remembrance of that soul lost,—and lost by *his* crime! for this was but his own instrument?

But it is no time now for thought—for remorse! In an instant they will be back upon him.

Is discovery then certain?—Is there no escape?—no disguise possible?

Ah! welcome the inspiration! Here at his feet lies the crape mask that fluttered from the detected felon; and yonder is the frieze-coat that he tore off to disencumber himself in his flight.

Confident in his disguise, Delaval silently mingles with the group of men now in moody silence, or with muttered ejaculations gazing downwards on the scene of their comrade's death.

At last, in answer to a summons from within they retrace their steps, and with them their self-elected *confrère*.

But how does this latter curse his precipitancy, when he finds his neighbors grasping their arms, filing off in platoons, and answering by name to the roll-call!

He will infallibly be detected if he linger an instant longer; and in the doom of the traitor so lately consummated, he has read an impressive lesson as to what will be his own fate if found out.

So, trusting to his usual good-fortune, he slips into a dark passage opposite to that by which he entered the cave.

But his manœuvre is observed. A hoarse challenge:

"Halt! Let none leave the Lodge without shewing their pass,"—compels him in his own despite to turn. But only for an instant.

One sight of the wrathful countenances bent towards him,—the ominous click of the breech-loaders being charged,—and all his courage suddenly sinks to his heels. Thus it was with a bound, rivalling that of his companion in guilt, he dashed into the unknown darkness.

A few scattering bullets whistling in unpleasant proximity to his ears, and wild shouts of "A spy, a spy! We are betrayed! Seize him! Knock him over!"—lent wings to his flight.

Stumbling and bruising himself severely more than once, he had run for over a minute, when a gust of night air meeting him, and then a gleam of light gave him the hope of escape. But as he rushed on, he suddenly saw yawning in front of him the deep, dark abyss of the castle moat.

Unable to check his speed, with a supreme effort he took the leap, and landed full length in a dark orifice in the opposing cliff, that marked the continuation of the passage he had been traversing.

Hearing now only distant and confused shouts he struggled onward and upward more cautiously, and at last emerged, as he had begun to suspect he should, beneath the big boulder, where the ill-kept tryst of the evening had led him into so many scrapes.

A few steps more and he clambered on his impatient steed. The distant clatter of galloping hoofs sounding in the morning air told the baffled Fenians that their quarry had escaped them.

Having followed their usual track to the right, whilst he had blundered into one on the left, staunch beagles as they were they had been thrown off the scent.

## CHAPTER XV.

"PARDON the intrusion," said Harvey, as, entering his sister's room, he pressed a kiss upon her forehead, but I feel so anxious."

"Anxious!" interrupted she; I should think you were. Why, if you were the man with the Iron Mask you could not have a more care-lined countenance. Your imprisonment seems to weigh heavily upon you."

"That's just it, Madeline. Calvert and I have been puzzling over the problem for the last hour, and it's all a muddle. We can't make it out.

"Can't make what out?" echoed the girl.

"Oh, Delaval's motives for this arrest, and the shooting of the Colonel—for we are sure he has something to do with it—and his trying to fasten the guilt on Barney, and to implicate Calvert. Poor Barney! Calvert takes on badly about his loss, poor fellow!

By the way, hadn't we better have him in? He's out there." And unmindful of his sister's little shriek of protest —

"Oh, don't, for mercy's sake, Reginald! I'm not fit to be seen," the horrid man actually stalked to the door and summoned Calvert to enter.

With a discretion scarcely to be credited in a he-creature, the youth paused on the threshold, giving time to his divinity to catch up a Cashmere, and hurriedly swathe her beauty in its envious folds.

A charming blush, and a grateful glance rewarded his delicacy, as exchanging the morning greetings he timidly advanced, and flung himself on a *fauteuil* she pointed out to him.

Harvey comfortably disposed his lazy length on a lounge, with his head in his sister's lap, whilst she, having subsided in a graceful attitude, turned toward her visitor her candid face. With her wealth of golden hair, still damp, streaming down her shoulders, her dimpled hand and arm, fit model for a sculptor, and toying with the auburn masses of her brother's hair, to the youth she seemed, in her innocence, and fresh loveliness, the perfect realization of Milton's exquisite fancy of Sabrina, — "the water nymph, the virgin pure."

"You see, Maddie," said her brother resuming the discussion, "Calvert and I have been for the last hour or more, vainly puzzling over the snarl we have got into."

"Yes, and so you come to me, who have not a bit of reason or logic in me, to solve your doubts for you."

"Just so," replied her brother. "You women have a genius for intrigue and a knack at reading riddles. Yours is knowledge without reasoning, and truth without logic. As for you—you are a perfect miracle of intuition?"

An enchanting pout and a light cuff of the delinquent's ear resented this sally.

"Now," said Harvey seriously, "can you read Delaval's cards? Can you put us up to his little game?"

"First, let me enquire how you read them," said the girl.

"O, it's plain enough on the surface," began her brother, "the villain is scheming for Calvert's fortune. There are but two lives between. If he could but wipe these two out; if he could but set the father against the son; or better,—if he could wipe out the father, and lay the guilt on the son, the thing would be done."

"The villain!" exclaimed Calvert. "If that be his cue, I will shoot him down like a pestilent wolf."

Disregarding this ebullition of just wrath, the American went on:

"As to the means. Here is Fenianism, a convenient scape-goat for all villanies. What so easy as to make out they have been at their favorite game of 'tumbling the landlords?'"

"Yes. I heard the scoundrel use that very term to my father" —again broke in Calvert.

"Now, here is Barney, Calvert's friend, one whose shrewd intelligence he has reason to fear; and this man is more than suspected of being one of the brotherhood. What more easy again than to fire a shot, and to drop a sign implicating the poor man, and at the same time covering the trace of the real perpetrator? Furthermore, Calvert's attempt to conceal the same will be construed into proof positive of his complicity in the dark deed."

"Oh, he's a devil incarnate!" said the poor lad. "To dream of laying my father's murder at my door. I would die for him."

"Be easy, my lad;" said Harvey in a tone of commiseration; "God knows, and your father knows that. But what I can't make out is how the man should be such a fool as to meddle with me. He must know very well he will make nothing, but mar everything by that move."

"My dear brother," said Madeline, "who risks nothing,—has nothing. Delaval had to bag us all, or none. You remember you challenged him yourself. It wouldn't have done to have let any of us slip, or he would speedily have found the management of this little affair passing out of his hands, and his mine blown up about his ears."

"The man is an ass to shew his hand so early in the game," said her brother. "I am inclined, however, to think there is some deep move under all this we don't know of yet. By the way, Maddie, that was a strange scene with the Colonel and you last night. What do you think of it all? See here"—and beckoning Calvert to approach, the latter drew his seat close by the girl's side. For the next minute the three heads were bent in silent scrutiny over the mysterious locket, unwound by the Colonel the previous evening from his own neck, and transferred to that of his son.

"It is your very picture, Madeline," said Harvey, "A little older, but the same."

"I cannot understand it at all," said the girl, with a strange, set look.

"Think, Maddie; as far back as ever you can. Do you recollect nothing?"

The instant he had uttered them, Harvey regretted his words.

A deadly white slowly settled over her scared face. Her glorious blue orbs, widely distended, gazed into vacancy. Some dread vision of the past seemed swooping down on her like a nightmare,—blanching the sanguine hues, and stiffening the lithe living grace of her adorable figure into the pallor and rigidity of marble.

"So cold! Oh, so cold!" She murmured with a shiver.

Dreadfully alarmed, the American caught her to his breast, and chafing her hands and face, sought to restore the impeded circulation.

A few instants, and the seizure seemed to pass off, the heavy eyelids to lift, and the color to return; then, with a faint smile, and a word of excuse, she rose unsteadily, and assisted by her brother, retired to the chamber adjoining.

Calvert, perturbed, commenced pacing to and fro, conning over in his mind all possible explanations of this mysterious scene.

Who was this girl with his mother's face? Had chance wrought a strange resemblance? Or was there indeed some valid reason for it? What sombre mystery had half reared its skeleton-head from the tomb of the dead past?

A tap at the outer door arrested his cogitations and his march together. Striding thither he flung open the door, and confronted —Marie!

A dark, dangerous, *diablerie* lurked in the smile wherewith she greeted him — a smile, sinister, significant, provokingly suggestive of one knows not how many shameful insinuations.

There is a world of meaning in the smile of a woman of the world; but the meaning smile of a thoroughly depraved woman is a door suddenly opening into hell.

Before Marie's smile the ingenuous youth stood confused, abashed, irritated, compromised, convicted, condemned, all at one and the same time, and all without a word spoken.

At last the vile, unspoken meaning found utterance.

"Ah, pardon! I meant not to derange our little assignation. It appears that Mamselle has her *toilet receptions!* I was not aware of it. Or rather"—and her eye swept the apartment, taking in at a glance the recent disorder, and the half-open door of the sleeping-chamber — "or possibly, her *receptions-de-lit!*" A grin of devilish malice pointed the insult. "How delighted *Monsieur notre père* will be to hear of his son's *succes d'amour!*"

"Confound it, Marie, what do you mean?" cried the youth indignantly. "Dont you see that her brother ——?"

"Her brother!" sneered she; "Ah! he acts the pander to our little drama of Troilus and Cressid, does he! Marvellous complaisance! The beautiful office! I congratulate you on having found a fitting Messalina at last!" and sweeping a mocking courtesy she was gone, leaving the youth speechless, boiling with futile indignation, to digest as best he might the affront, and to ponder over what new complications this might involve him in with his high-minded but hasty parent, with such a serpent tongue to spit her foul venom in his ears.

## CHAPTER XVI.

His friend's hand on his shoulder startled Calvert out of his painful stupor.

"What's up, old fellow?" said he kindly, "you look as if you had seen a ghost."

"I have seen a devil!" said Calvert savagely.

"What! Who is it? That rascally Frenchman again?" said Harvey.

"No, he's only a he-devil. It takes a she-devil like Marie to beat the Arch-Fiend himself."

"Marie! Pshaw, man! you need'nt get profane on a pretty little thing like that. She could'nt hurt a fly. She is only jealous of your attentions to a stranger. She's afraid you might cast her over. What fun if they should both happen to get sweet upon you. I must put Mad up to it for mischief;" and he laughed long and loud at the idea.

The impossibility of permitting the haughty American even to suspect the insult passed on his sister under his roof and in his name, struck the youth with painful force, the more so that at

the moment Madeline glided into the apartment in a bewitching morning negligée, and smilingly apologized for her delay, at the same time cross-examining Harvey as to the cause of his mirth.

The latter only rolled over on the lounge in convulsions of merriment ejaculating from time to time —

"Oh, Calvert, Calvert! Turned Theseus, have you? Poor forsaken Ariadne!"

The pitiful glance of the confused youth seemed to appeal to the maiden for protection, and her kind heart was touched by his evident distress.

"Come Reginald," said she, "Do be serious. Don't you see how annoying you are?"

A final peal of Homeric laughter as he surveyed the woe-begone aspect of his victim, and Harvey, wiping the tears from his eyes, pronounced himself as sober as a judge.

"But only to think!" said he, threatening a relapse, "A regular Medean tragedy in progress among the juveniles! My dear Jason! Don't you hanker after the Golden Fleece?"—and as a comment on his attempt at a joke, his hand tenderly thridded his sister's wealth of curls;—"For if you do there are terrors and chimeras dire in store for you! You'll be brained by a fan, or done to death with a bodkin to a dead certainty!"

"Now, Reggie, how can you be so cruel?" protested his sister. "You'd jest with Death himself, I verily believe."

"Yes, indeed; if he appeared in such a toothsome guise, as but now I caught a glimpse of at the door. Green-eyed jealousy and dark despair done up in *Chignon* and *Panier à la mode Parisienne!* It was perfect!—

> 'Like Bacchus' raving priests sometimes I go,
> 'With such wild haste, and hair dishevelled so;
> 'Then on some craggy rock sit silent down,
> 'As cold, unmoved, and senseless as a stone!'"

In a short time the American and his sister returned, when Harvey, after some humorous remarks on the appearance of Calvert, said, "I must tell you something which may be explanatory of some strange things in Madeline's history. Years ago, perhaps fifteen, perhaps more, a hard winter it was; an American winter, Calvert! You don't begin to know what that means till you try it.

"It was a night of storm. The snow fell dense, frightful. The

crazy erections in Shanty Town, (you remember it,) Maddie;—between the Fifth Avenue palaces and the Central Park? It's the Potter's Field of New York; (with this about it though,—they bury the poor alive there, instead of waiting till they are dead!) —the crazy hovels there creaked, and rocked like a ship in distress.

"A child, also in distress, was straying about. His coat and fur cap looked strangely out of place, where rags, filth, and nakedness are the customary costume.

"What brought him there it would be hard to tell. Perhaps only that proclivity for getting lost natural to children; be that as it may, he was lost, and likely to remain so.

"Here he stood at all events,—an atom in the midst of the whirling snow-storm, as much alone as if he were in another world, though human life was pulsating all around him.

"Night and sleep dulled all ears to his cry, rising shrill at intervals above the blast. Death rode on the blast that night. It hovered over that devoted mass of poverty-striken humanity, huddled together in their ruinous hutches. Death was busy stamping out ignoble lives!

"The rich man's child staggered blindly on, benumbed, exhausted, terrified; with the drift in his nostrils, and the cold melted snow about his neck.

"All at once a feeble echo of his cry, appeared to rise up out of the ground beside him, he stood still, chained to the spot by hope and yet by horror, for it was more like the wail of an invisible spirit than of a human voice. The cry came again, sharper, more agonized; the cry of something else in distress besides himself.

"The boy hurried forward a few steps, and fell over a white mound upon the broken pathway. His arms out-stretched to save himself, grasped an ice-cold shoulder and a naked arm!

"Again the feeble cry rose up, and this time it was close beneath his ear.

"Kneeling beside the object, he began carefully to remove the snow, and discovered the almost stiffened corpse of a woman. Surely it had not been her voice that he had heard?

"A slight movement under the pall of snow attracted his attention; a tiny, livid-blue hand was thrust upwards; he scooped away the snow, and found a living baby in the dead woman's embrace!

"The infant was clothed in rags, but such as they were they had

been stripped from the mother's body to protect it. She had died of cold, but the dead arms ceased not to enclasp the living child. Such was the tragedy that the rich man's son fell upon in the poor man's quarter."

"Ah! Maddie, do you guess now what made you feel so cold?"

"What?" cried Madeline, "and was it you then who saved me from death, and gave me a new mother, as well as a brother who has not ceased to be more than ever brother was before? O Reginald!" and the beautiful girl cast herself into his arms.

"I have received more than payment for that night's trouble long since," said Harvey tenderly, "and thankful am I for my little storm-bird that God gave me to be the sunshine of my life, and to comfort me in turn over a mother's icy corpse."

* * * * * * *

There fell a deep silence over the group, broken only by the sobs of the agitated girl.

At first, white and cold, and now all unhinged, she clung with nervous tremors round the neck of this more than brother, who had been to her God's angel of life, sent to answer the prayer and accept the charge held forth to Heaven at the hands of death.

"And is this all?" Calvert ventured at last to observe. "Were there no traces discovered?"

"Nothing to speak of," answered Harvey. "It is true there was a coroner's inquest on the body when found next morning. And when my father called at the Irish cabin near by, where the body was first carried, he found the fragment of a crumpled letter with these words in French: —

'La Falaise, 5th Aug., 18—. My dear Lisette, all goes well. Thy little one (*Ta petite*) will be a great lady. And since the other ought to be dead (*l'autre doit être morte*) by this time, that is if you are not too soft-hearted, you can return immediately. Enclosed find a draft on ———, which will be duly honored on proof that the affair is finished. J. BARILLOT.'"

"La Falaise!" ejaculated Calvert, "strange! Is not that the name of the village near the old chateau of my mother's race? Yes. I am not deceived. It is there in the venerable chapel of La Falaise that the two sisters, my mother and Delaval's stepmother lie entombed! What mystery is here?"

"Wonderful!" cried Harvey. "Here at last is a ray of light on that horribly sinister document. What murderous meaning

lies couched under that phrase: 'Thy little one will be a great lady since the other one ought to be dead,—*L'autre——morte!*' Who is this *other?*"

And they all three sat dumb, daunted in the presence of the dim possibility looming up before them.

(To be continued.)

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## HOW COUSIN GEORGE FELL IN LOVE.

(Concluded.)

### CHAPTER V.

I ROSE very early, before the frogs had ceased to croak, took my white shroud dress off the nail on the wall where I had hung it the night before. I laid it on the floor, carefully spread out, and on it I placed my concertina, a book of music that George had given me, knots of faded ribbon and old artificial flowers presented by the same individual, withered bunches of dandelions and buttercups, valued because gathered by the same, a pair of serge boots in which the same had admired the feet of Belle Burnaby, and last but not least, shiny *tintypes* and fearful daguerreotypes that dazzled the eyes, taken of the same in every style and of every age, from a little stupid-looking boy with long ringlets and a large collar, to a dignified young man with a moustache,—then the irate proprietor of these things shed a few bitter tears over them, and then proceeded to roll up the strange collection. The dress was nearly as fresh as ever, but I had no mercy on its freshness, but tied it up with many a knot. I took it up in my arms, and crept cautiously down stairs to the kitchen, where there was a large old-fashioned open fireplace. I was glad of this fact for once, for no cooking-stove could have contained my treasures. I laid the bundle on the hearth and struck a match and applied to the white Swiss, then I sat beside it and watched the results.

Whiff! whiff! went the smoke of the blazing muslin, and very soon the shroud dress was a thing of the past; but when the flames came to the boots and the concertina they were slightly staggered, they hovered round, yet drew back from the leather and

varnished paper as if they did not like the taste of them, and wriggling away to find something more agreeable, they lit on the withered flowers and ribbons and licked them up greedily, then they returned and waved coyly round the Prunellas. I encouraged them with delicate slips of firewood and bits of bark, till they finally devoured them, even the tin and daguerreotypes curled up and rocked to and fro like living things, and at last melted into little pools and hissed and sputtered in the glowing ashes. The sacrifice was complete, the greedy fire had ravenously eaten it all, and as it had burnt so had burnt out my love, and I made sacrifice of my heart as well.

After it was all over and the big clock had struck five, I realized that there was an awful smell of burnt leather in the air, and I remembered with dread my Aunty Fan's too sensitive nose. I opened all the windows and doors, established a thorough draft, and some of the ill odor was thus disposed of. I also went up stairs for a time, and then came down again to see or rather to smell the difference; the air was still leathery, so I resolved to abide by it and get breakfast ready myself before Aunty should be stirring, and surely by that time the atmosphere would be all serene.

The breakfast was over and gone, and Aunt and I had settled down to our morning sewing, when I startled her by suddenly asking, "Aunty have you any money?" She jerked her head in such amazement that her spectacles fell in her lap, and the stony stare that she bestowed on me with her unglazed eyes was positively terrifying. "Money," she echoed in faint accents, "No, where should I get it? Why you surely know Belle that I have no money. Your father always manages anything of that kind." "Well then I shall have to walk," I replied doggedly: the expression in my face and voice alarmed the old lady, for she asked in a hurried voice, "Whatever is in your mind, dear Belle?" and she wiped her glasses, put them on, and took a good look at me with her glazed eyes. I met that gaze with a face filled, I know well, with the resigned air of despair. The widow's scathing tongue had worked Satan's work in my untutored mind and heart. I was going to leave them forever—that kind aunt, that dear father, that poor, false, deluded George. My ideas of town life were vague. I thought of escaping from scoffing Rivermouthians, from my lost beau, and I had an indistinct idea of making my fortune. In doing this, of course, I should find some difficulty, but still I was

confident that it could be done, and in this thought lay one of the elements of success. It was trying though to look in my aunt's kind face and tell her that I was going to forsake her. I thought for some time of suitable words in which to tell her the cruel truth. I could not soften it with fine speeches, so at last I blustered out, "Aunt, I am going away, away from Rivermouth, away for good. Yes, you need not shake your head. Ah! dear Auntie, don't you cry;" for so soon as she realized that I was in earnest, she threw herself into my arms and wept. It would be useless to tell of the arguments that ensued, or the entreaties and remonstrances of both my guardians. They got some of our old friends to help them, but it was of no avail, and Amoret clung round my neck and cried over me as if I were going to be drowned like a superfluous kitten, and all their kindness was in vain. I was determined to go, and I went. Looking back on it now, although not sorry that I went, for many reasons, I cannot but see that it shortened my father's life, and caused both dear souls that loved me many lonely days and nights. But my wretchedness and selfishness blinded me, and no earthly power could have held me captive in Rivermouth. Aunty had relations in a distant city, and to their strict custody I was consigned by letter. I travelled partly by coach, partly by rail, and Cousin George drove me to the coach-office himself, and saw me off.

It was a sad drive that last one, for then I felt fully the pain of parting from birthplace, relations, friends, a fond parent, and above all, from the stout, true-hearted man that sat by my side. I scarcely spoke, and he was not talkative; he only wondered why I went away, and wished that I could have stayed at any rate for the pic-nic next day. He did not care, you know, he only said so in politeness, and as the tide of feelings that I could not stem during this my last drive with him, swept over me, in my heart-sick despair I thought that if he loved me as I loved him, Heaven help him when the *awakening came.* Oh! bitterly, cruelly I thought of her, and can you blame me, knowing all? Why could she not leave him to me, why take my one friend from me, when 'twas only to throw his heart aside with a laugh, to spurn with haughty foot his humble love? As we neared the place where we must part, as I thought forever, my cup of misery seemed full to the brim, I laid my hand on his and

looked in his happy, untroubled face. Could I warn him, could I at this last moment cloud his loved face? Oh, no.

He looked at me with his blue forget-me-not eyes that had so truly forgotten me, and said: "Do you want to drive, Belle?" for the strong hands I clasped held the reins. "Oh! no," I said, forgetting all else save that I should see his face no more. "I want you to kiss me good-bye George, just one kiss, for you know it may be the last, we may never meet again on earth, and we are nearing the settlement.

George blushed and I blushed, but we need not, for we kissed each other as we would have kissed the dead, but he was embarrassed, and my throat was filled with sobs, so that I spoke no more till I reached the coach-office, and then with calmness I bade him farewell. The relations to whom I went proved more kind than such persons usually do, and I was made a welcome member of a large family. I tried to make myself generally useful and agreeable, and took every step that I could towards making my fortune. They were poor and so was I, therefore I began at the foot of the ladder and learnt how to make dresses and run a sewing-machine. I heard from home often and learned with sorrow that my father's health was failing, but, God bless them for it, there was never a word of reproach in their loving epistles. They never mentioned either my cousin or the widow, for they had learned, after I left, of George's infatuation, and they would not have pained me by writing of them, therefore I knew nothing of them, and they almost passed from my mind, as they had passed from my life; sometimes though when I was lonely or homesick my heart would ache, just a little, and my mind yearn to learn something of Cousin George.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE stooping and in-door work, combined with the smoky atmosphere, preyed on my health somewhat, and I missed the sweet-smelling garden, and the broad fields and meadows that I used to wander in, and the elastic, pure country air that I used to breathe. There was a small park in the suburbs of the city, and something like grass and trees grew there, so when I was thoroughly fagged out I took one of the children in the house and together we went to the park and refreshed ourselves as far as

was possible. It was a pretty spot, and a bright, cheerful one, especially if you had never seen a better and brighter and more cheerful. I was thankful for even it to sit, or stroll, or lounge in, although I could never get the taste of smoke out of my mouth, or the fine city dust out of my hair, no matter how much I tried to shake it off among the trees and grassy turf.

I was walking there one fine Autumn day, under the maples' variegated foliage, when a wretched haggard-looking man passed me on the broad walk and pushed against the child I held by the hand. I thought him rude, but pitied him as I watched his bent head and lagging steps. For some moments we walked in the shadow of the trees, then he passed first from under their shade, and entered the clear space beyond; as he did so the bright sunlight shone on his hair, it was yellow and curly, there was not another head in the world like it I thought, for then I recognized the man as *Cousin George.*

I did not faint, I did not scream, I did not even call his name, only my heart stopped beating, and for a moment the breath was stayed on my lips. There was a rustic bench near me set under the trees, and I went to it and sat down, for I trembled all over. I thought that I had forgotten, but the gaunt, wretched man before me, had brought back to my heart my cousin, the bright-eyed boy I had loved so well. After walking a short distance he turned and came feebly back to the seat on which I was sitting. I thought that he had not recognized me, but he held out his hand and said, "You will shake hands with me, Belle, and let me rest here, will you not?" I simply pressed his hand, and nodded, for I could not have spoken, only have wept, as I first gazed on the shattered wreck of Cousin George. The golden curls were threaded with silver, the bright healthy colour was concentrated in a hectic flush, the bones of his face were plainly marked through the thin covering of flesh and skin, and his bright fearless eyes were dull and faded, as if they had wept oceans of tears. His breath was short, and now and then he gave a short dry cough. I could say nothing—only look on him with pity, but after he had rested a short time he seemed anxious to speak himself, and began abruptly. "Belle, you remember the widow, Mrs. Williams, that was staying at Judge Croppley's just before you left Rivermouth. Well, I loved her, loved her like a fool, as if she would marry the like of me," he said bitterly. "She encouraged

me, pretended to love my simple, honest ways. Promised, yes promised to be my wife," then he laughed, oh! such a laugh, more terrible to hear than a scream. "And, my God, Belle, all the time she was laughing at me, despising me, and ridiculing me to the fine gentleman that she brought with her. She has cursed my life," he added bitterly, "but even when I discovered that she did not care for me I could only bless her, only pray that she might be happy. Do you know why she came to Rivermouth? She came because it was a quiet place; came because we were ignorant, as she called it; because she was ashamed of being so short a time a widow, and was afraid that her husband's people would find out that she had married again." "Married again!" I cried in wonder, then she was worse even than I thought. "Yes," continued poor George, "she was the fine town gentleman's bride before I ever saw her." He grasped his head with both hands to still the wild pulses that beat there. "Oh! God," he groaned, "it was terrible, too terrible to be borne. I went mad after they went away. I would have killed him if I could have found him; they shut me up, but I got out, and laid in wait for them; they went away another road, and I missed them. I am glad of it now. I should have murdered him, and then she would have been distressed, and that I could not endure. I sold my farm; I sold all I was worth in the world, and followed them wherever they went—there was a spell on me. I could not lose sight of her, although her beauty only tortured me. If ever a man was bewitched by a woman, she bewitched me, and *yet* the spell is on me. My money is all gone, and I am working here in a factory, for the last few days, to make some more, so that I can find them. I walked after them till I gave out. I shall soon have money though, and then I shall follow them again." I looked at him in pity and surprise, for his eyes had grown wild and his voice was almost a scream. After he finished speaking he coughed violently, and leaned over the side of the bench, and I saw that the Park turf was wet with his blood. "Oh! George," I cried, how ill you must be, and then I burst into wild sobs and tears, and the child that was with me, being frightened, clung to me and wept too. "It's only the factory, Belle, that does not agree with me. Don't be afraid, I shall find healthier work."

Alas! Cousin George's earthly work was done. He died in the city hospital three weeks afterwards, loving and blessing to the

last, the false, heartless woman who had destroyed his life. He was too proud to become a burden on us, and with sore hearts, you may be sure, we saw him die in the hospital, dependent almost wholly on strangers. I visited him often, in fact I spent nearly all my time there, and from kind lady friends who employed me to sew for them, I received wine, fruit and jelly for my dearly loved Cousin; he wanted for nothing except that he longed to see again the false fair face that lured him to destruction. In his sleep he would often dream of her and murmur aloud, "Cecil! Cecil! bright-haired darling, do you really love me?" and then I turned my face to the wall and wept bitter tears. He would wake exhausted, with the perspiration in beads on his face, and such a woful smile on his parched lips. "I dreamed of her, Belle; she was bright and happy, I thought I was at home again;" then he would sigh and I could see the tears steal down his poor wasted face. It was terrible work watching him die, fading away slowly and surely, and Oh! so patiently, but thank Heaven! I was near him, and tended him, and in my arms he breathed his last, and my lips took an earthly farewell of him, and my hard won money, my first earnings, bought him a burial-place and headstone of white marble and "his name thereon in letters of gold." Shall I tell you how I mourned for him, how empty and drear seemed the world without him, how only occupation, steady and engrossing, kept me from becoming the most miserable wretch on earth? I trow not! all who have loved and lost will understand the awful period, after death. Six months went by, and in that time old Mrs. Morse had died and was buried. One day I went as usual to the cemetery to visit the spot where poor George rested. It was a warm, bright April day, and the turf that lay over his faithful breast was just turning a tender green, and the crocuses had opened their pure white petals in the sun's glad rays. I had planted flowers around and near him, but only the simple green sods were above him. I could never bear that the smallest twig, or weed, or leaf should rest on him, and I now noticed with displeasure that earth and fragments of grass were strewed on one side of his grave, and that a profane foot had trampled the crocuses and broken them. As my eyes roved in displeasure over the spot I noticed close by a newly-dug grave: this then accounted for the careless footsteps; they were those of the sexton: well, I must not be angry, 'twas but to make room for

somebody else's darling. Who was it they were going to lay beside mine? I sat down on the grass near, and wove imaginary stories about the coming tenant of that new-made home; and I also thought of poor George, till the tolling of a bell warned me that the funeral procession would soon be there.

I determined to stay and see the ceremony. A feeling of curiosity, and a strong feeling of interest, that I could not explain, took possession of me and grew stronger as the mournful clang still kept ringing out, at intervals, a sad, a solemn sound.

At last it came, that funeral procession, with hearse drawn by horses with sable plumes, and mourning carriages following, but not one mourner on foot. The tramping horses, the motionless mutes, the wonderful hearse with its nodding feathers, all showed wealth and respect, but where was the sorrow? where the stifled sob betokening the anguish of a heart that is broken? I stood guard over the piece of God's garden that I loved best, and watched the fashionable dead approach its last resting-place. The cortege halted near the grave, the inmates of the carriages came out, and the chief mourner, wearing widower's weeds, but an indifferent face, came and stood near me. He was the fine town gentleman who had astonished Rivermouth with his dancing and his lavender kids, and she, where was she? oh! surely not there! I groaned almost, as the richly-mounted coffin was lowered into the grave, bitterly as I had cause to hate her, it seemed terrible to think that so much beauty should perish in its prime and moulder in a dark pit like that. The ceremony was soon over, and the mourners turned to leave the spot. I felt an awful craving to learn for certain who lay buried there, and I touched the fine gentleman's sleeve. "Whose grave is that?" and I pointed to the scarcely finished work of the sexton. "My Wife's," he said, shortly, and then he went away to his comfortable carriage, climbed into it, so did the others, and they drove away, and the Sexton and I were left with the dead. "Retribution! retribution!" I softly muttered to myself. "They are together at last!" and I wondered if George from the Heavenly could look down on the Earthly world and see those resting-places side by side, and if he would be pleased to know that she had come to him at last.

The voice of the sexton broke in on my reverie, "Did you hear Miss that this lady made away with herself?" "No!" I said, with

horror-stricken accents. "Well, some folks say that she did. You see she is a stranger here, and only arrived last evening at the Hotel B——, and died that same night. Her husband says, that 'twas the long journey and heart disease, but other people say that he went away and left her, and that she followed him and found another lady with him, and then she was so desperate that she poisoned herself. Beautiful woman too she was, ah! it's sad, very sad!" and very softly and lovingly he patted the sods that covered her. I could make him no answer, nor can I tell anyone the terrible feelings that were in my heart as the only survivor of that love-wrecked trio. I stood and looked on those graves. Bitterly weeping, I turned away, and it seemed wondrous pitiful that none wept for that fair-haired, beautiful woman, but Belle Burnaby, that she so heartily despised.

I am of the City still. I never paid but one visit to Rivermouth, and that was to see my father die. A very sad visit this, and full of bitter memories. Aunty Fan and I work together now, we have not made our fortunes yet, but we have enough to live on and some to spare. We keep a nice little shop, and sell sewing-machines and outfits for brides and babies; but although such is our department in trade, we are going to be old maids, Aunty and I.

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## SONNET.

### ON THE HOUR OF POESY.

THERE is a time, methinks, in ev'ry life
(Ill-starred the life to which it is not known,)
When the heart feels an impulse—not its own;—
A time when nature shuns the ranc'rous strife
Of worldly commerce; when the keen-edged knife
Of public negligence falls like a stone
Upon the flinty-rock. The soul is grown
In commune with a *higher power*, and rife
With airy influence, seeks a solitude—
Perchance some lonely vale, from notice free—
And feeds upon this *super-mental food*
With inward satisfaction. 'Tis to me
At such a time there comes sweet Poesy;
And, tho' I *write* it not, I love the *mood*.

M. R. K.

July 31st, 1873.

# LOVE IN THE KURD MOUNTAINS.

BY M. ALBERT EYNAUD (REVUE DE DEUX MONDS.)

(Concluded.)

## III.

THE Chief of the Abdurrahmanli was sincere when he said, "that one forgets but in the grave the evils which he suffers." In seeing Lucy for the first time he was dazzled. Beauty, so different from that of the women of his country, had produced upon the Kurd the effect of a revelation. He had never dreamed that there could be tresses so fair, cheeks so fresh, blue eyes of so pure a ray. When chance brought him into the presence of this marvellous creature, he perceived in himself lighted up a devouring, irresistible love, like the other passions of his untamed nature. He was completely subjugated. He recognized in her a being of a superior order, different from any he had yet seen.

Though he did not reason about his impressions, he comprehended that he was cast beyond all known paths, and that he was lost. He was in the situation of a man who, never having walked but on solid land, feels that he is in the middle of a quicksand. In such a case a European strives against the unknown mysterious danger; an Oriental accepts silently the destiny which is before him. To suffer and submit is the course of the fatalistic races. After his heart had told him he loved, and that there was no hope, he could think but of abandoning himself to events. I have yet, thought he, some hours, perhaps some days, to see her. That was all his consolation—as to what would happen after the departure of the stranger—that was no affair of his, destiny would take care of that. He perceived that she had despoiled his life, that when she departed he could not return to ordinary existence. To the future he remitted the care of determining what was to happen.

The town of Abdurrahmanli was a half subterraneous set of houses, built in terraces across the steep slope of a promontory, bounded on three sides by water, then frozen. The houses were all built on this slope, so that the gates of those on the higher ground opened on the roofs of those immediately below. When one passed the door he found a sort of stone stair by which he descended to the ground floor, partly cut out of the rock. They are still to-day, "subterranean abodes full of grand vessels of

copper, and where the mountaineers live with their beasts," as the chief of the soldiers of Cyrus, the younger, described them two thousand years ago.

The Kurds are only Mussulmans in name, and their women are not veiled in the presence of strangers. When the Agha introduced the Europeans into his house they were received by his sister, a young woman still, a widow of a Kurd of the same tribe. She received Miss Blandemere with a haughty politeness. She appeared accustomed to command in the house, and had none of the timidity of Eastern women. In fact it was she who managed the affairs of the tribe, and inspired the resolutions taken in the little republic, of which the Agha was the president.

She presented to Miss Blandemere her daughter, a young girl, who, by a strange freak of nature, was fair as a Northern. Lucy asked her name. "They call me little Frandjic," (the little Frank.) "They gave me that name because of the colour of my hair, which is like yours," said she, kissing at the same time one of the floating tresses which fell over the shoulders of Miss Blandemere.

The supper was sumptuous. A sheep was served up after the manner of the country, a "wild roast," as the people of Anatolia call it; fowls almost fat — a rather rare thing in Turkey; preserved fruits, and all sorts of creams. During the dinner an old musician, who was at the same time poet and sorcerer of the tribe, sung songs in the three languages of the Abdurrahmanli — Kurdish, Turkish and Persian. He was blind as Homer, and held in his hand an instrument composed of three metal strings stretched on a board. The lyre of these wandering bards, who were the fathers of Grecian poetry, was neither very complicated nor very harmonious. When they quitted the table, or rather the large plateau of graven pewter, which stood in its room, the old man laid aside his guitar, and taking a *Neill*, a sort of flute, of sweet and melancholy sound, he preluded the first measures of the air to which they sing in Persian verse, "The Grief of Feridoun."* The Agha stopped him brusquely, saying they had had enough of music; and during the remainder of the evening appeared more dreamy and pre-occupied than ever.

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* Feridoun is the legendary hero of many very old heroic Persian poems. The Improvisateurs to-day take readily his adventures as the subject of their recitals.

The sister of Selim conducted the two strange ladies into a neighboring house which had been prepared to receive them. My sister will remain here and pass the night with you, said she. The bed-chamber was large, elegant, and bright with the light of a flaming fire. The mattresses were covered with heavy quilts of large patterns. Mrs. Morton immediately retired to rest. She declared herself satisfied with the manner in which the Kurds attended to the material conditions of existence, and declared that for a long time she had not slept in so good a bed. Lucy undressed, but did not appear so ready to depart to the land of dreams. She remained a long time up talking to Frandjic. She had taken a sudden affection for that little Kurd, blonde as herself, and in whom she thought she found a compatriot. The child had none of the hauteur of the mother. From the first she was confidential and kind toward the beautiful English lady.

Frandjic was not without resemblance to Selim-Agha. She had the same black eyes full of flames, the same impassioned yet restrained gait, the same approaches of intermittent melancholy—a resemblance which Lucy rather liked. She was continually talking of the Agha—who was her hero. Indeed, the fame of Selim was on every lip. Wonderful stories were told of his quick, sharp justice, against his enemies and among his own people.

He liked evidently to show Miss Blandemere his rustic opulence, but he said not a word of the sentiments which yesterday he had allowed to escape him. He contented himself with admiring Lucy at a distance. He was charmed with her gait and grace. Miss Blandemere was beginning to feel the effects of the sympathetic attraction which the Kurd appeared to exercise over all the world. She liked to hear him speak, and when she answered him her voice flowed in accents of caressing sweetness.

The two companions of Miss Blandemere looked on Selim-Agha with a less favourable eye. The Armenian was by no means at ease in presence of a dominant race who had constantly beaten his own. Besides, though he was treated courteously by every one, it was clear that his situation of Christian Effendi gave him no great consideration with the people of his tribe, and those tacit pretentions to superiority of race are extremely annoying to those who have to submit to them; but the most unhappy of the two was Lieutenant Stewart. Since they had met the Kurd he perceived himself farther from the heart of his cousin. The whole

journey had been for him but a long series of deceptions, and, to crown the misfortune, he could not conceal from himself that Lucy accorded to their host an attention strongly mingled with sympathy. At that moment Stewart found it hard to be under obligations to the Chief. If he had thought he could get rid of the debt of gratitude by paying him some thousands of pounds he would have taken out his check-book with a joyful eagerness.

During the evening, he took Lucy apart, and asked her when she thought it would be convenient for her to depart. "You are very pressing," she replied, "we owe to the Agha and his companions to pass a few days with them."

"It appears," said he, "you have reasons to desire a prolongation of your stay."

"What do mean?" she replied.

"I mean that if that man were not a Kurd one would think he dared to love you, and that you took no means of bringing him to reasonable ideas."

No sooner had the Lieutenant uttered the words than he regretted them with all his heart. But they had been spoken. Miss Blandemere was the more deeply offended because she felt she was not completely innocent. "Though it were so," said she, "I do not see that you have any authority to bring me to account. I have no engagements with any one, and am my own mistress." She rose, crossed the room with an offended air, and departed.

It was then too late to rectify the error. When she entered her apartment she found Mrs. Morton in bed, and sleeping. She sat down before the fire. Stewart had wounded her deeply. She had given him no right to be jealous of her, and why speak of Selim with that contempt. Lucy had to confess to herself that she was not insensible to the seductions of that Kurd, as her cousin called him—and then the disdain of Stewart was reflected on herself.

While she looked sorrowfully into the flame as it danced round the immense fagot of wood, the gate opened, and Frandjic entered. Seeing Lucy plunged in reverie, she did not wish to distract her. Seating herself at her feet she remained some time before Lucy was sensible of her presence. "Are you here?" said she, embracing her. Lucy was happy to have the little Kurd near her. The child drew her from her isolation. Ill content as she was with others, Miss Blandemere found the solitude painful in which she pursued her sad thoughts.

Frandjic was a strange creature, sweet, tender, and thoughtful. She astonished the rude mountaineers among whom chance had given her birth. She often coughed, and one wondered how her weak chest could breathe the keen air of the mountain. Very young, she yet loved not the sports of her age, and one could not divine of what she was dreaming when she would remain for hours, seated on a rock, following with a rapt eye the capricious lines of the peaks which bordered the heavens as the shores of the infinite.

She placed her head on Lucy's knees, and they began to talk. Thus they passed a great part of the night. Frandjic, whom her mother hardly noticed, thinking her a little fool, found an inexpressible pleasure in these conversations. She knew too little to learn much from her new friend, but her own heart was full, and she felt she must open it. Never having quitted the mountains, knowing almost nothing of the neighboring cities, she could scarcely complain of her destiny nor desire a better one; but her uncle was the only one whom she loved; and she comprehended by instinct that there were sweeter skies than the heaven of her native plains. She would have liked to follow Lucy, and was sad with the thought of parting from her. Then she spoke of her uncle, and of his kindness to her. He had never said to her, as others, that the magicians had fixed the destiny of the little Frank. She finished with a burst of tears; she could not tell why, for she did not know. Miss Blandemere tried to console her, and the tears gradually dried up, and she slept as an infant in the arms of her friend.

At that moment Miss Blandemere seemed to think that fate had made a blunder in her lot as well as that of the little Frandjic. She had not lived without pleasure in that wild country, whose noble and severe horizons charmed the fantasies of her altogether ardent and serious nature. She had found there, she thought, a crowd of satisfactions which were wanting in more civilized places. As to the simplicity of the pastoral life, which would have frightened any other European—she could adopt it without regret.

As she could not sleep she took from a table a *narghile*, which had been prepared for her. The *tombeki* which they use in the *narghile* is an aromatic herb which has nothing of the acritude of our tobacco. Almost all the women of the East smoke it, and

Lucy had learned the habit at Tauris. It happened, however, that the leaves of this *tombeki* were mingled with opium. There was not so much as completely to intoxicate Miss Blandemere, but under the influence of the narcotic, feeble as it was, her thoughts became freer, lighter in a way, and swept on through the regions of fancy. Fixing her eyes upon the fine open work of the wooden ceiling gilded by the last reflections of the expiring flame, she commenced a reverie more adventurous than the dreams of sleep. She thought of herself as the mistress of these mansions, and her life henceforth spent between the labours of the winter in the great subterranean habitations, and pastoral wanderings in the long months of summer. As her countrywoman, Lady Esther Stanhope, she would be the Queen of the tribe. Frandjic would be her daughter, and he who had saved her would thank her in turn for saving him "from the evils for which the girls of that country had no remedy." These wild thoughts succeeded in her mind, as the waves which, one after another, roll upon the shore and mingle themselves in expiring.

The fire was dying. She rose to reanimate it, but felt that her head was heavy. "The room wants air," said she. She went to the door and opened it. In the silent night was heard the barking of dogs around the folds. Lucy saw, as across a cloud, the calm winter landscape, but the stars, small and pale, seemed to shine in an atmosphere more than ordinarily sweet. By the light of the moon she perceived a shadow walking in the midst of the snow on the higher terraces. She thought she recognized Selim-Agha. It was indeed he. Since he had met Lucy he had not had two hours of calm sleep. In approaching the place where Lucy was he thought to change the pre-occupations which tormented him. He saw Miss Blandemere, who, white as a phantom, leant against one of the wooden pillars placed on each side of the door. The Kurd could not suppose that it was she—at that hour—rather he thought it was one of the ancestors of the tribe come from the tomb to revisit the places where it had passed its youth. To meet with a spirit from the tomb is the guaranty of an early death. The apparition did not affright Selim. It appeared natural that that messenger from beyond the tomb should announce to him the end of a suffering which it appeared impossible longer to support. He stopped and waited. The unforeseen presence of the Agha was, for Lucy, the continuation of her dream. She quitted the

pillar, traversed the street with the step of a somnambulist, and came towards him. By the rays of the moon Selim distinguished the features of the traveller, but they appeared animated with a strange expression which he had never seen before. She raised her hand to her head and staggered. At a bound the Kurd was beside her and caught her in his arms. In feeling the heart of the young girl beat against his breast the Kurd was more moved than he would have been at meeting with a phantom. It is firmly believed in that country that the dead come forth from the straitened tomb, but this apparition of a living, imposing maiden, noble and cold as Lucy was, was a prodigy which surpassed the wildest imagination. Besides, those eyes, surprisingly large, those sighings which palpitated beneath the bosom of the stranger, shewed that she was under an inexplicable and mysterious influence. Silently she rested her head on the shoulder of Selim. He bent his head toward her, and, without intending it, his lips touched the pale cheek of Miss Blandemere. She shuddered at the touch; at the same time a breeze passed over—a cold breeze, impregnated with the humidity of the snow. Lucy awoke. Gradually the cold air refreshed her brow, and calmed the nervous exaltation produced by the opium. Affrighted to find herself in the arms of the Kurd, she repulsed him vigorously. The remembrance of all that had passed came back to her memory; but she did not comprehend yet how the vague dreams commenced before the hearth had conducted her thither. For some seconds she remained before Selim without speaking; then she said, "I must appear to you very strange. I am astonished to find myself here. The close atmosphere of my room sickened me. I wanted to breathe a moment outside, but the cold surprised me, and I would have lost consciousness in the middle of the snow,—if you had not again come to my succour. I am now better."

Lucy returned to the house and entered. When the door was shut, she trembled as one who has escaped a great danger. "Ah!" said she, with a low voice, when passing before her aged sleeping relative, "You know not what a fool you have brought up." The air of the room was charged with strange vapours, more penetrating than those of *tombeki*. Lucy recognized the peculiar odour of opium. This explained all to her. She renewed the fire, and opened for a little the paper frame which served for a window.

Miss Blandemere, in reviewing the events of the evening,

judged herself severely. She condemned herself for her imprudent reveries. It was cruel to sport with the love of the Kurd, and with the affection of her Cousin. The romance of nomadic life, which for a moment had seduced her, appeared odious and absurd. Who knew where she might have been led if there had been a little more opium in the narghile, if the cool breeze had not dissipated her intoxication? She only thought now of getting away from the Kurdish village as one would withdraw from the edge of a precipice.

Frandjic was in a calm sleep, but a tear still hung at the extremity of the closed eye-lash. Lucy dried that tear with a kiss, then kneeling down before the bed she commenced her evening prayer. In that she asked of God for a blessing upon the little friend whom she was about to leave, and who would be hereafter alone, delivered to the caprices of that destiny which sports with the life of man as the wind with the falling leaves. The prayer finished, she couched herself near Frandjic. Their blonde tresses mingled upon the pillow, and then was heard in the chamber only the chirp of a cricket beneath the cinders of the hearth.

## IV.

WHEN the following morning Miss Blandemere met Stewart she held out her hand to him. "Pardon me," said she, "I was unjust to you yesterday, and I regret it. I have a very bad character. I will try to control it better in future. We need not speak any more of that, I suppose? And to give you satisfaction, we will depart to-morrow."

Erzeroom is two days journey of a caravan from Abdurrahmanli, but the horses chosen expressly for the journey were now rested and could without difficulty make it in a single day. It was agreed that they should start with the rising sun. Lucy charged herself with making known the determination to the Agha. "My cousin," said she, "is compelled to hasten his return to Europe. I think it would do me harm to remain in so cold a country as Armenia. You have seen that I was suffering. I fear the consequences of a nervous fever such as that of yesterday."

The Kurd, who did not expect such a speedy departure, perceived that his heart was broken; but he manifested no emotion.

"It will be done as you desire," said he, "I will give orders to have all ready to-morrow morning."

The day passed sadly. Frandjic never quitted Miss Blandemere, and could hardly restrain her tears. The Lieutenent wished to leave with the tribe a souvenir of his journey. He paid magnificently for the least services. He took apart the old blind bard and filled his hand with gold pieces. He, fierce and proud as a poet, accepted that liberality in the same way as Demodocus the presents of kings. "I will compose a poem in your honor," said he, "and your name will live long among the girls of Abdurrahmanli."

Miss Blandemere slept none the whole night. About four in the morning she and Mrs. Morton rose and prepared to depart. They found neither the horses nor the mules which they expected to find there. To make amends, all the village was on foot and in the greatest confusion. "What has happened?" demanded they of Stewart, whom they perceived through the dim twilight.

"The Kurds are in a great commotion," said he. "The Agha has disappeared, and they have been searching for him in vain this half-hour."

The strangers soon learned that the servants of Selim, when they came to their master's house to tell him that the hour of the departure of his guests had come, had found the chamber empty. His favourite horse was not in the stable, and his arms were not in their usual place. He had often previously departed unexpectedly on an expedition or a journey, but always accompanied by some of the men, and after having apprised his sister of his resolution. Such a quick departure seemed inexplicable. If it did not alarm the tribe, it astonished it wonderfully.

When the day came, traces of his horse's feet were found in the snow. He had gone south-east—that is, towards Persia. Many men got on horseback to follow the Agha. The English party did not wish to depart till re-assured regarding their host, and remained at the village awaiting the news. Miss Blandemere had re-entered her chamber, and by the partly open window heard the conversation of the people passing. She did not comprehend their language well, yet enough to know that they imputed to the strangers the event which troubled them all. The witcheries of Europeans are a simple explanation of the most extraordinary incidents. A presentiment told Lucy that the Kurds were only

half-deceived in their conjectures. She feared that the Chief of the Abdurrahmanli remained under the fatal charm which had subdued him, and that he had taken some desperate resolution. She knew the East too well to suppose that he would deliver himself from an existence which had become intolerable, but who could tell what other follies a man might commit under the influence of passion?

Meantime, the evening came on without bringing any news. Lucy passed part of the night consoling little Frandjic, who was alike inconsolable for the departure of Lucy, and the disappearance of the Agha. At break of day the horsemen had not returned. The caravan could not suspend its progress indefinitely. They took the road, charging Selim's sister to send word of the Agha to them at Erzeroom, where they had to remain some days. Lucy bade adieu to the inconsolable Frandjic, to whom she left, as a souvenir of her journey, a turquoise bracelet, a present of the wife of the Viceroy of Tauris; and one part of the tribe accompanied the strangers an hour on the way—all sorcerors as they were supposed to be by the wisest people of the village.

The journey was made, without difficulty, in beautiful weather. On the morning of the third day the caravan departed from a narrow gorge and saw before it a vast plain, like a basin of the sea from which the waves have withdrawn. Mountains in amphitheatre, disposed as steps of an immense circus, shut in all parts. Elevated peaks shot up here and there indented lines above inferior summits. The plain was white with snow. Brown spots, above which floated the smoke, marked the place of numerous villages. In the distance, in the midst of the furthest heights, one might distinguish a sombre spot larger than the others. That was Erzeroom. Environed by immense fields of snow, which the sun covered with blue and rose tints, half veiled by a light fog, pierced by the points of the minarets, she appeared like those fantastic cities, suspended between heaven and earth, which serve for the abode of the Genii.

Erzeroom is near to Europe; but happy as Miss Blandemere was to find herself at the entrance of a civilized country, she did not wish to continue her journey till she had heard what had become of her host of the mountain. The days passed, and the promised message did not come. It was necessary to depart for

Trébizonde, and for Constantinople. In this last city the English voyagers took leave of Tikraine-Effendi. Five days after, they arrived in London.

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A year passed away. Lucy, who had married Stewart, was seated at the window of her chamber in the great house of Westmoreland. The winter had returned. The turf of the park, the plains and the lake had disappeared under the snow. The tableau recalled to her the solitudes of Armenia. A letter was brought to her, covered with many coloured stamps. She broke the seal, which bore in Arabic letters the monogram of Tikraine-Effendi, and read as follows:—

CONSTANTINOPLE, 26th Oct., 1861.

"*Madam*,—You have charged me to give you news of our friends of the Kurd Mountains. If the news comes to you late, excuse me, I pray you, in thinking that it is difficult to know at Constantinople what is passing at Abdurrahmanli. Here is what I have heard from a traveller who lately arrived from Kurdistan.

"Selim-Agha has never appeared to his people. The horsemen sent in pursuit lost all trace of him on the frontier of Persia, and during some months nothing was heard of him. At the commencement of this year it was reported that he had joined the Kurdish tribes, established on the frontier of Khorassan. Some time after a Dervish traveller, come from Mecheb, reported that the unfortunate Selim-Agha was killed in an encounter with the Uzbecks of the Red Sand Desert. No one knows the motive of the strange resolution which he took. His own people say that magic was at the bottom of it. As to myself, I am lost in conjectures.

"You left at Abdurrahmanli one who constantly talked of you—the little Frandjic. Unfortunately, the poor child fell sick at the beginning of winter. She had always been of feeble health. The chagrin caused by the departure of her uncle, was not less fatal than the rigours of the climate, and she died before the spring. She asked her mother to be interred with the bracelet you gave her."

Poor Frandjic! Poor Selim! said Lucy, letting fall the letter. She remained a long time before the window without detaching her thought from the subject of her silent meditation, and without turning her eyes from the winter landscape, so like the Kurdish country. The only verdure in the middle of the snow was that of a little isolated cemetery, at the bottom of the plain. The cypresses

recalled to her once more the melancholy stanzas of the Persian Poet. They were chaunted in her ear as an adieu, full of resigned sadness. Since then, Lucy often thinks of the two tombs, where sleep in the bosom of the East those who loved her.

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## THE MILLER SANS-SOUCI.

*Freely translated from the French of Andrieux.*

BY MARY REVETT, HALIFAX, N. S.

MAN'S a strange problem, starting still aside,
The individual, as the race, swerves wide;
What we the common character may call,
Is just to have no character at all;
Sceptic at morn, and dogmatist at night,
Oft in the wrong, yet sometimes in the right;
With every wind and cloud we rise and fall,
As fluid silver in the crystal ball;
E'en kings, the much-abused, of whom there go
Such ill reports—some fairer features show;
I well believe it—yea, a proof will bring,
Of right prevailing with a mighty king.
The Second Frederick on the Oder's side,
Of a new kingdom long the strength and pride,
By Austria feared, by France with envy viewed,
Whose restless mind some problem still pursued,
Wooing the muses 'mid the din of war——
Great king, bad Christian, deep philosopher,—
This Royal Medley sighed for some retreat,
Where, loosed from galling chains of etiquette,
He might—— not vegetate, not hunt and drink,
But—— pipe and sing, philosophize and think;
Sigh over human inconsistency,
Then, mingling wisdom still with mirth and glee,
Sup with D'Argens, Voltaire and Lametrie.

Now, so it chanced, that on the green hill's side,
Whose easy slope the chosen site supplied,

There lived a jolly miller, frank and free,
Whose name expressed his nature——Sans-Souci.
Honest and thrifty, it was not his way,
To cast to-morrow's burden on to-day;
Right pleasant was his eye and kind his tone,
No lack of custom had he ever known;
Up with the sun, the man of meal was found,
The grist came in and fast the sails went round,
And village maids and swains at close of day,
Flocked to the mill and danced their cares away;
Thus far and wide was spread his honest fame,
And to the mill they gave the miller's name—
Auspicious name! whose sound was sure to please
Lovers of Epicurus and of ease——
So the king willed, and rumour loud proclaimed,
That from the mill the palace should be named.

Is it a law of our sublunar ball,
That neighbours still to loggerheads must fall?
That kings and millers should alike be found
Tenaciously resolved to hold their ground?
For once the monarch did not act the sage,
He eyed askance his neighbour's heritage.
Now plans had been traced out, I'd have you know,
That made on paper quite a pretty show,
In which the small inclosure with the mill
Was quite forgot or overlooked, until
'Twas found so placed 'twould intercept the view,
Contract the garden, hide the avenue.
The Overseer of Royal Works thereon,
Sends for the miller, and, in pompous tone—
"We want your mill, good man; so, name your price,
All shall be paid and settled in a trice."
"We want it, quoth'a! but the mill is mine,"
"'Tis for the king; nor need you to repine,"
Make your own terms, you're certain to prevail."
"I'll make no terms, my mill is not for sale.
This bold reply—which, who could have thought,
In no wise softened, to the king was brought;

Who to his presence summoned Sans-Souci,
Lo! face to face he stands with majesty;
And majesty, for once, does not disdain
To promise, soothe, entreat—and all in vain;
Sans-Souci stands his ground. "But listen, friend,
To reason." "Sire, my house I cannot vend;
Thence my old father passed from earth to heaven,
And *there*, even now, has to my prayers been given
An infant son to cheer *my* drooping age.
*I will not sell my father's heritage.*"
The monarch chafed: the miller felt aglow—
"Offer a thousand ducats—I say, No!—
That I'm a stubborn fellow may be true,
Grant it—and what, I pray, sometimes are *you*?"
Kings hardly bear to have their will denied—
With rage transported, Frederick fiercely cried,
"A rare ado about a paltry mill!
Know, I can *take* it fellow, if I *will*.
'Twas of my *grace*, I offered to requite—
Nay, *over*pay—Has not a king a right?"
"A right to take my mill? A pretty saw!
Yes—if at Berlin there's nor judge nor law?"
The king, restored to reason by that word,
Pleased that his subjects felt their rights secured,
Turned laughing to his train and said with cheer,
"The field is lost; we're fairly beaten here;
Friend, keep thy mill. Thy spirit I admire."
From a republic could you more require?
Though kings may act with justice, now and then,
Trust not in princes nor the sons of men;
This very Frederick, here so just and fair,
Sometimes indulged his little whims elsewhere,
At other folk's expense—suffice to say—
He took Silesia, on a certain day,
Scarce seated on his throne, athirst for fame,
And madly set all Europe in a flame.
War's a grand game—the stakes are men; kings throw
The dice, caprice directs their fall, and so,
A mill is spared—a province is laid low.

# PHILIP BLAR;

or,

## School Days in the Dominion.

BY E. LAWSON FENERTY, ESQ., HALIFAX, N. S.

(Continued.)

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE Groves, as Mr. Chauncy called his island school, comprised about one hundred and seventy acres of land, most of it classed good, and well cultivated, as he was a farmer, amateurly speaking—to coin a word—in addition to his other duties, that is to say, he employed a competent person to attend to that part of the work, which was wisdom.

Something in the neighbourhood of thirty acres, more or less, had been set apart for the boys' particular benefit, and included a capital cricket ground, made at considerable expense, for the use of the school club, which had acquired quite a reputation in several well contested matches with clubs of the vicinity.

The ground was immediately in front of the houses, almost as level as a floor, and bordered on two sides by magnificent elms that threw broad shadows over its surface.

The lower field, so called, a large oblong enclosure below the cricket ground, extending to the water's edge, was the general play ground; at one extremity a good sized pond furnished an arena whereon divers well contested yacht races came off between the miniature craft of the boys.

The island itself was egg-shaped, or nearly so, the smaller end covered with a thick growth of oaks, from which the name of the place was derived. About the centre the buildings were erected, comprising—first, the Principal's cottage, facing the cricket ground and the broad gravelled road that connected with the Island wharf, extending around one extremity of the ground; a broad piazza fronted the whole of this building.

The school building was a large three story structure in the shape of an L, situated to the left of, and with its longest face parallel with the cottage, the wing being farthest from that building.

The lower flat of the main building was occupied by the large hall, or main entrance, at the left extremity, and the dining hall;

back of this in the wing on the same floor, was the store and servants dining rooms, and below these the kitchen; the ground sloping away from the front, the rear of the wing being four stories in height on that account.

The second story of the large building was occupied by the school and class-rooms, and library, the entire upper part of both buildings was taken up by the dormitories, and the Master's apartments.

The large dormitory was for the smaller scholars, and would accommodate about sixty; the smaller, over the wing, was arranged for about forty of the older boys. They were wide, high and airy, lighted from the roof and ends.

Two rows of iron bedsteads were placed with their heads against either wall, leaving a space of twenty feet between, clear; at the head of each bed a door opened into a small dressing-room, just large enough for a washstand, chest of drawers, trunks, and a couple of chairs; this was the sanctum of the two boys that occupied the bed nearest; each of the assistant masters was supposed to have charge of one dormitory, having for his lieutenant one of the older pupils.

Just a few words to describe the Principal and his wife: he was a man of medium height, powerfully built, broad shoulders and perfectly erect, his hair and whiskers slightly grizzled, he was past fifty, his face was one of those that always impels one to desire to shake hands with the owner, the kindly hazel eyes looked so cheery, but it could be stern, and he was a sturdy boy that could look without flinching into the eyes when the light of anger shone in them; but such an occasion was a rarity, for he did not believe in the rod, except as a last resort.

Mrs. Chauncy was as much like her husband as possible, pleasant and affable, but inexorable as fate in regard to duty; she had some few peculiarities; it was whispered among the boys that sometimes an offender might have escaped punishment but for her; the scholars liked her pretty well, but feared her more.

Philip, after his uncle's departure, was, with Strickland, directed by Mrs. Chauncy to follow her, ordering one of the servant men to bring up the luggage to No. 12, large dormitory. After showing them their room, they were to be chums, she gave them each a key and explained that two of the bureau drawers belonged to each.

"The supper bell will ring by the time you have arranged your things and washed," she said, as she turned to go out, "be ready, for we are very punctual here."

They had completed all their arrangements, and made themselves presentable; as the bell had not yet rang, Strickland suggested that they should go out, but Phil preferred remaining, and seating himself at the window he was left alone to think over his novel position. As he thought, the picture of his home rose clear before his eyes, the pretty cottage, and brighter gardens, the kindly faces, all seemed as though they were with him. As the vision faded from his mind, a sense of unutterable loneliness stole over him, and the tears welled up unbidden; then he knew how good it was to have such a home as his.

The tinkle of the supper bell disturbed his day-dream; he started up, half ashamed of this weakness, dashed the wet from his cheeks and went down stairs, his previous examination of the place proving useful in finding the dining room. On his way down he found himself in company with some twenty others, bound on the same errand; some stared at him and wondered what kind of a fellow he was; but the majority kept on their way, too intently engaged in conversation to notice any one.

In the large dining-room he found himself in company with about seventy others of all ages, ranging from eighteen to ten, but very few of the older ones were present, not having come back from home. Some were already seated at the well-spread supper tables that filled the room, after some confusion and bustle, for they were not yet properly settled to their places. All were seated but Phil and Strickland, who remained standing, uncertain what to do. Mr. Chauncy espying them, placed them at a small table near his own seat, which had been dubbed the duffers table, from the fact that only new comers used it, until, as he explained, they were regularly placed.

After a short grace, the Principal set the example, and soon all were busily engaged discussing the supper. The place Mr. Chauncy occupied this evening, at the head of the table, was his more by courtesy than custom, the senior Assistant Master usually taking that place, excepting at the commencement of each term, or after holidays, when the boys were more than ordinarily hard to manage.

Phil was among the first to leave the room, having but little

appetite. He strolled out to the play ground, and had been standing some time looking absently at the quiet waters of the river as they glowed under the red light of the setting sun, when he was saluted by his friend—of three hours standing—Crawford.

"I say Blair, how do you like the place, bully ain't it?"

Phil looked up inquiringly as if he did not understand the question, which was the case, as his thoughts were away when it was asked.

"Bully place, ain't it?" said Crawford, repeating the question.

"Yes, first rate," and he turned his head away to hide his face, for his lip was quivering, but not soon enough; his quick-sighted companion discovered it.

"Hullo! home sick? come along or the fellows will chaff;" and the good natured boy took Phil's arm for a walk, to show him about. "Hold on a minute," he added, "till I get my cousin, it would be awful shabby to leave him to himself." He hurried off, and soon returned with Jerry, and the trio started on their explorations. They had still an hour yet of good daylight, so that when the twilight had fairly deepened to dusk, they were tolerably familiar with their Island home.

"What do you go in for?" queried Crawford of Phil, as they were standing on the cricket ground after their ramble. "Cricket?"

"I hardly know. I can row pretty well, but it's too hard work; cricket's good fun, I have played a good deal, but you see the club where I come from are all big fellows."

"You must join the school club, it's in first-rate order now, got lots of things," meaning bats, etc., "and two good elevens, I'm in the second; what are you best at?"

Phil smiled, "I do not know what I am best at, but I like long stopping."

"That's bully, we just want a back stop for our eleven, the one we have now isn't much good."

"Perhaps I'm not, either."

"Oh, well, you can practice, and if you are any good at all you'll beat Wilman; we'll have a game to-morrow afternoon."

"Can I play before I join the club?"

"Of course, at first; I'll give your name in to the Secretary in the morning."

"All right."

"There is the evening bell," said Crawford, "all the fellows except the first class must go in when that rings; you can sit in the school-room — read, or do anything quiet, until half-past nine, unless you want to go to bed sooner; lots of fellows go up to their rooms and read, but if they get caught they get a licking; the rule is to read all you want to before dark, unless in the school-room; the big fellows come in about ten, some of them go across the river sometimes, have to get leave first."

"You and Jerry can sit with me," he continued, as they entered the school-room, "the boys that have those seats are not back yet; it is likely you will be examined and placed to-morrow, your seat will depend on what class you are in, perhaps in the same as me, the third, this is my seat," stopping by one of the desks, "you can sit there," pointing to the one on his right.

Phil seated himself, feeling, among so many strange faces, as if all were examining him; but discovered, to his relief, when he raised his eyes they were too busy with their own affairs to bestow more than a passing glance on him or his companion.

Feeling more at his ease after this discovery, he leisurely inspected the room and its fittings, and was examining the faces of the boys next to him, making a mental estimate of their characters from the data thus afforded.

He was getting tired of this, and wondering if he could find his way to bed before the rest went; there was half an hour to spare, when his eye was arrested by one of the oddest profiles he had seen since he left Croasdale; it reminded him so forcibly of Old Pimples that, having a keen sense of the ludicrous, it was with difficulty he suppressed a burst of laughter; when its fortunate, or unfortunate possessor, turned its glories full upon our hero. He was seized with an irresistable desire to sketch it; in accordance with this idea he emptied his pockets until he reached a lead pencil.

"Crawford," he whispered, "give us a bit of paper, I want to draw something."

This was obtained, after some rummaging, and handed to Phil, who at once proceeded to execute a portrait of him of the comical face, after his best style.

"There," he said, handing it to Crawford, after ten minutes application, "how's that?"

Crawford looked at it an instant, then his face became one

broad smile as he recognized the face; involuntarily he turned to look at the original. "Just like him, only a little more so, I say," he added, touching the boy in front of him on the shoulder, "look," handing the sketch. He took it, and a grin of recognition overspread his face, taking a lead pencil he printed the word "Gooseberry" in large letters and passed it along to the next. After passing through several hands, and becoming pretty well covered with comments, one fellow folded it and indicated he was going to give it to Wilman, the victim.

Phil, in great distress, beckoned hastily for him not to, for when he drew the caricature he had no idea of letting it reach Wilman's hands; but he was too late, or not heeded, as, while he beckoned, Wilman took the paper.

Phil watched him anxiously to see what effect it would produce.

One look at the paper, then he colored up furiously; discovering when he looked up a lot of fellows eyeing him with a half smile, he scowled savagely, tearing the paper into a dozen pieces and scattering them about the floor.

This increased the boys amusement, as, being no favorite, any opportunity to badger him was taken advantage of. The fun got to be so noisy at last as to attract the attention of one of the Masters, who sternly called them to order.

Phil felt, as he observed the angry glances of Wilman, that if he was discovered to be the author of the caricature, he would have at least one enemy in the school. This he did not like, not so much from fear of Wilman, but getting into mischief before he was fairly in the school, looked bad. As they were going up to bed after prayers, he confided his fears to Crawford.

"That's a fact, if he finds it out; but there's no danger, I won't tell him."

"I don't suppose *you* will, but some of the other chaps might."

"Don't think they know it, anyway, if they do what's the odds as long as you can't help it; you can lick Wilman, at least I think so."

"It's not that," replied Phil, "but what I said first, it looks so seedy for a fellow his first day to make a row."

"I don't believe the Governor will take any notice of it even if there is a row," said Crawford, after a minute's silence; "but if he does you'll be on the black book sure, and if Wilman finds out that it was you there'll be a fight, for he's got an awful temper."

"I don't care for that part as long as the Principal doesn't know about it."

"Don't you?" said Crawford dryly, "you're fonder of a row than I am; mind, I tell you, you'll find him tough enough."

"Who said I was fond of a row? I am sure I don't want to fight; but if I have to, I guess I can take a licking; not so sure I'll have to either," he muttered in an under tone.

By this time they had reached the door of Phil's dressing-room, so bidding Crawford good night, he went in to prepare himself for bed. Strickland soon after joined him. After disrobing, they sat on their chairs, in their night-clothes, looking at each other furtively. The fact was, they both wanted to say their prayers, but each was ashamed. Phil found it harder work than the prospect of facing the angry Wilman. Finally, after a deal of waiting, and hoping that Jerry would go out and get into bed, he made one determined effort and knelt down; it was with a feeling of relief that he heard his companion follow his example. I am afraid I will have to admit, that if he had not had the privacy of his dressing-room, Phil's prayers would have remained unsaid. He was not a hero, only an ordinary school-boy that remembered his mother's *teaching, but had a school-boy's fear* of ridicule.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE next morning he wakened thoroughly refreshed, and was up and dressed long before the first bell rang.

He sat down before the window, having first thrown it open. The fresh morning air came streaming in, laden with sweet perfume, the new-mown hay flinging its fragrance lavishly around. The depression of spirits he experienced the night before had all vanished; bouyantly he looked forward to his new life, and resolved to stick to his good resolutions. While meditating, his eye caught his mother's present, which he found in his trunk when he unpacked it the night before and laid it on the bureau. It was a handsomely bound reference bible. Stepping across the room, he took it, seated himself again, and was looking through it in a pre-occupied way, when he was startled by a knock at his door; laying the bible hastily aside he called out, "come in!" and was answered by Crawford's pleasant face, peering in through the partly open door.

"Hullo!" said Phil, "is it you?"

"Part of me, am I bothering you?"

"No! come in! I feel first rate this morning, not a bit home sick."

"You're up early; I suppose this being your first night here would make a difference?"

"So are you," Phil replied, laughing; "hear anything about that picture affair after I left you last night?"

"Yes, Wilman's mad as thunder, says he'll lick the fellow that did it, if he can, and he is bound to fight anyway. He blamed me for it, I just laughed at him, the loon. He knew better all the time, trying to find out, don't you see; he could'nt fool me though. We came pretty near having a row as it was, only the Senior Master came along; he thinks I am afraid of him."

"Don't you get in a row on my account," said Phil.

"Don't intend to," Crawford replied, turning and surveying his companion from head to foot; then adding with a short laugh, "I guess you can look after yourself."

Phil smiled a little gratified smile; who, does he think, did it?

I don't know; doesn't think it you though, or if he does, he is very quiet.

Phil leaned thoughtfully out of the window a minute.

"Let us have a walk," said Crawford, breaking the silence; "there is lots of time before breakfast; besides, none of the fellows will be up, may be one or two: better put your brushes away," he added, as they were turning to leave the room, "servants will use 'em if you don't." He followed this advice, and the two went down stairs.

"You see," continued Crawford, after they had walked a short distance, "if he doesn't find it out now it will all blow over; but if he does, you will have to stick right up to him, because if he sees your funky he'll be worse than ever, regular bully you see."

It was not very pleasant this prospect of a fight, and Phil walked along soberly enough, despite his assertions that he did not care. It's all well enough getting your temper up, and pitching into a fellow then and there, but this talking about it so coolly before-hand did not suit his peculiar temperament. "It does well enough to lick a fellow, or get a licking," he thought, "but this sort of thing is not such fun, that's all."

"I say Blair," said Crawford suddenly—they had been walking

in silence for some minutes—"if the fellows chaff you this afternoon, don't get mad, only makes 'em worse; and, besides, you won't have any chance with so many. Talk back and laugh at them, they'll soon get tired."

"Trust me," Phil replied with a grin, "I'm not green; if they fool too much though," and he shook his head threateningly.

Crawford laughed:—"You'll have a fight anyway, so it don't make much difference whether it's with Wilman or not."

"What kind of a chap is that new chum of your's?" said half a dozen of the boys together, assembling about Crawford in the lower field the same afternoon: "He seems independent enough."

"So he is, and as far as I can see, a real good sort. I only came across him yesterday on the wharf. He crickets, and rows too. I asked him to join the cricket club."

"Is he going to, what's his name, where does he belong, what class is he in?" exclaimed half a dozen voices together.

"Go ahead, ask a few more questions, and before I can answer one lot, ask another batch," Crawford replied provokingly.

"Stop that rubbish and tell us; here he comes now to speak for himself; we'll find out for ourselves, hey, boys?"

"I guess so," and a mischievous laugh ran through the group.

Crawford discreetly held his tongue, knowing that all he could say would not save Phil from a "roasting," as they elegantly phrased it.

"I say, what's your name?" queried several boys, as Phil joined them.

"Philip Blair," in a steady voice, but with just the faintest suspicion of a twinkle in his eyes, as he remembered Crawford's advice of the morning and comprehended the situation.

"Where do you come from?"

"Croasdale," and he looked quietly around at his questioners with a grin.

"Going to study for a Parson?" suggested one boy in an insinuating voice, slightly tinged with contempt.

"And make a Christian of you," replied Phil solemnly; whereat there was a laugh. He had the best of it as yet.

"He's one of the Clargy!" exclaimed a tall fellow who had lounged leisurely up during the conversation.

"Oh, no! if you'll be kind enough to say the Navy, the Dominion Navy I mean; or the Army, a commission in Brindler's

Pets, for instance; he don't seem to be fool enough though, he'll hardly come to that," shaking his head slowly and speaking in a meditative way that started a laugh. "You see," he explained, that's one of the crack regiments, that when they march slide along sideways like a dog after his dinner."

Phil flushed hotly at this. It was mean, he thought, for one of the big ones to go at him; he underwent the catechising from the youngsters quite composedly, but this was more than he bargained for. Looking squarely at his last assailant, he said in a matter of fact way: "You're about twice as big as I am, ain't you?"

Terrence, that was his name, raised his eyebrows, and admitted such was the case, with a stare of surprise at such audacity, and looked as if he wondered what in the mischief was coming next.

"Well, then, if you want to chaff a new boy, wait till you get hold of one something like your own size."

"Phew" whistled Terrence, from between his lips, "It's a little rooster to crow so loud;" but he flushed, nevertheless.

The youngsters were astounded. It was not often that one of the upper boys got talked to that way.

To tell the truth, Phil was a little alarmed himself after he said what he did, and saw the result. Fortunately for him it was a manly fellow he had to deal with.

Terrence passing through the group and laying his hand on Phil's shoulder said, while a little spot burned on either cheek, "you are right, youngster, it was hardly fair for me when so many of your own age were at you; but I like you all the better for the way you have acted; it would'nt go down with some though," he added in an under tone. "What's your name?"

"Blair."

"You will get on well enough, if I am not mistaken; I don't think they'll trouble you much more," and he looked significantly at the boys; saying this he strolled off as leisurely as he came.

It was marvellous to observe the effect of this little episode on the manner of the same boys who, a few moments before, had hinted their intention to roast him unmercifully.

There was a certain respect, if I can so term it, for the boy that could break a lance against such odds and come out unscathed.

Nevertheless, if Terrence had cuffed him, the verdict of the majority would have been, served him right for his cheek; but he

did not, and consequently the respect and our hero obtaining a standing among the boys that half a term's residence would hardly give.

"By George! but you're lucky," said Crawford, taking our hero aside after Terrence left them, "not for getting off so easy, for he is a regular brick, but for having pluck enough to say what you did."

"I'd do it again," said Phil in a don't care tone.

Crawford eyed him a moment, then said, "No, you would'nt, you looked half scared after you said it, I noticed, so don't put on airs, that sort of thing won't do here."

Phil flushed a little, but he was wise enough to know that he deserved the rebuke, also to take the advice it contained, so he dropped that part of the subject.

"What's his name?" he asked after a moment's silence.

"Terrence, and it's good for you he is one of the best fellows here; all of us like him he is such a jolly one; you don't see him putting on like some of them I could name, that would have given you a clip on the ear if you said half as much to them; that sort will hear of what he said about you, so they'll not trouble you unless you deserve it."

"Why what did he say?" said Phil, slightly bewildered at Crawford's comments; certainly he heard nothing that would warrant him in supposing that Terrence had constituted himself his protector.

"He said he thought they would not trouble you any more, did'nt he?"

"Yes, but that meant only the lot."

"Did it; you'll see, I know as much about this place as you, I think."

"Bully for me!" exclaimed Phil, with a laugh. "I don't mind, that will come in first-rate if they try to bully."

"How did you get along this afternoon with your examination, what class are you in?"

"Miserable; in the fourth. I thought I would get in with you. I would have too, only I slipped up in Algebra. I missed like the mischief in History too. I did'nt mind that so much as I never could remember dates; but I knew the Algebra questions well enough, somehow I could not get the answers out; such luck, and

I got Wilman for a desk-mate too." Here Phil seemed almost overpowered by his feelings, he looked so exceedingly disgusted.

Crawford laughed merrily.

"When will I have another chance?" continued Phil when Crawford stopped laughing, but in such a forlorn tone as to cause his companion to explode again.

"Not till the end of the term, unless you apply for an examination at the end of the month: you can do that. If you could only get rid of Wilman now it would'nt be so bad."

"I'll do it," said Phil, with determination in every line of his face.

"What, get rid of Wilman?"

"Yes, I suppose that's part of the programme; but go in for another examination. That Wilman is a nasty beggar though; do you know, I believe, he has a notion that I had something to do with that picture."

"Pretty near right if he has, but I don't think; how would he hear? what makes you think so?"

"So crusty, hardly speak to a fellow; I don't care though, but I am sorry I did it. I thought we were going to have a game of cricket this afternoon!"

"So we can, there are lots of fellows about. Let's see what they say to it?"

"Who'll go in for a game of cricket?" queries Crawford, rejoining the boys from whom they had wandered during the conversation."

"I don't mind if I do," said one, "we haven't had the things out since the holidays;" — "and that's so long," interposed another, laughing, "day before yesterday."

"Haven't the first eleven been out?"

"No, and they have got the return match to play with the town fellows; they'll get a beating, too, if they don't look out."

"Never mind that," said Crawford, impatiently, "will you have a game?"

"All right," exclaimed a lot, "get the rigging."

"Who'll go for it?"

"Go yourself."

"So I mean to, but I am not going to lug it alone."

Phil signifying his willingness to assist, they started off on their errand.

"Did you bring that left hand bat?" inquired one of the boys, Johnson by name, when they returned.

"Yes, and pads, too."

"Stick up the wickets, then, and let us get at it; I suppose the first eleven will be wanting this ground about the time we get started," he grumbled.

"What is it to be, tip and run?"

"No! No! A scratch match, there are plenty to choose up sides."

"All right, go ahead; Ferris, you and Qurlett choose," said Crawford."

"Toss you for innings," said Ferris, "first toss, flat or round?"

"Round!" as the bat went spinning in the air.

"Round it is, what do you do?"

"We'll go in," replied Qurlett, who had won the toss.

"We've got to field, Phil," said Crawford, both being on the outside.

"I wish we had Wilman here to back-stop for us," said Ferris. "I asked Qurlett to lend us Johnson, he is about next best, but he won't. They are going to count byes, and I bowl pretty fast, you know. What will we do?"

"Here's Blair," suggested Crawford, "try him, he has long-stopped."

Ferris looked doubtfully at Phil, an instant, and said: "I suppose that will do; do you think you could manage it, I'm fast?"

"I am not anxious," replied Phil, stiffly, a trifle offended at Ferris' manner, "I don't mind how fast it is though."

"Put on the pads, then, get out the rest of your fellows; Crawford point and bowl at the other end." Everything was arranged, and the game commenced, Ferris taking the ball. The first two or three he delivered were straight for the wickets, and neatly stopped; the next was at his best pace, but a little wide, and it rattled past the wickets with a rush.

"Look out, Phil!" exclaimed Crawford, feeling naturally anxious that he should do well, as he had recommended him.

He did look out, but being nervous, let the ball pass him for three byes.

Crawford looked disappointed, and Phil distressed.

"Never mind," said Ferris, "that's nothing, often miss the first ball, look out for the rest."

The next ball was hit away. This being the over, and Crawford a very much slower bowler then Ferris, it gave Phil a chance to regain his confidence; after this he stopped capitally, picking up and throwing in clean.

"Splendid!" said Crawford, delightedly, as the last bat left the wickets; "beats Wilman higher'n a kite." To a certain extent he shared the credit. "He ought to be on our eleven," he said to Ferris, as they walked away waiting for their innings.

"What will we do with Wilman? Qurlett will have to fix that though, but it doesn't make much difference, as there are no matches for us to play."

"If there is a match and Wilman is put off, I don't see what he will have to growl about? He was put on in Johnson's place because he was the best; we want the best fellows we can get."

"That's nothing, you know what he is as well as I do. He'll be sure to get his back up; if he does, there will be a row. Wilman looks at the other fellow now whenever he meets him like a cross dog. I think they must have had some words already."

"Blair does'nt care two cents for him."

"I can see that, but that won't do him any good."

"Won't it? Do you know I think he can lick Wilman if they don't clinch."

"O no," replied Ferris, shaking his head, "Wilman's ever so much heavier."

"Well, perhaps he can't, but he is'nt afraid of him." You see our hero had secured a staunch champion already.

That night Phil went to bed almost too tired to sleep; he was lying in a half doze thinking over the events of the day, and, naturally enough, rather gratified at the turn they had taken with respect to himself, when he thought he felt the bed-clothes move, the lights were all out and the room perfectly quiet, his bed-fellow was sleeping soundly. He must have been asleep, he thought, for it was evidently late; however, he directed all his attention to the foot of the bed, remaining perfectly still; again the clothes moved, and this time he felt a hand cautiously thrust under and touch his foot. There it stopped a moment, then another hand came on to play its part, and he felt them both at work fastening a string around his toe. His mind was made up in an instant. Waiting until the joker had tied it once, and before it was properly secured, he turned over with a sonorous yawn and drew the

foot well up towards his body. The hands were withdrawn like a shot, and a dead silence following, again he tried, but Phil moved restlessly.

The joker gave it up, trusting that what he had done would prove secure, and as Phil saw him moving off through the gloom after a minute's rest he hastily slipped his hand down, removed the string and tied it firmly to the bed-post. It was hardly secured, and still in his hand, when he felt a tug, then another. Smiling blandly, he composed himself for a comfortable nap, and left the would-be practical joker vainly endeavoring to pull down a bedstead with a bit of twine.

On awakening in the morning, and remembering the tying arrangement, he looked at the bed-post to see if the string was still there, but it had been removed; the boy, whoever it was, evidently being afraid to carry out his original intentions.

He told Crawford, the first opportunity, and being too good a joke to be lost, it was speedily known throughout the school, raising Phil another peg in the estimation of the boys, who were ever ready to admire anything that was, to use their vernacular, cute; they endorsed their sentiments by voting him a regular brick. Of course all this flattered him, when he heard it, as he did shortly after, and indirectly had a tendency towards upsetting all his good resolves.

(To be continued.)

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## "WAITING.'

AMONG the tufted clover
That waft sweet odors over
Across the river,
The wings of noisy plover
As o'er the field they hover
In the light quiver.

Where the boughs interlacing
With delicate green tracing
The calm stream shadow,
A bridge of rustic timber
With many a leafy climber
Leads to the meadow.

By the gate leaning over
As waiting for her lover
A maid is staying:
Her eyes with her hand shading
From hope to sorrow fading
With his delaying.

She knows not that the rushes
And over-hanging bushes
A dead face cover;
And that the placid river
Will never, never give her
Her one true lover.

"HELEN HALIFAX."

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## THE FORMS OF WATER.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL has given us the fullest information on this subject in a volume of the International Scientific Series. We propose, in a series of short papers, to give the substance of this interesting volume.

### *No.* 1.—*Clouds, Rain, and Rivers.*

Every occurrence in Nature is preceded by other occurrences which are its causes, and succeeded by others which are its effects. The human mind is not satisfied with observing and studying any natural occurrence alone, but takes pleasure in connecting every natural fact with what has gone before it, and with what is to come after it.

Thus, when we enter upon the study of rivers and glaciers, our interest will be greatly augmented by taking into account not only their actual appearances, but also their causes and effects.

Let us trace a river to its source. Beginning where it empties itself into the sea, and following it backwards, we find it from time to time joined by tributaries which swell its waters. The river of course becomes smaller as these tributaries are passed. It shrinks first to a brook, then to a stream; this again divides itself into a number of smaller streamlets, ending in mere threads of water. These constitute the source of the river, and are usually found among hills.

Thus the Severn has its source in the Welsh mountains; the Thames in the Cotswold Hills; the Danube in the hills of the Black Forest; the Rhine and the Rhone in the Alps; the Ganges in the Himalaya Mountains; the Euphrates near Mount Ararat; the Garonne in the Pyrenees; the Elbe in the Giant Mountains of Bohemia; the Missouri in the Rocky Mountains, and the Amazon in the Andes of Peru.

But it is quite plain that we have not yet reached the real beginning of the rivers. Whence do the earliest streams derive their water? A brief residence among the mountains would prove to you that they are fed by rains. In dry weather you would find the streams feeble, sometimes indeed quite dried up. In wet weather you would see them foaming torrents. In general these streams lose themselves as little threads of water upon the hill sides; but sometimes you may trace a river to a definite spring. The river Albula in Switzerland, for instance, rushes at its origin in considerable volume from a mountain side. But you very soon assure yourself that such springs are also fed by rain, which has percolated through the rocks or soil, and which, through some orifice that it has found or formed, comes to the light of day.

But we cannot end here. Whence comes the rain which forms the mountain streams? Observation enables you to answer the question. Rain does not come from a clear sky. It comes from clouds. But what are clouds? Is there nothing you are acquainted with which they resemble? You discover at once a likeness between them and the condensed steam of a locomotive. At every puff of the engine a cloud is projected into the air. Watch the cloud sharply: you notice that it first forms at a little distance from the top of the funnel. Give close attention and you will sometimes see a perfectly clear space between the funnel and the cloud. Through that clear space the thing which makes the cloud must pass. What, then, is this thing which at one moment is transparent and invisible, and at the next moment visible as a dense opaque cloud?

It is the *steam* or *vapour of water* from the boiler. Within the boiler this steam is transparent and invisible; but to keep it in this invisible state a heat would be required as great as that within the boiler. When the vapour mingles with the cold air above the hot funnel it ceases to be vapour. Every bit of steam shrinks, when chilled, to a much more minute particle of water. The liquid particles thus produced form a kind of *water-dust* of exceeding fineness, which floats in the air, and is called *a cloud.*

Watch the cloud-banner from the funnel of a running locomotive; you see it growing gradually less dense. It finally melts away altogether, and if you continue your observations you will not fail to notice that the speed of its disappearance depends upon the character of the day. In humid weather the cloud hangs long

and lazily in the air; in dry weather it is rapidly licked up. What has become of it? It has been reconverted into true invisible vapour.

The *drier* the air, and the *hotter* the air, the greater is the amount of cloud which can be thus dissolved in it. When the cloud first forms, its quantity is far greater than the air is able to maintain in an invisible state. But as the cloud mixes gradually with a larger mass of air it is more and more dissolved, and finally passes altogether from the condition of a finely divided liquid into that of transparent vapour or gas.

Make the lid of a kettle air-tight, and permit the steam to issue from the pipe; a cloud is precipitated in all respects similar to that issuing from the funnel of the locomotive.

Permit the steam as it issues from the pipe to pass through the flame of a spirit-lamp, the cloud is instantly dissolved by the heat, and is not again precipitated. With a special boiler and a special nozzle the experiment may be made more striking, but not more instructive, than with the kettle.

Look to your bedroom windows when the weather is very cold outside; they sometimes stream with water derived from the condensation of the aqueous vapour from your own lungs. The windows of railway carriages in winter show this condensation in a striking manner. Pour cold water into a dry drinking-glass on a summer's day: the outside surface of the glass becomes instantly dimmed by the precipitation of moisture. On a warm day you notice no vapour in front of your mouth, but on a cold day you form there a little cloud derived from the condensation of the aqueous vapour from the lungs.

You may notice in a ball-room that as long as the door and windows are kept closed, and the room remains hot, the air remains clear; but when the doors or windows are opened a dimness is visible, caused by the precipitation to fog of the aqueous vapour of the ball-room. If the weather be intensely cold the entrance of fresh air may even cause *snow* to fall. This has been observed in Russian ball-rooms; and also in the subterranean stables at Erzeroom, when the doors are opened and the cold morning air is permitted to enter.

Even on the driest day this vapour is never absent from our atmosphere. The vapour diffused through the air of this room may be congealed to hoar frost in your presence. This is done by filling a vessel with a mixture of pounded ice and salt, which is colder than the ice itself, and which, therefore, condenses and freezes the aqueous vapour. The surface of the vessel is finally coated with a frozen fur, so thick that it may be scraped away and formed into a snow-ball.

To produce the cloud, in the case of the locomotive and the kettle, *heat* is neccessary. By heating the water we first convert it into steam, and then by chilling the steam we convert it into

cloud. Is there any fire in nature which produces the clouds of our atmosphere? There is: the fire of the sun.

Thus, by tracing backward, without any break in the chain of occurrences, our river from its end to its real beginnings, we come at length to the sun.

There are, however, rivers which have sources somewhat different from those just mentioned. They do not begin by driblets on a hill side, nor can they be traced to a spring. Go, for example, to the mouth of the river Rhone, and trace it backwards to Lyons, where it turns to the east. Bending round by Chambery, you come at length to the Lake of Geneva, from which the river rushes, and which you might be disposed to regard as the source of the Rhone. But go to the head of the lake, and you will find that the Rhone there enters it, that the lake is in fact a kind of expansion of the river. Follow this upwards; you find it joined by smaller rivers from the mountains right and left. Pass these, and push your journey higher still. You come at length to a huge mass of ice—the end of a glacier—which fills the Rhone valley, and from the bottom of the glacier the river rushes. In the glacier of the Rhone you thus find the source of the river Rhone.

But again we have not reached the real beginning of the river. You soon convince yourself that this earliest water of the Rhone is produced by the melting of the ice. You get upon the glacier and walk upwards along it. After a time the ice disappears and you come upon snow. If you are a competent mountaineer you may go to the very top of this great snow-field, and if you cross the top and descend at the other side you finally quit the snow, and get upon another glacier called the Trift, from the end of which rushes a river smaller than the Rhone.

You soon learn that the mountain snow feeds the glacier. By some means or other the snow is converted into ice. But whence comes the snow? Like the rain, it comes from the clouds, which, as before, can be traced to vapour raised by the sun. Without solar fire we could have no atmospheric vapour, without vapour no clouds, without clouds no snow, and without snow no glaciers. Curious then as the conclusion may be, the cold ice of the Alps has its origin in the heat of the sun.

## DOMINION BALLADS — No. 3.

# THE SIEUR DE ROBERVAL.

Sieur de Roberval appointed Governor-General of Canada, — a favorite of King Francis of France, who called him his "Little King of Vimeu," — sailed for his destination and was lost at sea.

THE Governor's ship lay in the bay,
The parting flag flew from the fore,
The townsmen had made holiday,
And in their gew-gaws thronged the shore,
And clustered round the gallant crew —
(Two hundred Frenchmen, stout and tall,)
Who were to sail with the King of Vimeu,
The gallant Sieur de Roberval.

The sailors, when high noontide rung,
Hung votive offerings on the sails,
And mass was in St. Malo's sung,
To pray good heaven for favoring gales;
The barges dipped their flashing oars,
Belched forth the cannon of the town,
The ship sailed for Canadian shores,
And at sunset was half-hull down.

When evening fell the red sun burned
Before them as to lead the way,
The Sieur saw it well, but turned
His back upon the dying day,
And bent his last looks on the land,
And there amidst his comrades true
He three times kissed his white-gloved hand
And gaily cried, "fair France, adieu!"

For days and nights the wind blew free,
The glad waves kissed the vessel's prow,
When orders rung out suddenly
To make all snug aloft and low;
The ship obeyed the summons well
And forged ahead with slackened way,
While on the coming darkness fell
A misty shadow dank and grey.

For two long days and nights and more,
A storm came following on their track,
Towards the far Canadian shore
Up piled, in tier on tier, the wrack;
Then chopping round with sudden shift,
A norther fierce came on to blow,
That cut the mountain waves to drift,
As thick as scuds an Alpine snow.

The struggle vain,—the timbers creak,—
The hatches gone,—the falling mast,—
The flooded decks,—the ship a-leak,—
The boats and hamper drifting past;
The waves rush on, the seas o'erwhelm
At prayers the panic-stricken crew,
While Roberval still grasped the helm,
And sadly sighed, "fair France adieu!"

The morn broke on a falling sea,
But few clouds drifted o'er the sky,
A floating mast and *fleur-de-lys*
Among the kelpweeds tangled lie;
But no ship looms upon the blue,
And Picard maids in bower and hall
Will mourn the little "King of Vimeu,"
Jean-Franc de la Roque de Roberval.

HUNTER DUVAR.

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## THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

THIS is an insulated assemblage of buildings and courts, occupying three acres, minus nine or ten yards, north of the Royal Exchange, Cornhill; bounded by Prince's-street, west; Lothbury, north; Bartholomew-lane, east; and Threadneedle-street, south. Its exterior measurements are 365 feet south, 410 feet north, 245 feet east, and 440 feet west. Within this area are nine open courts; a spacious rotunda, numerous public offices, court and committee-rooms, an armoury, engraving and printing-offices, a library, and apartments for officers, servants, etc.

The Bank, "the greatest monetary establishment in the world," was projected in 1691, by Mr. William Paterson, a Scotsman; was

established by a company of Whig merchants, and incorporated by William III., July 27, 1694, Paterson being placed on the list of Directors for this year only; the then capital, £1,200,000, being lent to Government. The first chest used was somewhat larger than a seaman's.

The first Governor was Sir John Houblon, whose house and garden were on part of the site of the present Bank; and the first Deputy-Governor was Michael Godfrey, who, July 17, 1695, was shot at the siege of Namur, while attending King William with a communication relating to the Bank affairs.

The Bank commenced business at Mercers' Hall, and next removed to Grocers' Hall, then in the Poultry; at this time the secretaries and clerks numbered but 54, and their united salaries amounted to £4350. In 1734 they removed to the premises built for the Bank, the earliest portion of which part is still remaining —the back of the Threadneedle-street front, towards the court— was designed by an architect named Sampson. To this building Sir Robert Taylor added two wings of columns, with projections surmounted by pediments, and other parts. On January 1, 1785, was set up the marble statue of William III., amid the firing of three volleys, by the servants of the establishment, Cheere, sculptor, in the Pay Hall, 79 feet by 40 feet, which, in the words of Baron Dupin, would "startle the administration of a French bureau, with all its inaccessibilities."

In 1757, the Bank premises were small, and surrounded by St. Christopher-le-Stocks Church (since pulled down), three taverns, and several private houses. Between 1766 and 1786 east and west wings were added by Taylor: some of his work is to be seen in the architecture of the garden court. Upon Sir Robert Taylor's death, in 1788, Mr. John Soane was appointed Architect to the Bank; and, without any interruption to the business, he completed the present Bank of brick and Portland stone, of incombustible materials, insulated, one-storied, and without external windows. The general architecture is Corinthian, from the Temple of the Sibyl at Tivoli, of which the southwest angle exhibits a fac-simile portion. The Lothbury court is fine; and the chief Cashier's office is from the Temple of the Sun and Moon at Rome. The embellishments throughout are very beautiful; and the whole well planned for business—high architectural merit. The Rotunda has a dome 57 feet diameter; and the Bank Parlour, where the Governor and Company meet, is a noble room by Taylor. Here the dividends are declared: and here the Directors are *baited* half-yearly by every Proprietor who has had £500 Bank-stock in his possession for six months. In the Parlour lobby is a portrait of Daniel Race, who was in the Bank service for more than half a century, and thus amassed upwards of £200,000. In the ante-chamber to the Governor's room are fine busts of Pitt and Fox, by Nollekens. The ante-room to the Discount Office is adapted from

Adrian's Villa at Tivoli. The private Drawing Office, designed in 1836, by Cockerell (Soane's successor), is original and scenic; and the Drawing Office, completed by the same architect in 1849, is 138 feet 6 inches long, and lit by four large circular lanterns. In 1850, the Cornhill front was heightened by an attic; and a large room fitted up as a Library for the clerks.

The entrance to the Bullion Yard is copied from Constantine's Arch at Rome, and has allegories of the Thames and Ganges, by T. Banks, R. A. The Bullion Office, on the northern side of the Bank, consists of a public chamber and two vaults—one for the public deposit of bullion, free of charge, unless weighed; the other for the private stock of the Bank. The duties are discharged by a Principal, Deputy-Principal, Clerk, Assistant-Clerk, and porters. The public are on no account allowed to enter the Bullion Vaults. Here the gold is kept in bars (each weighing 16 lbs. and worth about £800), and the silver in pigs and bars, and dollars in bags. The value of the Bank bullion in May, 1850, was sixteen millions. This constitutes, with their securities, the assets which the Bank possess against their liabilities, on account of circulation and deposits: and the difference between the several amounts is called "the Rest," or balance in favour of the Bank. For weighing, admirably-constructed machines are used: the larger one, invented by Mr. Bate, for weighing silver in bars from 50 lbs. to 80 lbs. troy; second, a balance, by Sir John Barton, for gold; and a third, by Mr. Bate, for dollars, to amounts not exceeding 72 lbs. 2 ozs. troy. Gold is almost exclusively obtained by the Bank in the *bar* form; although no form of deposit would be refused. A bar of gold is a small slab, weighing 16 lbs., and worth about £800.

In the Weighing Office, established in 1842, to detect light gold, is the ingenious machine invented by Mr. William Cotton, then Deputy-Governor of the Bank. About 80 or 100 light and heavy sovereigns are placed indiscriminately in a round tube; as they descend on the machinery beneath, those which are light receive a slight touch, which moves them into their proper receptacle; and those which are legitimate weight pass into their appointed place. The light coins are then defaced by a machine, 200 in a minute; and by the weighing-machinery 35,000 may be weighed in one day. There are six of these machines, which from 1844 to 1849 weighed upwards of 48,000,000 pieces without any inaccuracy. The average amount of gold tendered in one year is nine millions, of which more than a quarter is *light*. The silver is put up into bags, each of one hundred pounds value, and the gold into bags of a thousand; and then these bagfuls of bullion are sent through a strongly-guarded door, or rather window, into the Treasury, a dark gloomy apartment, fitted up with iron presses, and made secure with huge locks and bolts.

The Bank-note machinery, invented by the Oldhams, father and

son, exerts, by the steam-engine, the power formerly employed by the mechanic in pulling a note. The Bank-notes are numbered on the dexter and sinister halves, each bearing the same figures, by Bramah's machines: as soon as a note is printed, and the handle reversed to take it out and put another in its place, a steel spring attached to the handle alters the number to that which should follow.

The Clock in the roof is a marvel of mechanism, as it is connected with all the clocks in the Stock offices: the hands of the several dials indicate precisely the same hour and second, by means of connecting brass rods (700 feet long, and weighing 6 cwt.), and 200 wheels; the principal weight being 350 lbs.

The Bank has passed through many perils: it has been attacked by rioters, its notes have been at a heavy discount, it has been threatened with impeachment, and its credit has been assailed by treachery. In 1696 (the great re-coinage) the Directors were compelled to suspend the payment of their notes. They then increased their capital to £2,201,271. The Charter has been renewed from 1697 to the present time.

The earliest panic, or *run*, was in 1707, upon the threatened invasion of the Pretender. In the run of 1745, the Corporation was saved by their agents demanding payment for notes in sixpences, and who, paying in the same, thus prevented the *bonâ fide* holders of notes presenting them. Another memorable run was on February 26, 1797, upon an alarm of invasion by the French, when the Privy Council Order and the Restriction Act prohibited the Bank from paying cash, except for sums under 20s. During the panic of 1825, from the evidence of Mr. Harman before Parliament, it appears that the quantity of gold in the treasury, in December, was under £1,300,000. It has since transpired that there was not £100,000, probably not £50,000! The Bank then issued one-pound notes, to protect its remaining treasure; which worked wonders, though by sheer good luck: "because one box containing a quantity of one-pound notes had been overlooked, and they were forthcoming at the lucky moment."

The Bank is the banker of the Government; for here are received the taxes, the interest of the National Debt paid, the Exchequer business transacted, etc. The amount paid by the Government to the Bank for the management of the National Debt is at the rate of £340 per million for the first £600,000,000, and £300 per million for the remainder. This amounts to about £250,000 a year. "The Old Lady of Threadneedle-street," applied to the Bank, is a political *sobriquet* now almost forgotten.

The forgeries upon the Bank supply a melancholy chapter in its history. The first forger of a note was a Stafford linen-draper, who, in 1758, was convicted and executed. Through the forgeries of one person, Robert Aslett, the Bank lost £320,000; and by another, Fauntleroy, £360,000. In 1862, there were forgeries to

a large amount, by paper expressly manufactured for the Bank, which had been stolen, for which four persons suffered penal imprisonment.

The Committee of the Treasury sit weekly, and is composed of all the Directors who have passed the chair. The Accountant, the Secretary, and the Cashier reside within the Bank; and a certain number of Clerks sit up nightly to go the round of the building, in addition to the military guard.

The Bank possesses a very fine collection of ancient coins. Visitors are shown in the old Note Office, paid notes for ten years; and some bank-notes for large amounts which have passed between the Bank and the Government, including a single note for one million sterling, kept in a frame.

Madox, who wrote the *History of the Exchequer*, was first Cashier; but more popularly known was Abraham Newland, Chief-Cashier from 1778 to 1807, who had slept twenty-five years within the Bank, without absenting himself a single night. He signed every note: his name was long remembered in a popular song, "as one that is wrote upon every bank-note," to forge which, in street slang, was to "sham Abraham."

In 1852 was placed in the Garden Court a fountain, constructed by the then Governor, Mr. Thomas Hankey. The water is thrown by a single jet, 30 feet high, amongst the branches of two of the finest lime trees in London, and is part of the Bank system of waterworks. An Artesian well sunk 330 feet—100 in the chalk—yields soft water, free from lime, and without a trace of organic matter. The water is pumped into the tanks at the top of the building, which contain 50,000 gallons, and the fountain is connected with these tanks; the pumping being by the steam-engine employed also in printing the bank-notes. The fountain is placed on the site of St. Christopher's churchyard. The last person buried there was Jenkins, a Bank clerk, 7½ feet in height, and who was allowed to be buried within the walls of the Bank, to prevent disinterment, on account of his unusual height.

There are in the Bank upwards of eight hundred clerks, at salaries ranging from £65 per annum to £800; the patronage is in the hands of the directors, of whom there are twenty-four, each having a nomination to admit one clerk, provided he be found qualified on examination. The vacancies are not, as in most public offices, filled up as they occur by deaths, resignations, etc., but by electing from twenty-five to thirty junior clerks every four or five months; it is also usual to admit one-fifth of this number from the sons of clerks already in the service. The scale of pensions for length of service is the same as in the Government offices.

Among the *Curiosities* are the bank-note autograph-books—two splendidly-bound folio volumes, each leaf embellished with an

illuminated border, exactly surrounding the space required to attach a bank-note. When any distinguished visitor arrives he is requested to place his autograph to an unsigned note, which is immediately pasted over one of the open spaces. They are thus illustrated by signatures of various royal and noble personages. That of Napoleon III., Henry V., the Kings of Sweden, Portugal and Prussia, a whole brigade of German Princes, Ambassadors from Siam, Persia, Turkey—the latter in Oriental characters—and some of our higher nobility. There are some scientific names, but few literary celebreties; among them those of Lady Sale, and Mehemet Ali, the Pasha of Egypt.

Upwards of a million is paid into the Bank daily, in the shape of notes. When cashed a corner is torn off, and this now valueless piece of paper, after being duly entered in the books, is deposited in chambers beneath the sorting-room, where it is kept ten years, in case it may be required as testimony at some future trial, or to settle any other legal difficulties. In one of the court-yards of the building is a large circular cage, within which is an octagonal furnace constructed of bricks, laid only half over each other, so as to afford ample ventilation. In this furnace, once a month, all the notes that were received during the month previous ten years back are consumed. The furnace is five feet high, by at least ten in diameter; yet we are assured that it is completely filled by the number returned during one month.

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## MAGNETISM AND GRAVITATION.

WE submit the following criticism on "Magnetic Influence on Iron Ships and Compasses," which appeared in our last issue, with a rejoinder by the author of the article. The discussion will be of much interest to our scientific readers.—[EDITOR MARITIME MONTHLY.]

### GRAVITATION *versus* MAGNETISM.

I HAVE read with pleasure the article on "Magnetic Influences on Iron Ships and Compasses," which appeared in the August number of the MARITIME MONTHLY, and quite agree with the author that the means now taken to counteract the disturbing influence of the ship's iron upon the compass needle are both defective and deceptive; but while admiring the article as a whole, I make bold to play "critic" for a little upon one paragraph, occurring near the close of the article.

The author, "R," says: "These facts also show a grand 'scien-

tific' deception in the theory that 'all bodies are attracted or gravitate with a force according to the inverse ratio of the square of the distance,' and not of *like* substances being magnetically attracted according to their condition and position."

Does "R" mean to call Newton's law of universal gravitation a "scientific deception?" (and by the way, his statement of the law is very defective.) Now I don't believe that Newton's law is a deception of any kind, nor do I see how "R" infers such a conclusion from his previous remarks. The law was clearly demonstrated by the great Sir Isaac nearly two hundred years ago, and has been confirmed by the daily experience of all physicists ever since; and I don't feel like giving it up without some better proof of its inaccuracy than "R" gives in his "foregoing facts."

Again, what does he mean by the last clause of the paragraph: "and not of *like* substances being etc.?" Does he mean this as a law to be substituted for Newton's law, because this is much superior and the other is defective and inadequate? Such would seem to be the case; but the thing is too absurd. Gravitation is a force affecting *all* bodies, at all distances, at all times, and according to a known fixed law. Magnetism is another force quite distinct from Gravitation, affecting only a very few substances, iron, nickel, oxygen, etc., and its laws are not yet ascertained with certainty. "R" gives a *statement* that "like substances are magnetically attracted according to their condition and position," which contains no new truth, and which is no law at all, and is in every way vague and indefinite. This *statement*, made concerning one natural force, he would substitute for a definite demonstrated law of another totally distinct force. The whole thing is absurd. I cannot think that I have caught the meaning intended by "R" when he wrote the unfortunate paragraph; yet I can take no other meaning from it than I have taken: no doubt the paragraph was written carelessly. Perhaps the author will favor us with an explanation of the mysterious paragraph which seems to threaten the whole modern system of Astronomy, not to mention Molecular Physics, and the many other departments of knowledge, which are based upon that great *delusion* that "*All* bodies gravitate with a force proportionate directly as the mass, and inversely as the square of the distance." V.

CHATHAM, Aug. 8, 1873.

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### ATOMAGNETISM *versus* GRAVITATION.

NEWTON'S so called "Law of Gravitation" was not an error so far as his knowledge could then reach, or as regards certain heavy substances falling towards the earth; but it is deceptive when considered as an elementary law affecting the nature of all bodies. It is thus calculated to mislead those who, in our day, with increased knowledge of nature and natural law, still believe in it.

The mere facts that comets, or other bodies, do not fall into the sun, but shoot away after approaching within a certain distance of our luminary, shows that the principle of gravitation is not a *universal* law, nor will it explain the effect of the bar of iron on the compass-needle, as noticed in the article referred to.

Does not the *position* and *not* "the square of the distance"—in the experiment with the bar—show by a difference in the attraction of the compass-needle that the bar will gravitate with greater force when falling in a vertical position, than when falling horizontally? And will its weight, or gravity, not be greater through the air than through the water? Must not the attraction, or gravity, of an iron ball be greater than that of a cricket ball of like bulk?

Newton saw an apple fall — but did he not desire to know what induced it to fall? The law demonstrated through nature's *atomagnetic* workings would have answered his inquiry had he apprehended it.

By another illustration we may show where the "law of gravitation" is defective, and not of *universal* application.

Balance a piece of steel horizontally on a point or pivot, then magnetize it, one end will fall or be found heavier than the other, balance it again on its new centre, then change its polarity, when thus poised the other end will be much heavier. Can a "law of gravity" account for this?

Certainly not; but the law of magnetism can. For the earth is a magnet, and with its northern or polar influence (in these latitudes) it attracts the opposite pole of the magnetized bar of steel, and likewise all other bodies according to their condition and position. It being a known law of magnetism that opposite poles attract, and like or similar poles repel.

Gravitation, then, is merly a term applied to that particular *magnetic* phenomenon affecting bodies falling towards the earth, and we cannot recognize it as a universal law, such as that of *atomagnetism*. This principle *can be shown* to be the universal rule of nature, or the law regulating and producing all natural phenomena,—consequently, the force that originates all other forces, including the principle of gravitation.

With all due deference to V's views of the "absurdity" of our opinion, we mean fully to substantiate the existence of a universal law of *Atomagnetism* upon the simple fact, that *all* atoms are magnets, or that MAGNETISM is *a property* of ALL atoms of matter; that like atoms, and like substances, attract and repel their like only, according to their condition and position with their surroundings—instead of that other law, "That *all* bodies at all distances, at all times, are affected by a force of gravity."

The operation of this law of Atomagnetism, whereby like atoms and bodies attract or repel their like only, according to their condition and position, originates *all* natural phenomena, includ-

ing that of gravitation, which, as we understand it, is the incidental falling of bodies towards the earth.

All movable bodies, including our atmosphere, being formed of similar matter to that atomic material composing the earth, are magnetically attracted towards the earth, according to their *condition* and *position* with reference to their surroundings. For example, a balloon in the atmosphere is a body with its accompaniments of considerable weight, but its altered condition when inflated with gas produced from the metals iron and zinc, causes it to occupy a greater space than do the surroundings with which it comes in contact, and it is therefore less dense. The balloon is repelled from the earth to a position and atmosphere suited to its *condition*. How does the law of gravity explain this phenomenon? Again, if *all* bodies attract each other, the metallic compass-needle should be affected by other metals or bodies, but we find it affected by *its like only*. May we not therefore be allowed to differ with V., and draw his attention to the fact, or correct him in his opinion of "Magnetism, its affecting very few substances, as iron, nickel, oxygen, &c., and that its law is not yet ascertained with definite or ultimate certainty."

We make no pretensions to giving him *new truths*, but we find ourselves in circumstances to give him *new views of old* truths, that are as ancient as the law of nature, and must have existed from or before the beginning. To explain Atomagnetism thoroughly would take up more space than we at present might be permitted to occupy; but we may have now said enough to show that we meant as a reality what we stated in the sentence under consideration.

In conclusion, we must confess that we never could understand the *universal* application of that "law of gravity" spoken of, and could never find any one prepared to explain it. We would therefore be much pleased if our "critic" would be kind enough to do so.

As for his dread of the consequences of progress and discovery, upon antiquated and established theories of nature's operations, including those of Astronomy, etc., all we say is, if the later theory be true *we* are not responsible for consequences.

Let the *truth* prevail though theories perish. R.

HALIFAX, Aug. 16, 1873.

# PEN PHOTOGRAPHS.

BY DANIEL CLARK, M. D.

THIS is the title of a Work, some pages of which will be familiar to the readers of *Stewart's Quarterly*, where several of the articles first appeared. The article on "Auld Lang Syne" will be recognized as having first seen the light in the MARITIME MONTHLY. There is a raciness about the style of these papers which commends them to us. Besides the human characters portrayed, we have characteristic tales, one of which we here present to our readers. It is entitled—

## A NIGHT OF TERRORS.

IT was customary, about twenty years ago, in Highland districts, to carry the bodies of deceased persons on bearers of wood, instead of on wheeled vehicles. This was necessary in many places on account of the rocky and precipitous character of the roads. The bearers were usually kept in the church or vestry for convenience.

It was a clear frosty October day, in the year 1839, when John McLeod, the parish school master of Tomintoul, died. He had taught, and flogged, and scolded the growing urchins of that locality for nearly half a century, and many of his early pupils had distinguished themselves in the navy, and on bloody battle-fields, in the forum, and among the literati of their country. Would that I could wax eloquent on their behalf! His dominical sway was benignant and patriarchal, and there was always a radiancy of graciousness about his countenance which cheered the falterer toiling up the hill of science, but as yet, not far from its foot. Well, his race was run, and his coffined body must be hid from sight. James Murdock, his assistant and successor, was deputed to go over to the "Auld Kirk" for the bearers. His eagerness to go was explained by the gossips at the wake, who stoutly asserted he was sure to pay a visit to the manse near by, and have a short *tete a tete* with Flora, the minister's daughter. He sped on his way and mission with all the alacrity of one whose breast was filled with "love's young hopes." Night overtook him on the hills, but the full moon was high in the heavens, and benignantly shed silvery pencils of glory over the heathy slopes of the looming mountains, and along the scarcely beaten track on which he trod. When he reached the minister's house, he saw a light shining through the sitting-room window, and curiosity getting the better of his sense of propriety, he peeped through the lattice, and saw Flora stitching swiftly one of the white collars which he so often admired upon her snowy neck. A gentle tap brought her to the door. It is not our intention to chronicle the sayings of the

lovers, for who wishes such love scenes depicted to the *ignobile vulgus?* The hours of night were fast wearing away, and the "wee short 'oor ayont the twal,"—which somebody sings about —was numbered with the past, when he was found scrambling over the stone wall, which separated the garden of the manse from the graveyard, in which stood a spectre white. (These gentry never appear in any other color, for some good reason of their own.) It appeared to him of monstrous dimensions and of uncouth appearance. It moved and moaned and sighed in apparent unquiet, so that it could not be a white monument made grotesque by the light of the moon. Superstitious by inheritance, his blood froze within him at the sight, for all the ghosts, wraiths, dead-candles, and horrid apparitions, nestling in some nook or cranny of his brain, came vividly to his remembrance; and here was a living evidence of their existence, for what else could it be? Sliding back over the wall, he hastened to Flora, and told the wonderful tale, with shaking knees, dilated eyes, and fierce gesticulation.

"Now, Murdock," said the tidy maid, "what a silly 'gouk' you are, to be sure, it is only my father's white horse. which has jumped the stiles to feed in the yard."

Murdock, ashamed of his cowardice, especially at such a time, mustered courage to march with firm steps towards the author of his fears, yet, he had been startled, and his nerves had not fully received their *quietus.* He was now among the dead, and with the living—horse. It was haunted ground. Here was the mound of McTavish, the miser, who drove his only daughter from his door, because he begrudged her the food she ate and the room she occupied, and afterwards froze himself to death, for want of fuel to warm his shrivelled limbs. There lay the bones of Urquehart, of violent temper, who, in blind frenzy, plunged a dirk into the side of his best friend, and then capped the climax by hanging himself. Here reposed poor Nellie, who died ruined, forsaken, and broken-hearted, because of the ruthlessness of a perjured villain. There slept—it is presumed—Baillie Ruthven, who treasured up riches by extortion and deceit, but now his children have squandered them, and all that remains of him on earth are a few pounds of unctuous earth;—Enough!—but over him stands a splendid monument of Peterhead granite, as hard as had been his own heart, and on it a lie for an epitaph. Here lies saintly Munro, or rather his remains, but his hymnal chorus of adoration is now echoing in celestial courts. Each green mound had a history, either real or mythical, and Murdock had heard of the tortured spirits of those departed, periodically haunting the scenes of their earthly sepulture. He believed that such was the case, and while he cogitated, his fears increased. Diabolus was always supposed to be lurking near churches and impregnating the air with satanic influences. He made his way to the church

door, and finding it open, he entered. The bearers had been left near the pulpit, and Murdock determined to make a rush for the spot, and retreat as quickly as possible. He gathered up one coat tail under each arm, and fixed his blue bonnet firmly upon the top of his head, and then made the grand charge along one of the aisles. But alas! for all his plans and hopes, the enemy had him in his clutches, and apparently his hour of doom had come. He felt a painful constriction round the throat, which was fast suffocating him, but he was determined not to fall into the hands of the Evil One without a struggle; yet, like the bewildered traveller in a morass, the more he struggled the more his difficulties increased, and the tighter the grip became. He beat the air with his hands, and stamped the floor with his feet. He gurgled forth short prayers with gasping emphasis, intermingled with the creed, and snatches from the shorter catechism, with now and then ejaculations, which seemed second cousins to profanation. His objurations seemed of no avail, for strangulation by the relentless and untiring fingers of his adversary was increasing in intensity every moment. He made a rush for the door, as he supposed, but blind with terror he had lost his longitude and latitude. No matter, any way out of the church, by window, vestry, or door would be acceptable. Over the pews and seats he went—now floundering on the floor between them, and, anon perched on the top of them in vain attempts to gain his equilibrium, for his unseen enemy had entangled his legs and arms in the meshes of this terribly mysterious agency. He was partially bound hand and foot. Wherever he plunged a bloody trail was left behind. The bonnet was gone, the coat and nether garments,

> "Like tattered sail
> Flung their fragments to the gale."

He attempted to scream, but fatigue and a tightened throat forbade it. To add to his terror, his adversary leaped upon his head, and scourged his face and body with merciless blows. These fell fast and furious, accompanied by unearthly screams, appalling enough to awaken the seven, or seventy and seven sleepers. The thought came up to his mind, whether it would not be better to come to terms and capitulate on conditions to the Enemy of souls, by the barter of his body and soul, for his release from thraldom, rather than be immolated at once, and never see Flora again. He called upon the Prince of Darkness to release him and he would be his abject slave forever. He would seal such a contract with his blood, only liberate him now; but no response except blows without stint, came from his Satanic Highness. The battle of life and death continued foul and fierce, and yet no truce was sounded by the enemy. In sheer desperation, Murdock made for a small glimmer of light, which met his eye, and which happened to be a gothic window. He plunged at it, and through it,

on to the green sward outside, as a storm-tossed mariner steers for the streaming light from afar, which to him is a beacon of hope. A woe-begone creature told his "horrible tale" to an awe-stricken assembly, at the house of the dead, and a *posse comitatus* was formed of all the "braves" of the vicinity to 'beard the lion in his den' and exorcise him with cudgels, instead of with "book and candle." With slow steps, and bated breath, and dilated eyes, the crowd surrounded the church, and as the day dawned a goose, with broken legs, and a cord fastened to one of them, was found dangling from the window. The minister's wife had tethered the fowl in the church-yard, and as the door had been left open, it had found its way into the church, and sitting on one of the pews its cord had become entangled about Murdock's neck, and in the struggle he had wound it round his legs and arms, until the poor animal was dragged upon the top of his head, and in its fight for liberty, had beat him with its wings. Murdock fled the country for Canada, in very shame, and saw Flora no more. If this true tale meets his eye, we expect to be "called out," but we have provided pistols for *two* and wine for *one*. As poor Artemus would say "let him appoint the day for his funeral, and the corpse shall be ready."

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## LASSA BUAICHT,

### THE OLD MAN OF THE GLEN.

LONG before the Danes ever came to Ireland, there died at Muskerry a Sculloge, or country farmer, who by dint of hard work and close economy had amassed enormous wealth. His only son did not resemble him. When the young Sculloge looked about the house, the day after his father's death, and saw the big chests full of gold and silver, and the cupboards shining with piles of sovereigns, and the old stockings stuffed with large and small coin, he said to himself, "Bedad, how shall I ever be able to spend the likes o' that!" And so he drank, and gambled, and wasted his time in hunting and horse-racing, until after a while he found the chests empty and the cupboards poverty-stricken, and the stockings lean and penniless. Then he mortgaged his farm-house and gambled away all the money he got for it, and then he bethought him that a few hundred pounds might be raised on his mill. But when he went to look at it, he found "the dam broken, and scarcely a thimbleful of water in the mill-race, and the wheel rotten, and the thatch of the house all gone, and the upper mill-stone laying flat on the lower one, and a coat of dust and mould over everything." So he made up his mind to borrow a horse and take one more hunt to-morrow and then reform his habits.

As he was returning late in the evening from this farewell hunt, passing through a lonely glen he came upon an old man playing backgammon, betting on his left hand against his right, and crying and cursing because the right *would* win. "Come and bet with me," said he to Sculloge. "Faith I have but a sixpence in the world," was the reply; "but if you like I'll wager that on the right." "Done," said the old man, who was a Druid; "if you win I'll give you a hundred guineas." So the game was played, and the old man, whose right hand was always the winner, paid over the guineas and told Sculloge to go to the devil with them.

Instead of following this bit of advice, however, the young farmer went home and began to pay his debts, and next week he went to the glen and won another game, and made the Druid rebuild his mill. So Sculloge became prosperous again, and by and by he tried his luck a third time, and won a game played for a beautiful wife. The Druid sent her to his house the next morning before he was out of bed, and his servants came knocking at the door and crying, "Wake up! wake up! Master Sculloge, there's a young lady here to see you." "Bedad, it's the vanithee, [a corruption of Gaelic *bhan a teaigh*, 'lady of the house,] herself," said Sculloge; and getting up in a hurry, he spent three quarters of an hour in dressing himself. At last he went down stairs, and there on the sofa was the prettiest lady ever seen in Ireland! Naturally, Sculloge's heart beat fast and his voice trembled, as he begged the lady's pardon for this Druidic style of wooing, and besought her not to feel obliged to stay with him unless she really liked him. But the young lady, who was a king's daughter from a far country, was wondrously charmed with the handsome farmer, and so well did they get along that a priest was sent for without further delay, and they were married before sundown. Sabina was the vanithee's name; and she warned her husband to have no more dealings with Lassa Buaicht, the old man of the glen. So for a while all went happily, and the Druidic bride was as good as she was beautiful. But by and by Sculloge began to think he was not earning money fast enough. He could not bear to see his wife's white hands soiled with work, and thought it would be a fine thing if he could only afford to keep a few more servants, and drive about with Sabina in an elegant carriage, and see her clothed in silk and adorned with jewels.

"I will play one more game and set the stakes high," said Sculloge to himself one evening, as he sat pondering over these things; and so, without consulting Sabina, he stole away to the glen, and played a game for ten thousand guineas. But the evil Druid was now ready to pounce on his prey, and he did not play as of old. Sculloge broke into a cold sweat with agony and terror as he saw the left hand win! Then the face of Lassa Buaicht grew dark and stern, and he laid on Sculloge the curse which is laid upon the solar hero in misfortune, that he should never sleep twice

under the same roof, or ascend the couch of the dawn-nymph, his wife, until he should have procured and brought to him the sword of light. When Sculloge reached home, more dead than alive, he saw that his wife knew all. Bitterly they wept together, but she told him that with courage all might be set right. She gave him a Druidic horse, which bore him swiftly over land and sea, like the enchanted steed of the Arabian Nights, until he reached the castle of his wife's father, who, as Sculloge now learned, was a good Druid, the brother of the evil Lassa Buaicht. This good Druid told him that the sword of light was kept by a third brother, the powerful magician, Fiach O'Duda, who dwelt in an enchanted castle, which many brave heroes had tried to enter, but the dark sorcerer had slain them all. Three high walls surrounded the castle, and many had scaled the first of these, but none had ever returned alive. But Sculloge was not to be daunted, and taking from his father-in-law a black steed, he set out for the fortress of Fiach O'Duda. Over the first high wall nimbly leaped the magic horse, and Sculloge called aloud on the Druid to come out and surrender his sword. Then came out a tall, dark man, with coal-black eyes and hair, and melancholy visage, and made a furious sweep at Sculloge with the flaming blade. But the Druidic beast sprang back over the wall in the twinkling of an eye and rescued his rider, leaving, however, his tail behind in the court-yard. Then Sculloge returned in triumph to his father-in-law's palace, and the night was spent in feasting and revelry.

Next day Sculloge rode out on a white horse, and when he got to Fiach's castle, he saw the first wall lying in rubbish. He leaped the second, and the same scene occurred as the day before, save that the horse escaped unharmed.

The third day Sculloge went out on foot, with a harp like that of Orpheus in his hand, and as he swept its strings the grass bent to listen and the trees bowed their heads. The castle walls all lay in ruins, and Sculloge made his way unhindered to the upper room, where Fiach lay in Druidic slumber, lulled by the harp. He seized the sword of light, which was hung by the chimney sheathed in a dark scabbard, and making the best of his way back to the good king's palace, mounted his wife's steed, and scoured over land and sea until he found himself in the gloomy glen where Lassa Buaicht was still crying and cursing and betting on his left hand against his right.

"Here, treacherous fiend, take your sword of light!" shouted Sculloge in tones of thunder: and as he drew it from its sheath the whole valley was lighted up as with the morning sun, and next moment the head of the wretched Druid was lying at his feet, and his sweet wife, who had come to meet him, was laughing and crying in his arms.

## GRANDMOTHER.

GRANDMOTHER is so old, she has so many wrinkles, and her hair is quite white; but her eyes! they shine like two stars, nay, they are much finer—they are so mild, so blissful to look into. And then she knows the most amusing stories, and she has a gown with large, large flowers on it, and it is of such thick silk that it actually rustles. Grandmother knows so much, for she has lived long before father and mother—that is quite sure.

Grandmother has a psalm-book with thick silver clasps, and in that book she often reads. In the middle of it lies a rose, which is quite flat and dry; but it is not so pretty as the roses she has in the glass, yet she smiles the kindliest to it, nay, even tears come into her eyes!

Why does Grandmother look thus on the withered flower in the old book? Do you know why?

Every time that Grandmother's tears fall on the withered flower the colors become fresher; the rose then swells, and the whole room is filled with fragrance; the walls sink as if they were but mists; and round about it is the green, the delightful grove, where the sun shines between the leaves. And Grandmother—yes, she is quite young; she is a beautiful girl, with yellow hair, with round red cheeks, pretty and charming—no rose is fresher. Yet the eyes, the mild, blissful eyes,—yes, they are still Grandmother's! By her side sits a man, young and strong; he presents the rose to her and she smiles. Yet Grandmother does not smile so,—yes; the smile comes,—he is gone. Many thoughts and many forms go past. That handsome man is gone; the rose lies in the psalm-book, and grandmother,—yes, she again sits like an old woman, and looks on the withered rose that lies in the book.

Now grandmother is dead!

She sat in the arm-chair, and told a long, long, sweet story. "And now it is ended!" said she, "and I am quite tired: let me now sleep a little!" And so she laid her head back to rest. She drew her breath, she slept, but it became more and more still; and her face was so full of peace and happiness—it was as if the sun's rays passed over it. She smiled, and then they said that she was dead.

She was laid in the black coffin; she lay swathed in the white linen: she was so pretty, and yet the eyes were closed—but all the wrinkles were gone. She lay with a smile around her mouth: her hair was so silvery white, so venerable, one was not at all afraid to look on the dead, for it was the sweet, benign grandmother. And the psalm-book was laid in the coffin under her head (she herself had requested it), and the rose lay in the old book—and then they buried grandmother.

On the grave, close under the church wall, they planted a rose-

tree, and it became full of roses, and the nightingale sang over it, and the organ in the church played the finest psalms that were in the book under the dead one's head. And the moon shone straight down on the grave—but the dead was not there: every child could go quietly in the night-time and pluck a rose there by the church-yard wall. The dead know more than all we living know—the dead know the awe we should feel at something so strange as their coming to us. The dead are better than us all, and therefore they do not come.

There is earth over the coffin, there is earth within it; the psalm-book with its leaves is dust, the rose with all its recollections has gone to dust. But above it bloom new roses, above it sings the nightingale, and the organ plays: we think of the old grandmother with the mild, eternally young eyes. Eyes can never die! Ours shall once again see her, young and beautiful, as when she for the first time kissed the fresh red rose which is now dust in the grave.—*Hans Andersen.*

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### LORD BULWER.

TOWARDS twelve o'clock Mr. Lytton Bulwer was announced, and enter the author of "Pelham." I had made up my mind how he *should* look, and between prints and descriptions thought I could scarcely be mistaken in my idea of his person. No two things could be more unlike, however, then the ideal of Mr. Bulwer in my mind, and the real Mr. Bulwer who followed the announcment. I liked his manners extremely. He ran up to Lady Blessington, with the joyous heartiness of a boy let out of school; and the "How d'ye, Bulwer?" went round as he shook hands with everybody in the style of welcome usually given to "the best fellow in the world." . . . Bulwer's head is phrenologically a fine one. His forehead retreats very much, but is very broad and well-marked, and the whole air is that of decided mental superiority. His nose is aquiline. His complexion is fair, his hair profuse, curly, and of light auburn. A more good-natured, habitually smiling expression could hardly be imagined. . . I can imagine no style of conversation calculated to be more agreeable than Bulwer's. Gay, quick, various, half-satirical, and always fresh and different from everybody else. . . . Bulwer's voice, like his brother's, is exceedingly lover-like and sweet. —*N. P. Willis.*

### DICKENS' CHARACTERS.

IF Mr. Dicken's characters were gathered together, they would constitute a town populous enough to send a representation to

Parliament. Let us enter. The style of architecture is unparalleled. There is an individuality about the buildings. In some obscure way they remind one of human faces. There are houses sly-looking, houses wicked-looking, houses pompous-looking. Heaven bless us! what a rakish pump! What a self-important town hall! What a hard-hearted prison! The dead walls are covered with advertisements of Mr. Sleary's circus. Newman Noggs comes shambling along. Mr. and the Misses Pecksniff come sailing down the sunny side of the street. Miss Mercy's parasol is gay; papa's neckcloth is white and terribly starched. Dick Swiveller leans against a wall, his hands in his pockets, a primrose held between his teeth, contemplating the opera of Punch and Judy, which is being conducted under the management of Messrs. Codling and Short. You turn a corner, and you meet the coffin of little Paul Dombey borne along. In the afternoon you hear the rich tones of the organ from Miss La Creevy's first floor, for Tom Pinch has gone to live there now; and as you know all the people as you know your own brothers and sisters, and consequently require no letters of introduction, you go up and talk with the dear old fellow about all his friends and your friends, and towards evening he takes your arm, and you walk out to see poor Nelly's grave.—*Alexander Smith.*

CHARLES MACKAY is the first poet, so far as my knowledge extends, of the new epoch; the day-star of a brighter day of poetry than the world has yet seen. At the same time I fear that only the initiated—that is, the individuals with high moral organs, more or less cultivated—will understand and feel the divine harmony of his poetry. But his fame will rise and last. —*George Combe.*

HAPPY is the privilege of genius that can "float down the hungry generations" in a song; and, so far as I may venture to prophesy, such will be the fortune of Charles Mackay. He speaks emphatically for the people. Not inferior to Tennyson in artistic skill, he possesses some of the pathetic humour of Hood, with a simplicity which sometimes reminds me of Longfellow; but with a sprightliness, elasticity, and versatility which none of them possess.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

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(From the Popular Science Monthly.)

A SINGULAR RACE.—A French traveller, M. Duveyrier, describes, in "Ocean Highways," a curious race, the Imôhagh (called in our maps Tauricks or Tuâregs), who dwell in the heart of the Sahara. They are pure Berbers, with white skin, but their uncleanly habits give them the appearance of blacks. The men alone wear a thick black veil over the face, while the women dispense with that

covering. A man would consider himself dishonored were he to expose his face, and he takes precaution against any involuntary breach of decorum, by wearing his veil at all times, whether sleeping, walking, fighting, riding, and even speaking to his father. As a general rule, the Imôhagh despise fire-arms, as fit only for cowards, "but they fear them extremely" remarks M. Duveyrier.

They treat their women with great respect. No Imôhagh woman would consent to her husband indulging in plurality of wives; and, what is perhaps more singular still, the women alone know any thing of the art of writing. In political affairs the weaker sex exercise a powerful influence; and, when a chief dies, the supreme authority descends to the eldest son of his eldest sister.

REPRODUCTION OF EYES IN CRAWFISH.—That the crawfish has the power of reproducing an eye which it may happen to lose is a fact quite familiar to naturalists, but we are indebted to M. S. Chantran, of the French Academy of Sciences, for the discovery that this power of reproduction varies according to the animal's age. In a recent number of the *Comptes Rendus*, M. Chantran gives the results of his observations on this subject, from which it appears that a crawfish one year old quickly and effectually repairs such injuries, while in animals two or more years old reproduction is uncertain in its operation, and never perfect. His first experiment was with a number of one year old animals. In October, 1871, after the close of their moulting season, he clipped off their eyes. Moulting commenced in May of the year following, and in September, after four months, the eyes were perfectly reproduced.

The next experiment was with animals two years old. These he deprived of their eyes, either immediately before moulting set in, or in the interval between two moults. The results in these cases were various. In some of the animals, after three or four months, the eyes were reproduced, but then the pupils were so disfigured as to leave it doubtful whether they could serve for the purpose of vision; in others, one pupil was considerably smaller than the other.

Finally, in the case of full grown animals, which moult less frequently—the females but once a year, and the males twice—the author's results did not show any reproduction of the eye, but only the growth of *buds* marked with a black point, and, in one case, of opaque bifid buds in place of eyes. The author promises at an early day to communicate to the Academy his observations on certain concretions formed in the stomach of the crawfish, and called *crab's eyes* in old pharmacopœias.

DISCOVERY OF ANCIENT EGYPTIAN MINES.—Some of the iron-mines anciently worked by the Egyptians have recently been discovered anew by English explorers, and search is to be instituted for other ancient mines of silver, gold, and iron. As the

processes followed in ancient times for the reduction of ores were very defective, it is expected that, in the *débris* accumulated in the neighbourhood of the mines, an amount of the useful and precious metals will be found sufficient to make the working it over again profitable. At a recent meeting of the British Society of Antiquaries, mention was made of the discovery, in the neighbourhood of Mount Sinai, of the turquoise-mines of the ancient Egyptians. The discoverer, an Englishman, whose name is not given, observed in the water-courses of that region, which in summer are dry, peculiar blue stones which he soon ascertained to be turquoises. This circumstance led to further research. We are now informed that, "aided by the friendly tribes he has taken into his pay, he has discovered the old turquoise-mines of the ancient Egyptians, the rocks that they worked for the stones, the very tools they used, and their polishing and grinding places." The fortunate discoverer has already sent to England some of the finest turquoises ever seen.

While searching for the turquoise-mines, this same explorer discovered the ancient lines of fortification surrounding the works, and came upon the remains of vast iron-works, which must have employed many thousands of hands. Slag taken from the refuse-heaps around these works contains as much as 53 per cent. of iron. The whole surrounding district is well worthy of being thoroughly explored by the antiquary, as it contains many hieroglyphic inscriptions which would doubtless throw much light upon the early history of metallurgy.

LIGHT-WAVES AND SOUND-WAVES.—A curious instance of the analogies of light and sound is given in the *Medical Times*, from a German medical journal. Two brothers, named Nussbaumer, are said to receive visual impressions from sounds. When a certain note is struck from the piano, the brothers at once have a sensation of a certain corresponding color, which is not, however, identical for both. Thus the note which produces in the one the impression of dark Prussian blue, produces in the other that of dark yellow. They do not, however, perceive all colors on occasion of hearing sounds. One of the brothers has sensations of yellow, brown, and violet, most frequently; while blue, yellow and brown, are more frequent with the other. One of them never has the sensations of red, green, black, or white, awakened by musical notes, though on one occasion he says that, suddenly hearing a noise from the filing of a saw, he had the sensation of green. No doubt it is very difficult to be secure against deception in such a matter as this; but we may add that Prof. Brühl, of Vienna, after thorough investigation, is satisfied that there is no fraud.

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THE

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## THE ACADIAN INDIANS.

BY JAMES HANNAY, ESQ.

(From an unpublished History of New Brunswick.)

THE Indians of North America inhabiting the region between the Mississippi, the Atlantic, and the country of the Esquimaux, were divided into eight great families, each speaking a language radically distinct from all the others. Of these, the Algonquins were by far the most numerous; they occupied nearly half of the territory east of the Mississippi, and extended from Labrador to North Carolina. It is to this family that the Indians of New Brunswick belong. When the French first visited Acadie they found it divided between two tribes who differed considerably in language and in their mode of life. The whole of the peninsula of Nova Scotia and the Gulf shore of New Brunswick was occupied by the Souriquois, which was the tribe now known as the Micmacs, while the Etchemins occupied the territory from the river St. John to the Kennebec. The latter tribe are now known as Malicetes, and they call themselves Wabannakai, or Men of the East. There is reason to believe that the Etchemins, or Malicetes, did not originally occupy any portion of New Brunswick, but that they intruded themselves into the territory of the Micmacs about the beginning of the seventeenth century, and gradually spread themselves along the northern coast of the Bay of Fundy and up the river St. John, pressing the Micmacs back to the gulf and the peninsula of Nova Scotia. The Malicetes were a very warlike people, much more so than the Micmacs, and they were generally

in league with the Indians of Maine and Canada in their wars against the Colonists of New England.

Although the Indians, from their peculiar mode of warfare and their contempt for peaceful pursuits, were at all times dangerous enemies, there is reason to believe that their numbers have been greatly exaggerated. By the census of 1861 it appeared that there were in New Brunswick twelve hundred and twelve Indians, and fourteen hundred and seven in Nova Scotia, or twenty-six hundred and nineteen in all. Of these, four hundred and forty-one, most of whom reside on the St. John river, may be set down as Malicetes, so that the Micmacs of Acadie number upwards of two thousand, which would represent a force of from four to five hundred warriors. It is doubtful if their numbers were ever much greater. In 1607, when Membertou assembled all his Micmac warriors, from Gaspe to Cape Sable, to make war on the Armouchiquois at Saco, their whole number amounted only to five hundred. In 1694, when the Malicetes and Canibats, under Matakando, made their grand raid on Oyster River and the other settlements of New Hampshire, the whole number engaged in the expedition was only two hundred and fifty; and two years later, when Fort Nashwaak was besieged by the English, thirty-six warriors was the whole number that the Indian settlement of Aukpayne could spare for the assistance of the garrison. It appears from a memorandum made in 1726 by Capt. Gyles, who had resided many years with the Indians, that the number from sixteen years of age and upwards on the river at St. John, was one hundred; and at Passmaquoddy, thirty. A letter written in 1753 by Governor Hopson to the Lords of Trade, states that there were about three hundred families of Micmacs in the country; but he could not find any person who had been among them who had ever seen two hundred Indians under arms together. From these statements it may be safely inferred, that the whole force of the Micmacs and Malicetes combined never exceeded seven or eight hundred warriors, and that no material decrease has taken place in their numbers since the first settlement of the country.

Excellent reasons existed to prevent the Indians from ever becoming very numerous. An uncultivated country can only support a limited population. The hunter must draw his sustenance from a very wide range of territory, and the life of hardships and privation to which the Indian is exposed, is fatal to all but the strongest and most hardy. The Indians of Acadie were

essentially a race of hunters and warriors. Like most Indian tribes, they despised agriculture, and considered it a pursuit only fit for women and slaves. Some of the northern Indians cultivated the ground to a small extent, and it is certain that the Indians of Acadie did during the French occupation, but their operations in tilling the ground were on a very limited scale; and to this day, our Indians are averse to the steady labor of the field. They had no domestic animals except the dog, and he was useful only in the chase.

During the summer, the Micmacs drew a large portion of their subsistence from the sea. Every bay and islet swarmed with fish, and there they might reap an almost unfailing harvest. The Malicetes, although living inland, were not without their share of the same kind of food. Fish were abundant in every stream and river, and the salmon was pursued with torch and spear over the shallows by the savage denizens of the St. John. In this way, from one to two hundred salmon would be sometimes taken at a time. The Indians also used hooks of bone or shells, and lines and nets made of a coarse kind of hemp. They had also weirs, in which they at times captured great quantities of fish; but the torch and spear were the favorite implements of fishing with them.

Notwithstanding the allowance of fish at certain seasons, the savages were at all times principally dependent on the forest for their food. Game is believed to have been much more abundant in former times then it is now, and about the time when Latour and D'Aulnay were fighting with each other for the possession of Acadie, as many as three thousand moose skins were collected on the St. John river each year. Wild fowl of all kinds gathered in incredible numbers along the shores, in the marsh lands, and up the rivers. Charlevoix states that near St. John, geese laid their eggs so abundantly that they alone might have sustained the whole population; and the same, according to L'Escarbot, was true with regard to the St. Croix. Denys speaks of immense flocks of wild pidgeons passing his camp on the Miramichi every morning and evening for eight days together; and he adds, that it was hardly possible to sleep for the noise made by the salmon going over the shoals and the immense flocks of geese and ducks. At Bathurst and all along the northern shore of the Province their number was such as almost to exceed belief.

The habitations of the Indians were generally huts or wigwams

made of poles, and covered with bark, but in some instances they erected dwellings of a more permanent character, and surrounded with poles, so as to form a sort of fort or stockade. There were several structures of this description on the St. John in early times; one at Aukpayne, another at Medoctec, and a third at Madawaska. Denys speaks of one which the Chief of Richibucto had erected on the shore, and in which he describes him as receiving strangers sitting on the ground, looking like an ape with a pipe in his mouth, and preserving his dignity by being very taciturn and getting drunk only in private.

The Indians cooked their meat by broiling it on live coals, or roasting it on a sort of spit in front of the fire. But soup was their favorite delicacy: they boiled it in a capacious wooden cauldron made out of the butt of a large tree and hollowed out by fire. As such a vessel was not easily made, they frequently regulated their camping ground in some measure by the conveniences for establishing such a soup-kettle. The soup was boiled by dropping red hot stones into the cauldron, which when cooled, were immediately replaced by others, hot from the fire, until the meat was cooked. The soup thus made was their great drink, for Denys says "they drank as little water then as now;" and he adds, "thus they dined without care or salt or pepper, and quaffing deep draughts of good fat soup, lived long, and multiplied and were happy."

Yet, although at certain seasons they luxuriated in abundance of food, at times they were subject to the greatest privations, and on the verge of starvation. Then, no sort of food came amiss to them; reptiles, dogs, and animals of all sorts were eagerly sought after and greedily devoured: roots* of various kinds were in great demand, and sometimes they were forced to boil over the bones of their former feasts to appease their hunger. Wild grapes also it appears formed a portion of the food of the St. John Indians.†

* Mrs. Rowlandson, who was captured during King Philip's war, says, "their chief and commonest food was ground nuts. They eat also nuts and acorns, artichokes and lily roots and ground beans. They would pick up old bones and cut them in pieces at the joints, scald them over the fire to make the vermin come out, boil them, and then drink the liquor."

† See narrative of John Gyles' captivity. He was taken by the Indians when the Fort at Pemaquid was captured in 1689, and was a captive on the St. John river nine years,—six with the Indians at Medoctec, and three with Lewis d Amours Sieur des Chauffours at Jemseg. The latter treated him very kindly and finally gave him his liberty.

This frequent scarcity of food was in part owing to the uncertainty of the chase, but chiefly to the improvident habits of the Indians, who, when they had abundance of food, gorged themselves with it and never thought of looking for more until it was all gone. This again was caused by another custom which required all the food obtained, either by hunting or otherwise, to be equally divided; so that the active and indolent sharing alike, all incentive to industry was taken away, and no large accumulation of food ever became possible. The St. John Indians were perhaps less open to this reflection than most others, and with them there were at times some attempts made to preserve food for future use. They preserved their meat by taking the flesh from the bones and drying it in smoke, by which means it was kept sound for months, or even years, without salt. They had a curious way of drying corn when in the milk: they boiled it on the ear in large kettles until it became pretty hard; it was then shelled from the cob with sharp clam shells and dried on bark in the sun. When thoroughly dry the kernels shrivelled to the dimensions of a small pea, and it would keep for years: when boiled again, it swelled as large as when on the ears, and was said to be incomparably sweeter than any other corn.*

An Indian feast, as made by the savages of Acadie two centuries ago, was quite different from anything to be seen at the present day. The ingredients were fish, flesh, or Indian corn and beans boiled together. Sometimes, when pounded corn was plenty, hasty pudding, or porridge, was made of it. An Indian boiled a sufficient number of kettles full of food, and sent a messenger to each wigwam door, who exclaimed "Kah mens-coorebah," which means "I come to conduct you to a feast." The invited guest then would demand whether he must take a spoon or a knife in his dish, which was a polite way of finding out what the bill of fare was to be. When the guests were met at the wigwam of the host, two or three young men were appointed to deal out the food, which was done with the utmost exactness in proportion to the number of each man's family at home. When the guests were done eating, one of the young men stood without the wigwam door, and called out—"Mensecommock," which means "come and fetch." This was the signal for the squaws to go to their husbands,

* See narrative of John Gyles' captivity in Drake's Tragedies of the Wilderness. p. 83.

and each squaw took the dish, with what her husband had left, which she carried home and ate with her children. Neither married women nor youth under twenty were allowed to be present, but old widow squaws and captive men were allowed to sit by the wigwam door. The Indian men continued in the wigwam relating their warlike and hunting exploits, or telling comical stories. The seniors gave maxims of prudence and grave counsel to the young men, which were always listened to with a degree of respect and attention, to which white men are too often strangers. Each spoke according to his fancy, but rules of order were observed; there was no coughing down of speakers, as in modern Houses of Parliament; and but one spoke at a time. When every man had told his story, one would rise up and sing a feast song, while others succeeded alternately, and then the company broke up.

The taciturn and silent character of the Indians has been so much spoken of as to have become almost proverbial, but it seems to be much less a natural quality with them than is generally supposed. They are decidedly fond of speech-making, and equally fond of telling stories of the prowess either of their ancestors or of themselves. The causes of their taciturnity will be easily understood when it is remembered how limited is the range of subjects on which they are able to converse. Their hunting or warlike exploits, and a few traditions, are almost the only matters on which they can speak. Unlike civilized men, they know nothing of the news of the world, the teachings of history or philosophy, or the politics and business of life. Their education and pursuits entirely unfit them for the discussion of a thousand questions with which civilized men are familiar, and hence they are silent for lack of having anything to say.

But it is as warriors that the Indians have attracted the greatest amount of attention and won the most fame. With the Indians, war was the object that they regarded as most worthy of their efforts, and to be a great warrior was their highest ambition. They taught their children that valor, fortitude and skill in war, were the noblest accomplishments of a man, in which respect they resembled the people of Sparta; but unlike them they did not consider that to attain them it was necessary to sacrifice decency, honesty and truth. In these respects, the uncivilized and untaught savages were superior to the polished Greeks. Their falsehood never passed into a proverb. They were distinguished for their

honesty. They were still more distinguished for their chastity. There is no instance on record of any insult being ever offered to a female captive, however cruelly they might otherwise have been treated. It would be pleasant to learn the name of any civilized people of whom the same could be said. When we read the tales of Indian atrocities in war, of the murder of infants and mothers, of stealthy midnight murders and barbarous assassinations, we are struck with horror and indignation at the recital. These are proper and natural feelings which do honor to the sensibilites of mankind. But on turning to the other side of the picture, and reading the bald and often distorted statements which have been recorded of the treatment of Indians by white men, who have themselves been the narrators of their own deeds, our views become greatly modified. In the course of this work, many tales of Indian cruelty and revenge will be told, and others not less harrowing, of atrocities committed by Englishmen and New Englanders on both the French and the Indians. When the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth in 1620, they were visited by Massasoit, the great Sachem or King of the tribes in the vicinity. During the thirty years following, Massasoit ever remained their constant friend. When he died, his son Alexander renewed the old treaties of friendship with the New Englanders, and all went on harmoniously until the people of Plymouth, on the pretext that he entertained designs unfriendly to them, caused him to be ignominiously arrested and threatened with instant death if he did not immediately appear before their Council. The insult threw him into a burning fever, and two days afterwards he died, probably from natural causes, but the Indians firmly believe that the white men poisoned him. King Philip, his brother and successor, with a soul rankling with hatred, resolved to avenge the wrong. The great Indian war of 1675 was the result, and few civilized wars have been undertaken for a better cause. Unfortunately for the Indians, their enemies have been their only historians; the record of their cruelties remains, but the wrongs which provoked them are either untold, or are ignored and forgotton.

The warlike weapons of the Indians, before the white men visited them, consisted of bows and arrows, the latter tipped with stone or bone, and battle-axes or tomahawks of stone. The scalping knife was made of a sharpened bone or the edge of a broken

silex: the knife now used is a later invention which the manufacturers of Birmingham or Sheffield were kind enough to supply their red brethren, for a consideration, in unlimited numbers, to be used on the scalps of their white brethren in America. The introduction of fire-arms quickly supplanted the bow and arrow, and the tomahawk was made of iron and steel. Before they became demoralized by contact with civilization, the Indians, before going to war, were in the habit of informing their enemies of the fact by sending some symbol to put them on their guard. When in 1622 Canonicus proposed to go to war with the Plymouth Colony, he sent his defiance in the shape of a bundle of arrows tied up in a skin of a rattlesnake. Later, it is to be feared, that the sending of a declaration of war was sometimes forgotten. Before starting, they always had a feast of dog's flesh, which they believed made them courageous, and a war-dance, at which the older warriors excited and stimulated the others to engage in the proposed enterprise by dancing in a sort of frenzy to the music of a drum, and by the recital of their former deeds in war. Everything being ready, the expedition started. When in friendly territory, they divided into small parties, for the convenience of hunting; but when they reached the enemy's frontier they went in close array and in silence. To conceal their numbers, sometimes they marched in single file, each one in the track of his predecessor. Every device that their ingenious minds could suggest was employed to outwit and surprise the enemy. They enticed them into ambuscades, or waylaid and scalped them while passing in fancied security.* If no straggling parties of the enemy were met with, they sought one of his principal villages, which they attacked under cover of the darkness; a general massacre ensued, and those who were so unfortunate as to be taken alive were carried back with them to die by lingering torments. It sometimes happened that captives were not thus treated, but were adopted into the tribe and made to supply the place of some dead warrior. Their fate was determined by a Council, and in any case, whether they

* A remarkable instance of Indian strategy was a trick played by the Catawbas on the Caugnawagos early in the last century. They crept near one of the hunting camps of the latter and lay in ambush, and in order to decoy the Caugnawagas out sent two or three Catawbas in the night past their camp with buffalo hoofs fixed on their feet. In the morning the Caugnawagas followed the track, fell into the snare, and many were killed.

were to be tortured to death or adopted as brothers, they were required to pass through the ordeal. This, with the Iroquois, consisted in running between a double file of the warriors of the tribe and being beaten by each as he passed. The Acadian Indians had a different system of torture; the captive was held up in the arms of four Indians and then allowed to drop on his back on the ground, and in this way tortured until the circuit of the large wigwam, some thirty or forty feet long, was completed. Sometimes he was beaten with whips, or shaken head downwards. The Squaws always took a great interest in these proceedings, and were more cruel than the men. They seemed to regard the torturing of prisoners as their share in the glory of a victory over the enemy. Where a captive was condemned to death he was mutilated with knives, tortured in every conceivable way, and burnt at the stake; but, if adopted by the tribe, no distinction was ever made between him and the rest. He became, to all intents and purposes, one of themselves, and shared equally with them, as well in the pleasures and abundance as in the misfortunes and privations of the tribe.

When a young Indian considered his acquirements and worldly possessions would admit of it, he generally began to look for a wife. If he was possessed of a canoe, gun and ammunition, spear, hatchet, a *moonodah* or pouch, looking glass, paint, pipe, tobacco, and dice bowl, he was looked upon as a man of wealth, and very eligible for a husband. A squaw who could make pouches, birch dishes, snow shoes, moccasins, string wampum beads, and boil the kettle, was considered a highly accomplished lady. The courtship was extremely simple and short. The lover, after advising with his relations as to the girl he should choose, went to the wigwam where she was, and if he liked her looks, tossed a chip or stick into her lap, which she would take, and after looking at it with well-feigned wonder, if she liked her lover's looks, toss it back to him with a sweet smile. That was the signal that he was accepted; but if she chose to reject him, she threw the chip aside, with a frown. The marriage ceremony varied greatly with different tribes, and with most there was no ceremony at all. It is not known that any special marriage ceremony existed among the Indians of Acadie.

The religious views of the Indians of Acadie were of the most vague and indefinite character. Champlain declares that they had no more religion than the beasts they hunted. But it is certain that they believed in a future state of existence, and that

they were in the habit of making offerings to departed or unseen spirits. Their system of theology was a structure founded on superstition, for the Indians were the most superstitious of men. They placed implicit faith in the incantations of jugglers; they believed in invisible spirits, some good and some bad, who dwelt in the winds and in the water. But, as courage in war and skill in the chase were their standards of virtue, their religious views had little influence on their moral conduct. Their paradise was merely a place of sensual enjoyment, where hunger and fatigue were unknown. There was nothing ennobling or exalted in their system of theology,—nothing which appealed to the higher nature of man.*

Their funeral ceremonies were of a touching character. When the head of the family died, there was great weeping and sorrowing for three or four days. The faces of the friends were besmeared with soot, which was the common symbol of grief. At the proper time, a funeral oration was pronounced, in which the genealogy of the deceased was recited, and the great and good actions of his life, his dinners and feasts, his adventures in war and in the chase were recounted. On the third day, a feast was held as a recognition of the great satisfaction which the deceased was supposed to feel, at rejoining his ancestors. After this, the women made a garment or winding sheet of birch bark, in which he was wrapped and put away on a sort of scaffold for a twelve month, to dry. At the end of this time, the body was buried in a grave, in which the relations at the same time threw bows and arrows, snow shoes, darts, robes, axes, pots, moccasins and skins. Denys states that he has seen furs to the value of a thousand francs thrown in, which no man dared to touch. Once he had a grave on the Gulf shore opened, and he shewed the savages that the skins were rotten and the copper pot all covered with verdigris. They only

* To illustrate the views which they entertained in regard to objects of devotion, I may mention a circumstance related by Denys. At the time Latour had his fort at St. John, a singular tree, about the thickness of a barrel, was from time to time visible in the falls: it floated upright, and sometimes was not seen for several days. This was considered a proper object of worship by the Indians. They called it Manitou, and made offerings of beaver skins to it which they fixed on it by means of arrow heads. Denys states that he has seen it, and that Latour allowed ten of his men to try to drag it out by means of a rope, which they attached to it, but were unable to move it. No doubt the ingenious Latour had anchored the tree there himself, and history is silent in regard to who gathered the beaver skins from the Manitou.

remarked that the pot was dead too, and that its soul had gone with the soul of their friend, who was now using it as before.

Lescarbot gives an account of the funeral obsequies of Pennoniac, a Micmac chief, who was killed by the Amouchiquois in 1607. He was first brought back to St. Croix, where the savages wept and embalmed him. They then took him to Port Royal, where, for eight days they howled lustily over his remains. Then they went to his hut and burnt it up with its contents, dogs included, so as to save quarreling among his relations as to the property. The body was left in the custody of the parents until spring, when he was bewailed again, and laid in a new grave near Cape Sable, along with pipes, knives, axes, otter-skins and pots.

Before setting forth on any expedition they would hold a pow-wow, at which certain secret ceremonies were performed for the purpose of discovering whether they would meet with success or failure. They had a respect for the devil, which was quite natural, considering the character of some of their actions; and the fear of ghosts, goblins, and evil spirits, was continually before their eyes. Perhaps their solitary wanderings through the forest were a means of instilling into their minds the extreme dread of the supernatural which infected them. They were in the habit of making sacrifices when in difficulty or danger to the spirit or demon which they desired to propitiate. A dog was regarded as the most valuable sacrifice, and if in crossing a lake their canoe was in danger of being overwhelmed by the winds and waves, a dog was thrown overboard with its fore paws tied together, to satisfy the hunger of the angry Manitou. They were continually on the watch for omens, and easily deterred from any enterprise by any sign which they deemed unfavorable. A hunter would turn back from the most promising expedition at the cry of some wild animal, which he regarded as an omen of failure in the chase. The same superstitions prevail among them to the present day.*

* A good story in illustration of Indian superstition is told by Mr. E. Jack, of Fredericton. He was on a surveying journey, and had encamped near Mount Porcupine in Charlotte County. One of his men named Smith had ascended the mountain to look for Pine, and on his return told Saugus, an Indian, who was with the party, that he saw an old man on the mountain, twelve feet high, with one eye, who called to him "where is Saugus? I want to eat him." Poor Saugus was much terrified at the intelligence. During the night an owl commenced to hoot over the camp and filled Saugus with such consternation that he woke up Mr. Jack to say that "Smith's old man" was coming. Next morning, Mr. Jack offered Saugus to go up the mountain for a knife which Smith had left sticking in a spruce tree, but Saugus was not to be tempted by the bribe to take such a dangerous journey.

The Indians, from their simple mode of life and abundant exercise, were not exposed to many diseases which are known to civilized men. But some of their maladies were extremely fatal. Their uncertain life, sometimes exposed to starvation; and at other times their excesses, undermined their constitution, and sowed the seeds of disease. Consumption, pleurisy, asthma, and paralysis, the result of the fatigues and hardships of the chase, also carried off great numbers of them; and at times, epidemics of an unknown and mysterious nature swept them off by thousands. For three or four years previous to the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers a deadly pestilence raged along the sea-board from Penobscot to Narraganset Bay. Some tribes were nearly destroyed. The Massachusetts were reduced from three thousand to three hundred fighting men; and miles of coast which had been populous, were left without a single inhabitant. What the disease was which then swept over the land can of course never be ascertained. Another terrible visitation of the same nature in 1694, swept over Maine and New Brunswick. At Pentagoet great numbers died of it, and it swept off the Chief of the river St. John, and vast numbers of others. At Medoctic alone, over a hundred persons died, and so great was the terror caused by it that they deserted that village entirely, and did not settle there again for many years.

The symptoms, as described by an eye witness, were, that a person seemingly in perfect health would commence bleeding at the mouth and nose, turn blue in spots, and die in two or three hours.* Strange to say, it was at its worst during the winter. No such plague appears to have visited Acadie since that time, yet unlike all other races they rather diminish than increase in numbers. Nor is it difficult to ascertain the cause. All over America, whether the white man is a friend or an enemy, the red man fades before him. Peace is not less fatal than war to the savage: in the latter, he is shot down with an unsparing hand; in the former, he is demoralized and degraded by vicious customs; exposed to temptations he has no power to resist, which enervate his frame, and end in misery and death. Every tree which is felled in the forest reduces the area of the hunting grounds which he inherited from his fathers, and on which his existence depends. Every mill

* The symptoms of the plague which prevails in Egypt are somewhat similar. The most fatal symptom is violent bleeding at the nose, and those thus taken are never known to recover.—*Baker's Albert N'Yanza*, p. 333.

which attests the energy and industry of his white brother is an additional omen of his extinction. Every day he sees the girdle of fields and meadows narrowing the circle of his hopes. Driven back, mile by mile, whither shall he at last retire? He is a stranger and an alien in his own land,—an outcast, robbed of his birthright by a stronger race. He and his tribe are but a feeble few, and their efforts avail nothing against the ceaseless advance to the pale faced race who come welded together into a resistless phalanx by the iron hand of civilization.

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# A PLOT WITHIN A PLOT;

OR,

## THE MYSTERIES OF THE DOG'S NOSE.

### CHAPTER XVII.

AS the three friends sat pondering in silence the enigma shadowed out to them, the clear note of a lark was borne in on the morning breeze.

Calvert started violently. Again the note was repeated: and he rushed to the balconied window.

Bending eagerly forward, the youth seemed to respond to a given signal, by pursing up his lips and emitting a sound like the querulous chatter of a squirrel.

A flash of light three times swept across his face; and all at once his countenance became radiant with joy.

His companions curiously drew near.

"Look!" cried he.

A blinding gleam drew their eyes to the spot where the ha-ha fence separated between the house-lawn and the deer-pasture beyond.

There they saw a hand waving a glittering mirror-like object. Calvert displayed his white handkerchief in reply, and then turning inwards, he rushed to the door and disappeared, to the wonderment of his friends.

Leaving the house, with a hurried step he slipped round by the stables to a coppice behind, and thence by a close-clipped hedge

gained the surrounding plantation, without once shewing in sight of the Hall.

Here again he uttered his chirrup; and soon the crackle of breaking twigs announced the approach of his expected visitor.

"Oh, Barney!" cried Calvert, dashing forward and seizing his humble friend by the hand, "I thought you were dead!"

"Musha, thin, an' it's not the likes av Divole an' all his red-coat angels to back him, that 'ud set the women *keenin'* it over ould Barney. Throth, he's too ould a badger to be dhrawn by *messans* like thim, when there was ivir a hole convaynient:" was the Irishman's characteristic reply.

"So! It was no accident, your falling down the ravine?"

"Not a bit av axshident in it!"—I came down as soft as Pat Tooley whin he slid aff the roof av a six-story house in Cork, and landed fair and aisy, all in a cart o' mud; 'Be jabers!'—says he, as he shewed his swate tap-knot over the ladher again,—'but that's a nate way an' a quick o' fillin' the hod annyhow!'"

"But how was it, Barney?" said his friend, curiously: "We were all sure you were dashed to pieces. How ever did you escape?"

"Aisy, aisy, *ma bouchal!* Ax me no quasthins, an' I'll tell ye no lies. When onct ye're *one of us*, ye'll find out!"

Seeing that Barney disliked being pressed for his secret, Calvert waived further enquiry.

A conversation ensued between the two friends, in which the Irishman detailed as much as he dared of the events of the evening before. He narrated the awful fate of the spy, and the unsuccessful pursuit of the other intruder; at the same time speculating upon the question who it might be that had discovered the jealously guarded secret of their place of meeting.

In his turn Calvert narrated to his interested listner, the particulars of his father's interview with his guests; as also Harvey's strange tale, with the mysterious possibilities connected with it, to which he had just been listening.

"A letther found on the dead woman, said ye, Master Calvert? an' where from?" said Barney.

"It is dated from *La Falaise*," replied Calvert.

"Sure an' don't I know it well? Wasn't I acthin' orderly for the Colonel when he came back to the ould Castle beyant it, wid his good sister's corp, and found the grief ahead av 'im, an' met the

blissid saint your mother stiff and cowld in her coffin comin' to meet him? Augh, but it was the black day yon!"

Overcome with his sad recollections, Barney sat silent, and the youth covered his face.

"La Falaise! Sure it's the same!" resumed the Irishman at length. "Manny's the time I've been up an' down it's breakneck *Rues*, as they called them. It smelled like a dead skate, all fish-guts an' herring-scales; an' nivir a dhrap fit for a Christian to dhrink. Ould Jack Barrel's wine was so sour it would make the pigs squeak"—

"Who did you say?" broke in Calvert excitedly.

"Jack Barrel, the boys called him. I disremember the beggar's Frinch name;" said Barney.

"Why, Barney! the letter was signed by a J. Barillot."

A low prolonged whistle from Barney marked his astonishment; at last he put the query—

"And the name of the dead woman?"

"Lisette;" responded Calvert.

"Ay, the same. The ould Barrel an' the young Barrel, we used to call them. Ye see, savin' yer presence, she girthed round as much as he did,—and had niver a man to lay it honestly on, nayther. Aye, poor lass; but that was the sorrowful ending afther all! I'll nivir belave it, though, that the young leddy—bless her angel-face!—iver sprung from such a crooked crab-stock as the ould Barrel."

At this instant the clatter of horses' hoofs, and the jangling of military accoutrements struck on the ears of the friends.

Calvert was springing up, when his friend's hand, clutching his coat, pulled him down.

"Arrah, be aisy, thin! Don't dhraw them an us. We haven't the *Ceann-Ghu* (dog's mouth) to hide in this time."

Warily peering through the trees, Barney muttered—

"Aye, there ye ride, ye thafe o' the wurruld!—and yer blood-hounds round yez. An' what new villany are ye after hatchin'? An' who's that wid ye? Be me sowl, it's the lousy Scotch procthor Mac! There's the mischief to pay whin he's round. God send Divole an' he may fly away together; an' torment one another wid the scab an' the itch, for iver an' iver, Amin!

In truth, the party sweeping up the avenue was none other than Barney had described.

Delaval, accompanied by the party of dragoons—with the exception of two who had been detailed to keep guard over those who had been laid under arrest the previous evening—had been off betimes in the morning on some quest of his own; and was now returned, accompanied as above stated by McWhirter, the nearest brother-magistrate of the Colonel's.

"Sure an' it's the hoighth av the saysin for me to be aff, Master Calvert:" said Barney, ringing his young friend's hand. "It wouldn't be good for my health to be nabbed again, afther givin' them the slip so nate last night."

An instant after, and he was out of sight in the underwood.

Calvert, in deep abstraction turned and made his way slowly back to the Hall.

He was crossing the vestibule, when he was rudely summoned to—Halt! The jar of grounded arms emphasized the command.

Glancing up, he found he was confronted by the military party which just arrived.

"Stand:" pursued the Sergeant, "and give an account of yourself."

"By what right do you interrogate me?" retorted Calvert, haughtily.

"My orders are formal:" responded the Sergeant. "I am directed to let none of the party arrested last night communicate with any outsiders.

"There has been no intimation of any such restrictions to the parties most concerned; and for myself, I refuse to be bound by them at all, for as you very well know, there is no warrant whatever against me. Stay me, therefore, at your peril."

"Come, come, Sir! Don't cut up that way. But after all—" said the Sergeant, grumbling half to himself, "what the young chap says is true enough. And it is mighty hard if a young gent can't go about his own father's house as he likes. I'll let the Frenchman do his own dirty work. Fact is, sir," said he, speaking in a confidential tone, "Fact is, we've been out on the hunt all the morning after that poor devil that kicked the bucket last night; for the Mounseer *will* have it, that he's alive yet, and above ground. And seeing you come in, he bade me draw it a little tight, and find out whether you hadn't met him belike, seein' he's a peticklar friend o' yours. Eh, young Sir?"

"I refuse utterly to be questioned:" returned Calvert, coldly.

"All right, your Honor; I don't like the job of doing it, neither;" and ranging aside, the worthy Sergeant gave place to Calvert to pass.

Rejoining his friends, he detailed to them the particulars of his interview with Barney.

They were still engaged discussing the inexplicable re-appearance of the Irishman, and also the new light that through his means might yet be thrown on the mystery attaching to Madeline's birth, when a servant came with a summons from the Colonel to attend him in the hall below.

With some little trepidation on the part of the two younger members of the company, but a resolved and haughty smile on the face of the elder, they prepared to obey.

Descending the broad stair-case, the appearence of matters below was sufficiently daunting.

The military detatchment was drawn up in line before the closed outer door.

At a table in front of them was seated in his high-backed chair of carved and crimson-lined oak the Colonel, with his arm in a sling, and his countenance now pale, and again flushed by fever, wearing a stern and threatening expression.

At his right, sat McWhirter, vainly striving to appear at his ease, while his usually hang-dog expression was intensified into that of malicious villainy.

At the left end of the table sat Delaval, busily engaged sorting and arranging various documents.

One other figure, dilapidated and shrinking, crouched into a corner, seemingly anxious to shun observation.

Calvert was stepping forward to salute his parent, but was repelled by the stern injunction—

"Keep your distance, sir. Remember where you are; and wait till you be interrogated by the Court."

Confused, petrified by the cutting contrast of tone with that of the evening before, when his father was all tenderness and trust, the youth stood still; and with out-stretched hand and trembling lip, ejaculated—

"Oh, father! Don't."

Catching sight at the instant of the Frenchman's look of mocking triumph, he turned on him in a sudden fury—

"This is your doing, you vile snake-in-the-grass!—your's, and your precious sister's. But I'll be even with you yet!"

"Enough of this!" thundered the Colonel: "Respect the Court, or I'll commit you." Then turning from the abashed youth, he said to Delaval with an air of forced calmness—

"Read what you have got there, and let us have done with this."

Standing up, and talking the usual oaths, the Frenchman proceeded to read his deposition.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

THERE was a subtle mixture of fact and falsehood in the information laid before the Court by Delaval. It was, in addition, skilfully adapted to work on the passions and prejudices of the high, but somewhat narrow minded veteran; while it was most damaging to the accused in its very appearance of moderation and fairness.

Simplified and divested of its legal terminology, the evidence amounted to something like the following:—

"That although, by Act of Parliament, *Habeas Corpus* was suspended, and therefore the accused could not of right claim to know the causes of their arrest, yet to avoid all appearance of severity, he would now detail the reasons of his procedure in the case. It was notorious that disaffection prevailed to an alarming extent in the district: that illegal gatherings for treasonable purposes were nightly held in the vicinity; and that foreign aid was being freely extended. Arms and ammunition from sympathizers in the United States had been surreptitiously landed and distributed; and a deputy from the Central Circle of the Fenian brotherhood in New York was even now present to organize and head the movement. All would remember how, being thus countenanced, the 'tumblers' had commenced their work by a murderous assault on one justly revered by all, but obnoxious to the malcontents, on account of his position, as being both a proprietor and the holder of a high Government appointment in the County. By a delicate, but, as will be shown, a complete chain of evidence, the guilt of the attempted murder has been brought home to one Barney Bralligan. Proceeding from these facts, the discretionary power entrusted to the informant by the presiding

Magistrate was employed by him to secure the neccessary assistance, and to arrest the culprit. This was successfully effected, but by a skilful stratagem, the said Bralligan had evaded justice for the time being. Others nearer home, however, there is grave reason to fear, have been accessary to the attempted homicide." He referred to the parties standing at the bar. "The accused, Reginald Harvey and Calvert Ansdell, were found in friendly communication with the presumed murderer at the time of his arrest. Their attempt by violence to rescue the prisoner, and otherwise to withstand the course of justice, will be sworn to by witnesses present. The suspicious conduct of the aforesaid Calvert Ansdell, in inveigling his parent within reach of the ruffian's bullet; and his thereafter systematically concealing about his person a material evidence of Bralligan's guilt: this, joined to his previous familiarity with the most questionable characters of the place, his known dislike of parental control, and even threats of vengeance when subjected to salutary restraint: all this combined, and which will be substantiated, article by article, makes out a strong case against the misguided youth. With respect to the other accused, certain suspicious documents found among his papers, together with a distinct declaration of treasonable practises, drawn up and signed by the subsidiary magistrate present, will be laid before the Court."

Words cannot describe the horror and amazement of the poor youth, as his most innocent acts and intimacies were thus wrought up by his enemy's devilish ingenuity into the semblance of a long premeditated tissue of the blackest crime. He could only stammer, as the sweat-drops of agony stood on his perturbed brow—

"Father, father! Can you believe that?"

A harder setting of the teeth, belied by a tear-drop trickling down the veteran's furrowed cheek, was his only reply.

A look of calm disdain, with a slight raising of the eye-brow at times, was the sole token of Harvey's attention.

His sister, pallid and tearful, sat behind, somewhat out of view. The girl noticed that the Colonel's eyes, which unconsciously dwelt upon her during the whole of the scene, were always averted with a hard, pained look, so soon as recollection returned.

Delaval permitted his eyes to stray over the group, and a look of gratified malice to play over his face, as if he gloated over their evident distress, like an Indian over the tortures of his writhing victim.

After a long and satisfied survey, he was turning leisurely to select certain papers from the pile that lay docketed before him, when suddenly a hubbub arose at the outer doors.

All started as the tones of a familiar voice fell on their ears raised high in objurgation—

"Bad cess to yez! an' maybe ye would'nt like to get the credit of captivatin' ould Barney afther all, wouldn't yez? No; No! I'll go in to the Colonel a free man; or I'll thrick ye again, ye spalpeens, as I did afore. Stand out atune me an' the dure, ye *omadhauns*, or maybe I'll sarve ye as I did the two Roosians that *tuk me* in the Crimee. I blarneyed and bamboozled them so they didn't know where they was, till they woke up to find all the boys in camp laughing to see their wondherment at finding it was *them* was *tuk*, when they thought it was *me* was *tuk;* Ha, ha!"—

And the volatile Irishman appeared in the Hall, apparently on the most excellent terms with himself, and the grinning soldiery around him.

"Arrest that man!" shouted Delaval, and in a transport of rage and impatience he himself dashed forward to seize the intruder.

By a dexterous twist the agile Irishman eluded his grasp.

And now commenced a most ludicrous scene.

With a wild whoop! Barney started off in a rattling jig, rags fluttering, and brogues clattering round and round the tantalised Frenchman; snapping his thumbs under his enemy's very nose, and ducking and dodging every pass made at him; and shouting out all the while, in a high key and with a provoking grin, some doggerel ditty that he semed to think specially applicable—

"Hooch! Hirroo!—

> "Did ye ivir see the D—vvle,
> Wid his wooden hoe and shovel?" &c.

Shrieks of laughter resounded through the room, and beneath the storm of ridicule Delaval fairly cowered. At last he slunk back to his seat, and hid his face, white with passion, with one hand, whilst the other tremblingly plied a dry pen.

Amid the echoing laughter, a ringing voice thundered forth—

"Attention!"

In an instant all was silent as the grave.

Barney and the soldiers, with the quick instinct of military discipline stood drawn up, opposite one another, rigid as bronze statues.

The aged Colonel, whose stern, set countenance, had never once changed, faced them.

Again his sharp order rung out—

"Mark time there!"

The regular tread throbbed ominously through the echoing halls, like the step of approaching doom.

"Forward! Quick-March!" came the successive orders sharply punctuated.

And Barney from the one side, and the soldiers from the other, with as sharp precision, advanced, glaring on one another like two armies about to mingle in the mortal shock of battle.

As they came flush up, face to face—

"Halt!"—rung out the voice; "secure your prisoner, men!"

An exceeding bitter cry burst from Barney; a very tumult, an agony of wounded affection and pride sounded out in that reproachful wail.

"Silence!" spoke the inexorable. Dumb henceforth, and with bowed head, the prisoner submitted passively to the indignity, as they fixed, for the second time, the degrading manacles on his hands: and marched him up before the tribunal of his stern judge.

"Repeat the accusation against the prisoner;" was the next order.

It is scarcely necessary to relate how skilfully Delaval wrought up all the points of evidence against the accused.

His affiliation with the Fenian brotherhood, and his complicity with them in their illegal gatherings, were fully made out. His having been present and actively engaged in the business of the Lodge, at their rendezvous in a certain cavern beneath the ruined Castle of the Dog's Nose; and this no farther back than the previous evening, was sworn to by Delaval from his own personal knowledge.

A curious look of intelligence here broke over the face of the accused. But, when, further to substantiate this point, the person, whom we have seen to have hitherto kept himself shrunk out of view, was summoned forth, and appeared with a hesitating, slouching gait, as if afraid to meet the light of day, Barney turned on him a look of undisguised amazement, almost of terror.

And, in sooth, his appearance was sufficiently forbidding. Underneath his battered hat, which he seemed to remove with reluctance, a ragged handkerchief was swathed obliquely round his

brow. His bull-dog features were swollen and bruised; and the left eye-brow seemed by some recent and terrible injury to have been torn from its place, and to droop in bleeding folds over the whole visual orifice.

It was with a strangely guttural and broken voice that he spoke in reply to Delaval's sharp interrogatories. He announced himself as a detective employed by Delaval to ferret out the secrets of the Order, and corroborated the evidence previously given by his employer. He gave a plausible account of his narrow escape from the cavern: his statement was, that at the peril of his life, he had leaped boldly into the sea, and fortunately without striking a rock; on rising again to the surface he retained consciousness enough to strike out for the shore, in the struggle to gain which he had sustained several severe injuries, but, finally succeeding, he had lurked about till morning, when he was found and relieved by his employer.

Direct evidence was given by this witness, fastening the guilt of the attempt at assassination on Bralligan. On oath he declared the deed had been publicly avowed and gloried in by the prisoner in the open Lodge, and that it was from his having refused to swear secresy in common with the rest, his true mission there was detected, and he had run such a narrow chance of losing his life.

Additional circumstantial evidence was now brought forward by Delaval.

Holding up the tin box alleged to have been found by him in his search of the cabin of the accused, the previous morning, he challenged Calvert whether he had not found the lid corresponding to it beside the boulder whence the shot had been fired?

Feeling his father's stern eye fixed upon him, the unfortunate youth faintly stammered out an answer in the affirmative.

"Yes; no use to deny it: I saw it fall out of your bosom on the sand;" observed the Colonel, coldly. "Where is it now?"

With bent head and silently, Barney signed to the soldier on guard beside him, and he in accordance with the hint, thrust his hands into his prisoner's bosom, drew forth the object in question, and laid it on the table before his judge.

"This makes the evidence complete;" said Delaval, with ill-concealed triumph, as he picked up the lid, and fitted it to its place on the box.

A deathly silence prevailed for full a minute.

"Barney Bralligan, Attention!"—once more cried the Colonel, in the same high, sharp tones of military command as before.

The culprit started and drew himself up to his full height as if touched by a secret spring.

The veteran Commander, drawing his arm from the sling, and pointing to it impressively with his other hand, whilst he covered the pale, convulsed features of the accused with his blazing eye, again broke the dead silence with the brief word—

"Guilty?"

"Not guilty!" was the firm response; and the prisoner's unflinching eye never once quailed before the searching glance that seemed to read his inmost soul.

"Know you aught of the guilty parties?" was the next stern query.

Veering round, as if moved by machinery, Barney halted, fronting his accuser; and slowly lifting his manacled arms, stretched them forth; and with threatening fore-fingers joined together, pointed straight at the suddenly-blanched countenance, saying—

"There is the *Head!*"

White and red by turns, the Frenchman tried to brave it out; but finally sank to his seat with a nervous laugh.

Recommencing his slow circular motion, Barney swept his extended arms round till he confronted the Frenchman's cowering accomplice; and he too sank down as if he wished the earth to swallow him, as the sentence followed—

"And there is the *Hand!* I know you!—JACK BARREL!"

No sooner had the last word clanged forth, than, as it were the shivering blast of the Trump of Doom ringing in his ear,—with the despairing yell of a detected fiend, the miserable wretch gave one bound through the line of startled soldiers, and bursting open the door was gone.

"Seize him! Stop him!"—hurled forth Barney: "Slay the bloody murtherer of women and childther, lettin' alone the men!"

## CHAPTER XIX.

SILENCE ensued: the silence of astonishment, indecision, terror. Then a very Babel of voices broke forth. An indescribable confusion reigned in the Hall.

The domestics had thronged in. All were vociferating. Delaval was storming. His sister, with a face ashen-gray, had rushed in from a neighbouring room, and was clinging convulsively to her brother's arm.

Barney, like one possessed, was tearing up and down the line of soldiers, clanking his fettered hands in their faces, and yelling, "Why don't yez chase him? The bloody-minded villain! He'll get clear aff!"

At first mention of the name, so strangely identified with the young American girl's story, our hero and his two friends had been paralyzed with amazement like the rest; but the next instant Calvert had dashed for the door, to pursue the flying ruffian.

The Sergeant, however, caught him in his brawny clasp, with a "Not so fast, young gentleman. You're not quite free yet. Wait for orders from head-quarters."

Calvert's eye turned appealingly to his father.

But the latter seemed utterly oblivious of the turmoil around him. His head hung forward on his breast. His eye was fixed upon vacancy. His lips kept muttering, over and over, and over again, with a kind of a frightful rhythm in their chant—

"Barrell! Barillot! Barillot,—Murderer! Barillot! Murderer of women and children!"

McWhirter, seeing his principal so absorbed, thought it incumbent on himself to shew his authority at the moment. He had begun in his propitiatory bar-room style, and with a feeble whine of expostulation that no one paid the least attention to—

"Noo, gentlemen, ye maun be sensible this conduck is bye-ord'nar. In fack, its no' the reg'lar thing ava. We're a'thegither oot o' the line o' bizness."

At this juncture his prosing was remorselessly cut short by the thundering tones of the old Commandant, who suddenly recovering from his abstraction, had raised himself to his feet.

Only now he seemed, by his searching and incredulous stare, to have noticed how like Bedlam broken loose the apartment had

become. He was a natural-born king of men though; and was equal to the occasion.

"Silence in the Court there! or else—"

And like the "*Quos ego*" of Virgil's Neptune, whose very vagueness appalled the winds into instant submission,—so now a calm, unbroken, absolute, took the place of the chaos that raved an instant before.

"Who? Where is the murderer?" was the next thrilling enquiry.

"Here, sir! Here, sir!" responded a chorus of voices, and a number of officious hands grasped and hustled Barney forward, in spite of his protests, to the notice of the Colonel.

"No, no! the other!—Barillot!" he said impatiently.

A dead pause ensued; and all seemed to shun their Chief's lurid gaze.

"Have ye let him escape?"—cried he at last in deep, resentful tones. Then with startling abruptness came the long expected order—

"Mount and follow! A hundred pounds, alive or dead!"

A whispered command from the Sergeant, and the four leading files made a step in advance, swept up their hands in a parting salute, then faced about, and strode to the door; an instant more, and the tramp of horse-hoofs told they were off on the trail of the fugitive.

Without a word, Calvert moved back to his former position alongside his friends.

A dark look of mingled rage and apprehension had settled on Delaval's countenance. An emphatic nod across the table to his confederate apprized McWhirter it was his turn to take up the word.

The Scotchman, with all his national hesitancy and clumsiness, got up for the second time, and scratching his head, and clearing his throat, began—

"I'm no jist clear in my ain mind that it's a'thegither richt an' ticht in pint o' law to be gaun on as we hae dune e'enow; but maybe yer Honer kens best."

Here his snuff-mull was solemnly produced, the lid tapped, and a pinch laboriously administered to his long, hungry nose, which expressed its satisfaction at the timely refreshment by a wheezy snorting in the depths of a blue cotton handkerchief.

"What's not right?" responded the Colonel.

"Aweel, sir! I mean to say, it's no jist the reg'lar coorse to brak in on the deposeetion jist as it's bein' laid afore the Coort, an' to ask the prisoner at the bar plump an' plain the quastion 'Guilty or no?'"

"Pshaw! Confound your Scotch precision!" said his coadjutor, irritably.

"Weel, weel!" resumed the Scot: "I'm no gaun to say onything mair on that pint e'enoo. Only as micht hae been expeckit, the accused denies everything, though as onybody can see frae the evidensh he has been caught in a mainer red-haunded in the ack. It's as clear as dirt, sir!"

"Confound your impudence, sir!" broke in the Colonel, testily. "Do you think I wouldn't take the word of an honest fellow like Barney there, prisoner or no prisoner, before I would the oath of yonder hound, Barillot? or your's either, for that matter!" he muttered in conclusion.

"Come here, my man:" continued the Colonel, addressing Barney, and turning round as the Irishman drew near with eyes suffused; "Sergeant!" shouted he: "Off with the clips there. I'm ashamed of myself even to have seemed to doubt an old comrade."

The manacles were removed with ready alacrity.

"Here, lad!" resumed he, stretching forth his hand: "The head may be wrong at times; but the heart's in the right place yet. It always knows a friend. The man who risked his life, time and again for mine, isn't the one to attempt murder on me now."

What could his humble friend do, other than he did?

Falling on his knees, he caught between both his own the hand extended to him, and reverently kissing it, and bedewing it with tears, he looked up to Heaven and invoked blessings on his generous patron.

"Dinna think, yer Honor;" said the Scotchman, with a slow disapproving snore in the depths of his handkerchief; "Dinna think that I'm agin' your showin' a forgeevin' speerit. The Word tells us we sud e'en pray for them wha despighteously use us. But,—my certy! this is a horse o' anither color. For a' that's come an' gane yet, there's naething to shew that the chiel Barney has been wrangously accused. An' I'm free to mainteen that admittin' the testimony o' a prisoner at the bar,—let alane settin' him up to turn on a crown-witness in yon daftlike fashion, an' to frichten

the poor man oot o' Coort yon way, is jist clean again' a' law an' reason. An' noo lettin' the prisoner aff without ony ane o' the counts o' the indictment being answered;—hech, sirs! Its naething but a scandalous mispreesion o' treason; an' as ane o' the magistrates sittin' on the case, I frankly tell ye I'll no rin my craig intil a tether by countenancing the like. I summon the sodgers there to uphaud the majesty o' the law, by keepin' their grip on that man."

A frown black as midnight settled on the Colonel's brow as he answered, turning short round on his refractory associate—

"Sir; it seems to me you have forgotten where you stand; and that *I*, not *you*, hold the commission of Lieutenant-Colonel of the County. Any orders for the military must come through me. I am abundantly able to answer for my own acts. So, my friend, as you yourself would say, you had better save your breath 'to cool your ain kail.' You'll find it hot enough, I promise you, if what I begin to suspect be true. And that reminds me you appear somewhat prominently in one part of these informations. I'd have you to remember there are penalties for perjury and conspiracy, sir. And I'll have the pound of flesh out of you, if anything of this should appear."

At this point the Scotchman's trepidation became excessive. His hard, granite face was working convulsively; its usual brick-dust hue had degenerated into a whitey-brown. He seemed to meditate a reply; but his parched lips, that he vainly tried to moisten, and his teeth chattering like castanets, precluded the effort.

The Colonel then turned and addressed the American in a polite and conciliatory tone—

"Mr. Reginald Harvey; you have heard these allegations brought against you?"

"I have, Colonel Ansdell. To reply to them, however, would be to acknowledge that I am under arrest."

"Unquestionably."

"But that is precisely what I cannot admit. As a citizen of the United States, I have already entered my protest, and appeal for protection to the nearest American Consul. This of course removes the case out of your hands. Besides, my arrest has been utterly informal. No warrant has been or can be produced for my detention."

"No; to be sure!" said the Colonel, with a perplexed face. "Why, how's this? Delaval."

"I was entrusted by you with a general discretionary power;" said his nephew, somewhat chopfallen.

"Sir, you seem to have used your power with a most abundant lack of that same quality. What grounds had you for detaining this gentleman?"

"They have already been stated in sum," said the Frenchman: "They will now be proved in detail."

Certain strictures on the course pursued by the government in dealing with the troubles in Ireland were read, and made the most of, by the accuser. One extract in particular was dwelt upon, referring to Harvey's having met, in the office of a well-known Irish author in New York, the celebrated General S——, Head Centre etc. of the I. R.

"And is this all? Is it on grounds so frivolous as these you would dare arraign on such a serious charge as treason a gentleman of honor?"

"This is *not* all;" responded Delaval: and he unfolded the declaration drawn up and signed at his instance by McWhirter. Sundry conversations of a seditious tendency alleged to have been overheard by the subscriber, were here reported; as also the fact that amongst the disaffected the accused was currently known as "the American General."

Harvey's practice of sketching, cunningly represented as being for military purposes; his frequent and prolonged absences, and his familiarity with certain questionable characters, were duly detailed.

"*Familiarities* wid *quistinable charackthers!*" commented Barney. "Och, howly Moses! D'ye hear the black words dhrappin' like toads from his ugly mouth? '*Familiarities*' is it? Well, here's thankin' ye, *ma bouchal*, for all *your* familiarities; but it's the *shtrangeness* we'd take the kindest from the likes av yez. An' who do ye call '*quistinable* charackthers?' It's yerself is the *onquistinable* charackther, Heaven knows. Augh, boys! hear till him now. It bates Banagher! He makes lies fasther than a harse can throt. But isn't he his leasing Father's own child for that, sure?"

## CHAPTER XX.

At last the Frenchmen's lame and labored deposition against the American was drawn to a close. Lame though it was, however, such was the excited state of public opinion at the time, that very few magistrates would have had the moral courage and high sense of justice which prompted the Colonel to reply in conclusion—

"Pshaw! Delaval; your zeal has manifestly outrun your discretion. There is nothing tangible in all this which would justify committal, even if we had the power, which I question. What about this sketching and surveying though? There may be something in that;" said the veteran, whose military instinct had caught at the suggestion.

For sole reply Harvey stepped forward and spread out before the Colonel his sketching-folio, which he had drawn out of his pocket.

Adjusting his eye-glass, the old *militaire* caught up a sheet at hazard. It was that in which Calvert and his mare had been so dashingly introduced into the foreground, as recounted above.

"Capital!" said the father. "You have hit off the young dog and his rantipole brute to a *T*. Not much treason in that, I'm thinking."

After glancing in a cursory way over most of the contents of the folio, he happened upon the sketch of the Ruined Chapel, in which the young girl formed the most striking figure.

Long the Colonel sat motionless, and his eyes with a far-off look in them ranged backwards and forwards unconsciously between the copy and the blushing original.

"Very like; Ah, *so* like!" at last he said, softly, with a sigh. "Surely there must be some mistake. The child seems pure, and high-bred."

At the instant he caught an expressive glance of Marie's, and throwing down the picture, muttered—

"Ay; too true, too true! It must be so. The thing is too circumstantial to be false. Yet 'tis pity of the child too."

Then with a sudden revulsion of mood he swept the papers from before him, and turning angrily upon Delaval, cried—

"All this only serves to make your action in the case more absurd and groundless. You ought to be ashamed to bring up such trumpery charges as these: and still more to let be known your

dishonorable prying into private correspondence. And that you, Mr. McWhirter, a magistrate, should lend yourself to such an outrageous procedure! I blush for my country if such things be permitted. This may be the *mode* in France; and that's Delaval's only excuse. He knows no better. But I'd have you remember, sir, we are on British soil where *letters-de-cachet* and the spy-system have not yet struck root. Mr. Harvey, I beg to inform you, that in my judgment there is no case whatever against you; and in addition, I would tender my apologies for the inconvenience to which you have been subjected."

As the fine old soldier thus concluded, a rapid telegraphing took place between the French and Scotchman.

"But, sir"—began McWhirter with an assumption of bravery he was far from feeling.

"But me no buts:" thundered the Colonel, quenching him in an instant. We have had enough of you."

"Colonel Ansdell," began the American, "the hospitality extended to me and to my sister by yourself and son"—

"Leave my son out of the question;" broke in the Colonel, irritably.

With a look of surprise, Harvey, amending his phrase, began again—

"Your considerate hospitality, and the very handsome terms in which you have exonerated me from the disgraceful imputations cast upon me by designing persons, form an ample atonement for any passing indignities to which I may have been subjected. But in the interests of Justice, and with a special reference to the implications thrown out against my young friend here, permit me to pursue this matter a little further."

"My son! again my son. Well! what of him?" and a frown gloomed on the father's brow at the word.

"Has it never struck you that the tin-box and lid, so largely built upon as circumstantial evidence against Barney, and as tending to implicate your son,—has it never struck you that they might have been purposely abstracted from the owner, and used to cover the traces of the real criminal?"

"Proceed. What mean you?" said Colonel Ansdell.

For answer, Harvey turned to Calvert and proceeded to interrogate him—

"How and where have you seen the man identified as Barillot?"

"Yesterday morning, for the first time," was the youth's reply. "He was prowling around Barney Bralligan's cabin, after no good either, else he would not have run so. Again I caught a glimpse of him in the shubbery tossing the tin box to Delaval there, as he was starting after Barney."

"Tossing the box to *me?*" echoed Delaval furiously. "Do you dare so to forswear yourself?"

"Silence!" said the Colonel. "Let the boy speak."

"I saw him through the window, and jumped out, and got on the mare and chased him. I know it was him, for I had a good look at his face when he turned to heave a rock down upon me. I could swear to it anywhere. That is the face of Delaval's witness, whom Barney frightened by calling Jack Barrel."

"Ay, lad! Jack Barrel,—Barillot! Murderer of women and children!" and as before, the Colonel seemed lost in thought again, and utterly oblivious of the further explications entered into by Harvey. At last the thought that was engrossing him burst forth in the abrupt enquiry—

"Barillot! Who said he was the murderer of women and children? You, Bralligan! Tell what you know of the scoundrel."

"No good, yer Haner!" was the Irishman's rejoinder: "But it's Misther Harvey that will put ye up to some of his doings."

"Well!" said the veteran, and he fixed his frenzied eye on the American.

The story of the finding of Madeline was then gone over, as it has already been detailed, up to the point where the corpse of the frozen woman was indentified as that of Lisette, the miserable daughter of Barillot.

"And is this why you call him the murderer of women and children? He but cast out the vile woman, and the pledge of her infamy together. I honor him for it! I would do the same myself." And in his excitement the Colonel struck his wounded hand upon the table.

"And, sir," continued he, turning fiercely upon Harvey, "Is it *you* would introduce this child of shame to an honorable house, and lure on yonder miserable boy to link his fate and a stainless name with disgrace?"

Taken aback at this rude assault, and Madeline's sudden cry of wounded feeling, her brother flushed red for an instant, and then was earnestly proceeding—

"Hear me out, sir. There is more behind—"

When Marie's shriek "Oh! He's dying!" and the swift rush she made to his side, drew all eyes to his condition.

His inconsiderate action had started the wound afresh, and after struggling an instant in the girl's hands, he fell back in a dead faint.

Calvert would have dashed forward to his father's assistance, but was whirled off by Delaval with the savage remark—

"This is your work, parricide! Do you want to finish him outright?"

As the youth, disdaining reply, was still struggling madly forward, they bore the nearly lifeless form from the hall, guarded by Marie.

Delaval cast a look of triumph around, and gave the cue to McWhirter again to proceed.

The canny Scot rose with considerable assurance, now the coast was clear, and hemming and hawing thus delivered himself—

"Noo, gentlemen; we've been lang daidlin' ower this bizness; an' it's high time to sneck aff. For you, Barney Bralligan, there's been nae defence offered worth a flee. Even supposin' the charge o' murder hasna been a'thegither made oot, whilk I'm far frae allooin', still ye're a rank Fenian by yer ain shawin', proved to hae been present at ane o' their illegal gatherins, nae furder gane than last nicht. I therefore commit *you* on the charge o' sedition an' treason, an' a suspeecion o' murder forbye. Maister Harvey; the sworm deposeetion o' a maigistrat, an' that's my ain sel, backed wi' sic concomitant proofs as hae been laid afore the Coort, are no to be blawn awa like thistle-downs wi' a doited auld man's breath. Your appeal to yer ain Cæsars ower the water winna help ye muckle here in the land o' Breetish leeberty, I can tell ye. I haud *you* to trial on the chairge o' incitin' Her Majesty's lieges to sedition an' treason, if nae waur. An' *you*, Calvert callant, sorry am I that yer feyther's son sud bring siccan disgrace on a honorable name. But there's ower gude reason for thinkin' you airt an' pairt in a' the lawless an' murderin' carryins-on o' thae Feenian cut-throats ye hae been forgatherin' wi'. Aye; gin the bullet had but sped true yesterday, the Castle an' the Estate wad hae been your's richt aff the reel, to wear on limmers like yon misbegotten queen there; an' dootless, that's what ye were ettlin' at."

The truculent magistrate had better have spared that last taunt

of his; for at the instant a steel gauntlet came whizzing through the air, that Calvert in ungovernable rage had snatched from an old armor trophy on the wall, and sent flying with unerring aim. It smote the scandal-monger on the mouth with such force that it knocked him over.

"Hiroo!" cried Barney, and cut a caper of inextinguishable delight, as he saw his enemy the Scotchman pick himself slowly up, wipe his bleeding muzzle, and coughing to clear his throat, spit out two teeth that his unlucky gibe had cost him.

So ended, amid confusion indescribable, what may well be styled the drawn battle of the day. The order for committal of the prisoners to the county gaol the following day was made out, regardless of Harvey's protests. The accused were remanded to their apartments; and intimation was given them that any effort at escape would draw on them the fire of the military, to whom the safe custody of the whole party was formally made over.

(To be continued.)

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## UP AND DOWN THE BRAS D'OR.

BY SAMUEL MACNAUGHTON, M. A.

ON a July morning, 187—, the air was balmy and refreshingly cool—a pleasing contrast to the heat of the previous day. Immediately after Sol had emerged from his "fleecy chambers," and even while Aurora's blush was on the sky, there was hurrying to and fro in the city of Halifax,—for a right royal band of noble hearts had enthusiastically responded to the call of duty and were busily preparing to run the car of temperance on the beautifully-picturesque and sweetly-poetic island of Cape Breton. The last lingering star auspiciously lent its latest silver ray to greet this happy morn, and benignly twinkled a parting blessing for each and all of the merry company. Notwithstanding the frowns and struggles of Morpheus at being deprived of his victims at an earlier hour than usual, the whole volunteer corps assembled, and were ready to march at the given signal.

First and foremost in the ranks, head and shoulders *below* the rest, is Uncle Harry, hale and hearty still, although, as he delights to relate, he will be seventy-nine years of age if he live to see the

30th of February. In the twinkling of an eye,—his eye still twinkles like the starry gems of night—the sober lines of thought retire from his brow, and joy and merriment dance fantastically on every face; for the brilliant scintillations of wit that sparkle in his eye, and the continuous flow of humor that oozes from every corner and cranny of his vast (?) corporation, never fail to dispel the lowering clouds of "solemncholy," thereby letting into every heart the bright sunshine of happiness and joy.

Next in seniority is Uncle Patrick—an excellent counterpart to Uncle Harry, a stay and a staff to him in his declining years,—always indespensable on such occasions to make arrangements for the accommodation of the company, and especially as a precursor of fine weather; for, remarkable though it be, it is nevertheless a fact, that it never rains while he journeys.

Then there are Uncle Eddy, cousins Will and Thomas and John, all kind-hearted, generous, and joyous, as agreeable and interesting as mortals well could be.

Prominent among the worthies is Uncle Obadiah, a Son of *long-standing*—that is, when he *stands*. Eager curiosity singles him out as an intensely interesting "get up," fashioned after the American style of rational bipeds, with as much heart, and genius, and common sense, and affability as any other live man. And yet Nature, by lengthening out his corporeality, left sufficient space to junk on a fine slice of racy wit, welded to the rest by the electrical fire of eccentricity. He is a valuable acquisition, and all will be benefited by his companionship. Then we have a jolly good-natured Doctor and his worthy lady. The Doctor could subscribe to the following stanza, although he could not write it:

> "Lords of creation, lower your crest;
> Strive as you may, do what you can,
> Woman, with all her faults confess'd,
> But still be-*double you, O man!* (W-o-man)."

A more youthful trio brings up the rear. One is bright and joyous, the pulse of anticipation beating quick and strong; for he pictures in his heart of hearts a royal good time in such a royal company. He has already plumed imagination's pinions for an airy flight, and quick-eyed fancy has caught an anticipative glance of bright dreams, soon to be realized amid the true, the *beautiful*, and the good; and, thanks to the condescension (?) of the fair, he was not disappointed.

The subdued, thoughtful look of another, suggested a theme for poetic thought, apart from mere sentiment. We deponed that he must have left a dear young wife behind: and it was so. The third has shaken off all care, and trills his lay as cheerily as the lark. Unlike some of the group, the thought of being fed with sweet looks and dew-soft words scarcely moves him; because, perchance, he had already tasted such dainty sweets, and had learned that they did not afford real pabulum to certain constitutions.

Now the company is complete. The iron-horse has commenced to snort and bound and tremble for the speedy transmission and safety of the precious company. Five hours quickly pass; for the fine flash of wit gives rise to brilliant repartee; while, during the *interim*, Uncle Obadiah secretly, but not surreptitiously, appropriates the valuables of the company; kindly relieves Uncle Harry of his time-indicator, lest, from the density of the metal, *time* should hang heavy on his *pocket;* considerately drugs one of the youthful trio with soporifics, in order that his vivid fancy may alight and rest her weary wing; and, generally, performs all those kindly offices which an ever active mind could devise and adroit hands accomplish.

New Glasgow is reached and adds to the company. Pictou smiles upon the enterprise and contributes delegates of three generations, a "Worthy Grandfather," "Father," and two "Sons."

The grand event on board the St. Lawrence from Pictou *en route* for Hawkesbury was the discussion of a grand "moral question," vulgarly called dinner. This topic was congenial to all; and, although the ladies did not belong to the "Woman's Rights Society," all hands took part with great gusto; thus showing that they appreciated the fine "spread" always to be had on the steamers of this line. Uncle Harry monopolizes the discussion of Art. VI., and analyzed it, as he said, *clause by clause.* It was a dainty article in the form of a live lobster.

The scenery of Maxmelton is lost to sight; and, dinner discussed, Cape George with its beautiful sloping sides and elevated light greets the eager eyes of the expectant company.

Antigonish Harbor is dimly seen in the distance. A few miles farther on is a lovely spot, thought of, though but faintly seen, in connection with the young poetess who penned some sweet stanzas on "Lovely Bayfield." Tracadie, Little Tracadie, Blue Point,

Cape Jack, and Harbor Bouchè, get a passing glance and a passing remark.

The next scene of attraction and interest, is one of superlative grandeur and sublimity. Here rise perpendicular rocks and overhanging cliffs to the height of 100 and 150 feet, in which are picturesque caves of great beauty, with moss-covered mouths, which will well repay the passing stranger to peep into, while ascending those truly grand and romantic precipices. Having thoroughly explored this scene of magnificence and grandeur, we can recommend all tourists to halt at Port Mulgrave and wend their way up the rugged heights of the bristly Cape beyond which no porcupine is found.

Immediately opposite Cape Porcupine is a neat little town which has of late been dignified with the somewhat imposing name of Port Hastings. This is the great throughfare of telegraphic news from Europe to America. We were informed by one of the operators that no less than nine hundred and sixty messages had passed through the office in one day; that one message contained over four hundred words; and that the receipts for the month were upwards of $24,000.

At 7.20 P. M. the steamer touches Dominion wharf at Port Hawkesbury. This is the most stirring business place on the Strait of Canso. A pleasant drive of thirteen miles and we are on the margin of West Bay. It would perhaps be difficult for a conscientious man to offer thanks for good hotel accommodations at this place. Some of us slept with our eyes open all night. Matters are improving, however.

At six o'clock on the following morning we embark on the sturdy "*Neptune*"—a fine little steamer and a right-jolly good-natured, and obliging captain. We can assure Captain Beatty that he made twenty-four friends as quickly as any living man that day, and they will long continue to think kindly of him for his gentlemanly and courteous attentions during the whole voyage. "*Neptune*," without the aid of his trident or any other insignia of royalty, courses swiftly over the Bras D'Or Lake—a fine sheet of water, formed by an arm of the Atlantic and very nearly enclosed by land. It is well named "Arm of Gold," for it is a source of great wealth and convenience to this fine country. At its southern extremity is the famous St. Peter's Canal, opened for traffic three years since, and connecting Bras D'Or Lake with St.

Peter's Bay, on the south coast of the island. Whykokomagh, at its northern extremity, is the nearest point to Port Hood. The "*Neptune*" makes this point weekly *en route* from Sydney.

Barra Strait on the north-east connects Bras D'Or Lake with Little Bras D'Or, which is separated from the great Bras D'Or by Boularderie, a fine island twenty-five miles in length, and an average breath of four or five miles. A northeasterly course of about twenty-five miles has brought us to Barra Strait, and we now pass into Bras D'Or, which is properly a union or confluence of Little Bras D'Or and Great Bras D'Or for twelve miles, then their waters are separated by Boularderie for twenty-five miles to Point Aconi, which is furiously lashed by the proud billows of the Atlantic. This paragraph, being geographical, has carried us ahead of our description. Let us now return to pick up the scenery.

The scenery of Bras D'Or Lake is of superlative beauty—beauty rather than grandeur. About five miles from West Bay a beautiful group of highly picturesque islands, sweetly nestled on the heaving bosom of this noble lake, greets the eye of the true lover of Nature. "Smith's Islands" is a somewhat prosaic designation for this rich deposit of Nature's charms; but the sea is the sailor's, and poets must succumb. Away to the right is Red Island, separated from the shores of Richmond by *Barrasoi des Huitres.* Nearer, on the left, is Malagawdatchkt (Malagawatch). Eight miles further on and we enter Barra Strait, whose waters lave the southmost point of Victoria and the western head of Cape Breton. A few miles farther and Cape Breton's shore greets us with a "Merry Christmas" (through out of season) in the form of a cozy little island.

The "Neptune" is now heading in a northwesterly direction, and Baddeck rises above the wave. This is a quiet little village of some three hundred inhabitants—rather pretty and picturesque. Duffus Island reclines upon this placid harbor with sweet composure, suggesting the opening innocence of childhood as cradled in its mother's arms. Rounding Duffus Island, passing by Red Head and the southern extremity of Boularderie, we are now coursing swiftly along the Little Bras D'Or. Every eye is turned on Island Point as we pass, and enthusiastic admiration is checked only by a scene still more superlatively grand; for our obliging Captain has bidden "*Neptune*" tread the wave inside Long

Island. Here, along the entire length of the island, some three or four miles, is picturesque beauty sweetly blended with magnificent grandeur, forming a perfect picture of surpassing loveliness, which requires a poet's eye to catch, a poet's mind to appreciate, and a poet's pen to describe. Here are lofty precipices and high jutting cliffs—the home of eaglets in the storm; an elevated ridge abruptly sloping to the water's edge, shorn of its natural harshness by being clothed with a garment of green; and a quiet wooded glade enclosed by lovely trees which playfully shake their leafy tresses as they stoop to kiss the limpid wave.

Between the northern extremity of Long Island and the mainland, Nature, already lavish of her charms, seems to have striven to surpass herself; for, rising above the heaving billow is a lovely islet, so naturally sweet and unassuming that you feel like picking up the chubby blossom and caressing it in a most maternal manner. "*Neptune*" now halts for a moment at French Village to land passengers for North Sydney and vicinity who prefer a five mile drive to a twenty mile sail out of the narrow and beautifully-winding Little Bras D'Or into the Atlantic, round Cranberry Head into Sydney Harbor. However, Captain Beatty is still a favorite and we cling to the fleet-winged "*Neptune;*" and we are well repaid.

Leaving French Village we pass through the draw-bridge, and for six or seven miles the wooded banks of the narrow passage almost close down upon us. Perhaps the most notable features of the pass of the Little Bras D'Or are its regular windings and remarkably even width. Its quiet beauty must be seen to be appreciated: word-painting cannot pourtray it.

We are now rolling on the Atlantic. "*Neptune*" nobly rides the foaming billows; and we look upon the creaming waves, seething and lashing each other as the grandest sight we ever beheld. Some of the party, however, commenced to cast up accounts and struck a balance in favor of the finny tribe; and, honest men (! !), they immediately handed over the treasures of their stomachs to the denizens of the deep. We, who had acted up to the Christian principle 'Owe no man anything,' having no debts to pay, looked upon our unfortunate companions as objects of merriment, rather than of sympathy. All who are "clear on the books" are now invited to dinner; and consumption, arrayed in her tidiest napkins, sits down amid the clatter of eating

utensils to assert her princely prerogative to the last vestige of provided edibles. Touching at North Sydney situated on the northwest side of Sydney Harbor, "*Neptune*" turns his prow towards our destination. Passing by the N. W. Arm, we sail in a southeast direction along the S. W. Arm, and after steaming five miles we are at the wharf at Sydney.

Sydney is a nice, quiet little town, with about one thousand inhabitants. It is situated on the Southwest Arm of Sydney Harbor, and faces the southwest. One of the company remarked, and perhaps correctly, that "the water looked better from Sydney, than Sydney did from the water." The water-view is decidedly pretty—pretty rather than grand; a quiet beauty, soothing and tranquilizing in its effect, renders the scene very inviting to the lover of nature. The surroundings, more especially the immediate vicinity, are exceedingly beautiful, and would seem to indicate that taste and refinement are among the prominent characteristics of the inhabitants. The modern style of architecture and the *tout ensemble* of the place almost make even the historian forget that Sydney is one of the oldest towns in the Province. However, this fair spot is not without its dilapidated buildings and rum-shops. It is pleasing to note that, while in but a few windows "the bottle" is to be seen, many smile invitingly with sweet geraniums, drooping modest fuschias, the queenly fragrant rose, and other budding, blooming, blushing "*fair*" flowers, with names and habits as various as the individual.

We also saw Nature and Art harmoniously uniting to beautify the lawn and enrich the grange. Through the kindness of a friend the most magnificent Rhubarb-leaf we ever beheld was present for our inspection and admiration. It was beautifully and perfectly formed, measuring 2 ft. 9 in. across the blade by nearly 5 feet in length, 2 ft. 4 in. being stem. This fine specimen of spring vegetation owes its existence to a congenial soil and the careful culture of Stiles Ingraham, Esq., Point Amelia.

One of the pleasantest hours of our trip was passed at the residence of the Rev. H. Macleod, D. D. This is a charming spot,—order, symmetry, taste, the beautiful, the useful, all vie with each other in pleasing emulation. Mrs. Macleod must have seen satisfaction and delight beaming from every eye, as each new beauty passed before its admiring gaze, else forbearing patience, and assiduous attention, and large-hearted generosity would have

retired into their innermost chambers long ere the company had eager curiosity satiated with kindly answers to almost innumerable interrogatories. We are compelled to omit even an allusion to many scenes of beauty and acts of kindness displayed in this fair town; but, as the Latins say, *ab uno disce omnes.*

Shortly after the arrival of the party, tea being served, the mellow peals of the Presbyterian Church-bell greet the ear of those who delight to frequent the place where prayer is wont to be made. Thanks to the charitable opinions of each other entertained by the company, no break is made in the party, and all delight to blend their voices in thanksgiving for a prosperous journey. It is indeed a pleasing feature in modern Christianity that, while each prefers his own denomination and particular form of worship, all can unite on a common platform to promote the common good.

The good people of Sydney succeeded in giving the party a sudden surprise in the form of a "social," all the more appreciated that it was got up without the knowledge of any of the party. This thoughtful expression of fraternal regard produced a feeling of at-home-ativeness in the minds of the company, which caused the pulse of assurance to beat more freely during the remainder of their visit. Confidence and fortitude gird themselves; and, entering into the inner chambers of the soul's dwelling place, carry off "modest" youths and quietly esconce them beside some lovely daughters of Eve to be vastly entertained by the sweets of social intercourse, and to realize that they are among an appreciative and intelligent people, who can dispense happiness and joy to their stranger guests "*without the aid of wine.*"

Coffee and cake having ceased to gratify the taste of the company, the æsthetic is demanded, and, amid rapturous applause, Uncle Harry is called upon for a song. Anxious to respond heartily to such a cordial invitation, the venerable gentleman rises without any external signs of inward trepidation; but, alas! as the sequel proved, he was found to be actually—we don't say *physically*—too *full* for utterance. Apologizing very gracefully on account of advanced age and present inability he very adroitly introduces a younger member. After he has delivered himself of some poetic utterances suited to the occasion; and Uncle Obadiah has amused and delighted the company with a contribution of racy wit and rich anecdote; and Cousin Tom has startled all with a brief

burst of eloquence; Uncle Harvey, now feeling somewhat comfortable, (he carries "Taylor's Ginger Cordial" with him) volunteers a song. And oh! how many young hearts throbbed, and pulsated, and palpitated as he dwelt with peculiar and prolonged emphasis on his "*d-e-e-ear* little *swe-e-e-et* little Nannie."

The company having made arrangements with the obliging Captain of the "*Neptune*" for an excursion on Saturday round the North-east coast of Cape Breton all are anxious that Pluvius may have exhausted his watery treasures before six o'clock in the morning.

"Hark! chanticleer is crowing! Up boys, up!" "No, no! It is only Uncle Harry. Don't you hear how it rains?" Morpheus prevails, and the god of sleep makes some of us an easy prey. In a few moments, however, our "chanticleer" struts into the room with such manner and garb as to call up vividly before our "mind's eye" some faint recollections of an ancient philosopher as related in Grecian story. It is recorded of Plato that in his discussions he defined man to be "a two-legged animal without feathers." On the following day his antagonist, with as much wit as logic, presented a plucked rooster to the assembled multitude, exclaiming, "here's a Plato's man." The effect was stunning. Perhaps never since the time of Plato was the event more nearly actualized than when "our Plato's man" pounces upon unconscious sleepers in the grey twilight of the opening dawn.

Performing our toilet as quickly as possible consistent with a due regard to personal appearance, and breakfast hurriedly disposed of, we embark for a voyage,—not on the lovely, placid Bras D'Or, but on the billowy bosom of the Atlantic. "*Neptune*" has again taken us under his fostering care, and with his trident, so said the Greeks, he calms the waves and subdues the storms. Sol has just peered above the horizon, and sends a benignant ray to soothe the perturbed feelings of one of the party who had been puzzling his brain for a solution of the problem, "What effect would the *prospect* of rain have on a carefully-brushed hat?" The wind blows softly from the southwest, or, as residents would say, "off the land."

Sailing out of Sydney Harbor, on the left is Point Amelia—a spot of surpassing loveliness—suggesting associations laden with sweet reminiscences of the family relations of the Rev. Dr. Crawley. Farther on, two and a half miles from Sydney, is Point Edward,

named in honor of the Duke of Kent. Between this point and North Sydney lies a fine sheet of water known as the Northwest Arm, extending about seven miles inland. We touch at North Sydney; but as "*Neptune*" is eager to fulfil his mission he hastens on skimming the wave like a fleet sea-bird, and we are permitted only a passing glance of the place to which we afterwards became so much attached. On the left, farther north, after passing by Swivel Point and four places of worship fraternally near each other, the eye alights on Old Sydney Mines, where coal mining was formerly carried on very largely.

On the right, that is, on the eastern side of the harbor, we have glided past the International Mines worked by the International Company; the Victoria Mines situated on Low Point, with a seam of coal from seven to nine feet in thickness. This coal is carried four miles by rail to South Bar. Antiquity here asserts her special claim to notice; for the remains of some very old French mines are still observable in the immediate vicinity. Our attention is called to Barrasoi Mines as we pass, and in a few minutes we are rounding the Northern Head of Lingan, and Lingan Harbor appears to view. Bridgeport is astir with busy mines, though we see but few signs of activity in our hurried transit. Little Glace Bay is a thriving village with a harbor constructed solely by art and enterprise. Considerable quantities of coal have been shipped during the past seven years. Perhaps the most striking work of art that catches the passing glance of the *voyageur* is a grand imposing Catholic chapel, located in the immediate vicinity. Big Glace Bay, from which point the coal raised at the Caledonia Mines is shipped, is twenty-four miles from Sydney. Half a mile farther and we are opposite Clyde Mines; and three miles ahead we see the smoke of Schooner Pond Mines rolling up into the air.

As we round Northern Head, before entering Cow Bay, one of Nature's rarest freaks stands out in bold relief upon the canvas of observation. Whether the Dutchman—as legendary lore has it—who ran his shallop through the island found it very hard or not we cannot say; but they have given it a name as hard as *flint*. Flint Island is small, but abrupt and elevated; and the Dutchman's pass is now widened to about one hundred yards.

Cow Bay is very spacious and the lover of the grand can here look with admiration rising to enthusiasm on the heaving swell and crested waves of Old Ocean as they dash in wildest fury over

the Breakwater, erected at great cost for the accommodation and safe anchorage of ships. The town, though quite recently built, seems to be in a very thriving condition. It contains a population of about four hundred; has three elegant places of worship, and a few fine buildings. The residence of the manager of the Block-house Mines is a model of taste and elegance and architectural beauty.

The "Archibald" Mines are worked solely by Cape Breton capital. The first coal was raised in 1859, and so rapidly did the works progress that in 1870, twenty thousand tons were shipped before mid-summer. We look upon these mines as a monument of honor and credit to the enterprise and energy of Cape Breton. Three hours are spent in satisfying the cravings of Nature, in exploring the mines, in investigating the works, and in collecting choice geological specimens. Then we again commit ourselves to "*Neptune*," and after a remarkably pleasant sail we arrive at Sydney in time for tea. Thus closed the week.

Sabbath was a delightful and refreshing day to all. All were free to worship God in accordance with the dictates of his own conscience. Many flocked to the Wesleyan Chapel both morning and evening to hear the eloquence and fervent, gushing love for souls, fresh from the Rev. Mr. G.'s large and generous heart. The little sanctuary, the Sabbath School, was the afternoon resort of all. How sweet to meet the dear children of the several Sabbath Schools side by side, in the same building, and speak to them of a Saviour's love! Prayer meeting under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., and the evening services in the Churches, close the proceedings of this thrice-hallowed day.

After the soothing and hallowing influences of the sweet day of rest, the party are well prepared to accept a cordial invitation from friends at North Sydney, to enjoy their hospitality for the day, and address a public meeting in the evening. Here gay and festive generosity dispensed her favours in rich and bountiful profusion. The party are delighted with the place and the people. North Sydney is a very thriving town, of about six hundred inhabitants. Business seems very brisk; and enterprize and hospitality are among the prominent characteristics of the people.

On Tuesday we again trust ourselves to the benign "god of the sea," *en route* for Hawkesbury. After a lovely cruise through the fanciful windings of the Little Bras D'Or, and an onward sail along

the entire "Arm of Gold," we arrive at 6.30 P. M. After running another grand temperance meeting, and final farewells taken of the people and the island, the party make for the "Princess," and arrive just as Pluvius has thrown open the flood-gates of the heavens. Thunderings and lightnings are very sublime; but, "dear ducks" though we be, we all have a great aversion to water. The night is stormy; but the day opens auspiciously. Ten o'clock finds us nearing the suburbs of Pictou, which are indeed superlatively beautiful.

Kind friends are again on the alert, and we meet with another pleasant surprise. We might have anticipated it, had we for a moment reflected upon the proverbial hospitality of the people of Pictou. Dinner is spread for the entire company. The roll is called, and all answer to their names except the writer and one of the youthful trio — cousin Henry. The former went to claim a cousin's privilege, and prevailed upon his friend to accompany him. They got their dinner, and a good one. But the sequel: well, they finally went into Mariadne's garden, and friend Henry received "*a rose.*"

Two o'clock has arrived, and the company re-assemble, *en route* for Halifax. Friend H. does not appear to have any "goings on to hum." That rose: well, it was fragrant; and there was another which might be plucked on the morrow, if he remained. He was cordially invited. Why did he not remain? His palpitating organ of vitality throbbed in kindly pulsations for the—rose-bud. He would like to have seen a little more of the town, he said. But people are sometimes borne onwards by the influence of some unseen power, or by the fatality of circumstances, they know not why or whither. Such is life.

The iron-horse champs and snorts, and we are off. New Glasgow receives her sons. Rose Bank cottage welcomes her boy. Truro takes Rev. Mr. G. into her affectionate embrace. Halifax extends fraternal arms to welcome the rest. All have brought with them many pleasing reminiscences of their eight days' excursion.

Thus ended what was, in many respects, worthy to be entitled and remembered as

"*The* feast of reason, and *the* flow of soul."

## A CURIOSITY OF LITERATURE.

CANADA is happy in the possession of two literatures, each marked by peculiar characteristics, and both possessing many points of excellence. The French literature of Canada is far more copious, certainly more polished, of older origin and wider range than the English. When those parts of the Dominion now chiefly settled by English-speaking people were a wilderness, the province of Quebec possessed several seats of learning, a gay, and, for those times, a wealthy capital, where the manners of the polished days of Louis IV. lent many charms to social intercourse. While the religious professors were remarkable for their heroism in the cause of Christianity, the Seigneurs who had transferred their fortunes from France to the banks of the St. Lawrence gave a tone of chivalry to a people remarkable to this day for politeness and all the hospitable virtues. Under these favorable circumstances, French Canadian Literature flourished, and assumed a national character at a time when an English book was a curiosity in Quebec. In its poetry and songs, wedded to music of singular beauty, is French Canadian Literature most remarkable; and it is to be regretted that the great mass of our English speaking fellow-countrymen are ignorant of the richness and variety of the works of French Canadian writers. An effort, however, has been made by several contemporary authors in both languages to introduce, as it were, the two peoples to each other. So far, their success has, of course, been limited; but it may be hoped that the spread of education, the diffusion of wealth, and consequent leisure, will, before many years, lead to a more cordial recognition of the claims of both languages. Amongst those who have endeavoured, and not without success, to unite the two sections through the means of their writers, I may mention the Hon. Mr. Royal, Secretary of State in Manitoba, formerly editor of *La Riviere Canadienne*, Mr. Benjamin Sulte, Mr. G. T. Lanigan, Mr. Le Moine, Mrs. Carroll Ryan and others, whose translations have appeared during the last ten years in periodicals published in both languages.

In the pursuit of this pleasing task a peculiar circumstance occurred, which affords an instance of a curiosity in translation rather remarkable. Mr. Sulte, in studying Shakespeare, was struck with the beauty of the thought contained in the thirty-second Sonnet, and made an imitation of it in French, which he

published, overlooking, however, to mention that it was borrowed from Shakespeare, whose Sonnet is as follows:

"If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death with dust my bones shall cover
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,—
Compare them with the bettering of the time;
And though they be outstrip'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought,—
'And my friend's muse grown with this growing age
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But since he died, and poets better prove
Theirs for their style, I'll read his for his love.'"

Catching the spirit, without imitating the language of this beautiful Sonnet, Mr. Sulte rendered it as below:

Si' la mort, brutale ennemie,
Trauchait le fil de nos amours,
Que mes vers, ces fleurs de ma vie,
Te rappellent nos plus beaux jours.

Tu les jugeras, douce amie,
Sans toutfois les comparer
A l'œuvre d'un brillant génie
Dont l'art m'aurait pu surpasser.

Et dis: "Sa muse, june encore,
"Comme le fruit tout près d'éclore,
"Je nourrissait pour l'avenir:

"Amour! si la pays honore
"Ses rivaux, fiers de parvenir.
"Lisons ses vers en souvenir!"

These lines fell into the hands of Mr. Lanigan, who being touched with the sweetness of the ideas, and believing it original to Mr. Sulte, translated it back into English, giving it a new birth in the following beautiful lines.

Beloved, if death should, in the winter years,
From thy white arms forever sever me,
Then let my love-songs linger in thine ears
And call our young life's summer back to thee.
I would that thou shouldst read them tenderly,
Compare them not, songs of thy worshipper,
With some great man's heart-stirring melody
My humble art can never hope to peer.

And say "His muse was young as yet
Like unripe fruit in spring time set,
More years had loaded down the limb.
Love, if his rivals fame have met
And honor never to grow dim,
Read we his songs remembering him.

In this literary episode, we have a Shakespearian Sonnet reproduced with wonderful beauty and freshness after passing through the unavoidable mists of a foreign translation. Mr. Lanigan's genius unwittingly complimented itself, while paying tribute to that of his friend Mr. Sulte.

C. R.

Ottawa, August, 1873.

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## DOMINION BALLADS—No. 4.

## SISTER HELEN OF S'T. AUGUSTIN.

A LADY young and fair to see;—
The old cathedral town of Meaux;—
A chapel lit up sumptuously.
The lighted tapers all aglow
On altar table, book and bell,
And crucifix and pix and grail,
And vestments gleaming, all to tell
The lady fair would take the veil.

Her robes, of fabric rich and rare,
Diaphonous as golden mists;
Gems lit the lustre of her hair
And shimmered on her neck and wrists;
The bridal veil in filmy furls
Fell to her satined feet adown,
And on the ebon of her curls
The orange wreath sate like a crown.

The colored lights wove warp and woof
Like tapestry o'er each Norman arch,
And far up in the vaulted roof
The music of the bridal march

By unseen choristers was sung,
As like a bride in all her pride
That lady fair and rich and young
Moved stately to the altar's side.

The white-robed boys grouped round the priest,
The grey nuns clustered round the bride,
And when the bridal music ceased
And laud of the beatified
Was said and sung, and all the rite
Of marriage, but no marriage bed,
By sacrament and candle light
The lady to the church was wed.

The service o'er, the dying notes
Sank solemn in the cloisters' awe,
As when on summer night there floats
The far voice of Niagara,
Which she had heard as bride and spouse
And, mayhap, in her ear heard now
As refrain to the final vows
That bound the fillet on her brow.

Kind drops welled up in many eyes
When—doffed her raiment rich and rare,
She gave as a last sacrifice
The silken treasure of her hair,—
Deft severed by the cruel shears
The shining curls fell where she stood,
Thus gave she, without sigh or tears,
The glory of her womanhood.

With steady eye the lady scanned
The book and vows emblazoned there,—
The white pen matched her whiter hand,
The ink not darker than her hair
Nor paper fairer than her fame,—
And—(words she ne'er would write again,)
In small, sharp letters signed her name,
Hélène *née* Boulée, *veuve* Champlain.

The vows are ta'en, the deed is done,
The old life past, a new begins,
And Dame Champlain is now a nun
Of the order of the Ursulins.
Slow paced she to the convent door
And stooping lowly entered in,
Lady of Canada no more
But "Sister Helen of Augustin."

The sieur sleeps in Fort Royal
And she in the church of Meaux;—
To families such fates befall,
And still the world wags. Even so.
But by Canadian field and flood
Yet lives the race of the Champlains?
No! none can say the honored blood
Of Champlain flows within their veins.

HUNTER DUVAR.

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# PHILIP BLAR;

OR,

## School Days in the Dominion.

BY E. LAWSON PENERTY, ESQ., HALIFAX, N. S.

(Continued.)

## CHAPTER X.

A WEEK had slipped away pleasantly enough since Phil became an inmate of the Groves; during this time he had made such progress with his studies, and more especially had proved himself so apt at learning some games and so proficient in others as to have taken great strides towards making his school life pleasant; in other words, he was already becoming very popular with his fellows. Strickland coming at the same time and about the same age, often wondered how it was that Phil was not tormented: he knew or at least his cousin had told him, that on first coming to the school every boy was chaffed more or less, and personal experience amply confirmed it in his case; but to his benighted mind it was hardly clear how Phil escaped; but the fact remained.

Phil however, had his troubles: there was some few that looked upon his growing popularity with envious eyes, and some of a conservative turn of mind who thought it subversive of all established precedent, that a boy of a week should be a leader, as he was fast becoming.

Of the former class, his desk mate Wilman was a prominent example, and took no pains to conceal his dislike, and on more than one occasion, seriously annoyed him, and when one boy seriously annoys another, the probabilities are the event assumes a personal character, usually disagreeable to the weaker of the two.

Phil was remarkably patient under these inflictions, considering his temper; the secret of his self-restraint was the fact that he had wounded the other's feelings in a manner that was hardly justifiable; it was unintentional, but Wilman did not know that, he reasoned; still, he had no idea of being a perpetual martyr, so when he took his seat on Monday morning he had privately made up his mind that one week of Wilman's bullying was enough to suffer for a graver offence, and, if it continued, one would have to take a licking.

With this idea uppermost in his mind, when Wilman came in, Phil was perhaps inclined to be suspicious of anything the latter might do, and attribute it to motives that possibly did not exist. Be that as it may, Wilman was positively, and, if possible, more than ordinarily disagreeable about something this morning, towards Phil. Like two squibs, both were ready to go off if the spark was applied. On more than one occasion throughout the week, Phil was on the eve of explaining, with the object of making their enforced companionship pleasanter if possible, but the other's repulsive behavior had nipped it short, therefore he considered himself freed from all blame that might be attached to after consequences.

He was busily engaged with his lesson, twice had Wilman pushed a book over on Phil's part of the desk, disturbing his papers etc., and twice he had been civilly requested to be more careful, but this he did not seem disposed to be. As Phil was pencilling down a date Wilman pushed a large book across the desk sharply, and struck Phil a severe blow on the elbow causing him to cry out with the pain, and driving the pencil across the paper.

"Silence, Blair!" exclaimed Mr. Milward, sternly.

Phil's face glowed at what he conceived to be an unmerited

rebuke, conveyed more by the tone than the words. As he bent over his lessons in silence—as soon as the boys had turned their attention to their lessons again after the interruption, he whispered, "you did that on purpose."

"Well what if I did?" was the reply with a cool sneer, how can you help yourself? you'll get more than that before I am done with you. What did I do to you that you should make fun of me when you first came to the school? I thought it was you all the time, but didn't know until this morning or I'd have settled with you before."

"I never meant that you should see it," said Phil, trying to explain, "and indeed I am very sorry."

"Indeed you're very sorry," sneered William; "of course you are, because you think you'll get thrashed; what difference did it make whether I saw it or not?" While this whispered conversation was going on Mr. Milward left the school-room, and the junior master being engaged in a class-room, the boys were left to themselves. Wilman supplemented his last words by a kick, and, "take that," spoken loudly enough to attract the attention of the scholars.

This was too much for human nature; quite too much for Phil's human nature at all events; turning suddenly, and blind to everything but a fierce desire to retaliate, he seized Wilman by the hair, forced his head down, and held it there with one hand while with the other he beat a tattoo on the back of his skull.

"Stop that row!" exclaimed Wylie, in a peremptory tone, springing from his seat in another corner of the room, "stop it, do you hear? or I'll thrash you both. Do you want to be expelled?"

"It's Wilman's fault, he kicked him," said one of the boys near, "and its uncommonly plucky of Blair to touch him at all."

Phil held on to the head, but had ceased active hostilities when the door opened, and the school suddenly subsided into silence.

"What is the meaning of this?" exclaimed the senior master, in angry tones.

Phil let the head go suddenly.

"How is it that I cannot leave the school an instant without an uproar? Wilman and Blair come up!"

"I have observed the quarrelsome disposition you have shown towards each other since Blair took his present seat: I think the

Principal must settle this matter: here," handing Wilman a scrap of paper with "quarrelling in the school-room during my absence," pencilled on it; "take that to Mr. Chauncy, you will find him in the library; follow him Blair!"

The boys did as they were directed, and walked into the presence of the Principal, who was engaged writing, with his back to the door; after a moment he laid down his pen and wheeling sharply around in his chair, eyed them a moment as they stood silently before him.

"Well, Wilman, you are here again; what is the trouble?" Wilman handed him the note.

"Quarrelling in the school-room eh? both?" A faint "yes," from each.

"What did I tell you? or rather what did I ask you, last term?" he said, addressing Wilman. "Did you not promise me to try and come back a better boy, and not allow your evil temper to disgrace you again?"

"But, Mr. Chauncy, I am not to blame, it"—

"Stop! I do not want to hear about other boys, you were fighting?"

"Yes sir."

"That is sufficient, you know the rules; as for you Blair, I did hope better things from you, for although your Uncle warned me that you were hard to manage, I hardly expected to see you here so soon."

"O Mr. Chauncy," said Phil, "I am very sorry it happened; we got into it somehow without thinking; sometimes you can't help such things."

The Principal turned away his head to conceal a smile at the novel defence advanced.

"I have no doubt but that you are sorry, but the laws of the school must be observed; however, as I do not intend to proceed further in the matter this time, you can go to your place. The fact of your coming up will be punishment enough. Before you go boys," he continued in a kindly tone, "I never whip a boy if I can possible help it; now I mean to trust to your honor to prevent anything like this occurring again; you can go."

I will not attempt to analyze the feelings of the two boys at this unexpected sentence, but it's safe to say, that unlimited thrashings

would not have created the same desire to conform to the wishes of the Principal, and through them to the rules of the school.

It was with an elastic step, and a warm feeling about his heart, that Phil returned to his place, strong in his resolve to go aright.

For the rest of the week they got along well enough on the let-alone principle; Wilman's sullen disposition not allowing anything approaching friendship, even if his envy of Philip had not existed; but it did, and as events proved, was only waiting for an opportunity to make itself felt.

During the week it had been arranged that a cricket match was to come off on Saturday afternoon between two elevens elected from the best players in the school by Wylie and Terrence respectively; the first eleven to be divided. After dinner of that day the sides, agreeably to arrangment, were chosen.

Wilman and Phil as it happened being both on Wylie's side, Thornton, the back-stop of the first eleven, being opposed to them.

The toss was made, Wylie winning and going to the wickets. They retired after a fair innings, in which both Wilman and Phil acquitted themselves creditably; the Captain of course, as was expected, doing the lion's share. It was with some little interest that the boys watched Wylie as he began to place his field, wondering whom he would select as long-stop, Wilman or Phil, and knowing the former's jealousy on this point, anticipated some fun, as they expressed it, should it be Phil.

Ferris point and bowl, Blair back-stop, Wilman cover-slip, and so on, Wylie called out. Phil it was, and the boys were delighted. Wilman took his place with an ugly scowl that Wylie saw but did not choose to notice. The game went on, and Phil was distinguishing himself by his performance against the very fast bowling of Wylie, the fastest in the school in fact; it was so good as to elicit warm commendation from the big fellows. The smaller boys, considering him as being one of the youngsters, feeling proportionately proud of his achievements, the rivalry existing between the two classes being very strong, where rivalry was possible; at least on the part of the latter.

A "well done Blair," from Wylie, as he picked up a more than usually difficult ball, was gall to Wilman, and he showed it.

The game was finished; the older boys had gone from the ground, leaving the others eagerly discussing the relative merits of the players.

"I say, did you hear what Wylie said?" Wylie's opinion, as Captain of the school eleven, almost amounted to law on matters pertaining to cricket.

"No! what was it Crawford?"

"Why that Blair is the best long-stop for his size he has ever seen, almost as good as Thornton."

"Yes," said another, "and see how much bigger Thornton is; he'll be on the first eleven next year, see if he isn't, this is Thornton's last term you know."

"He is'nt big enough," objected one.

"Big enough! of course he is if he can do the work."

"Where is Blair?" inquired Wilman, who had been listening to the foregoing conversation with anything but a pleasant expression on his face.

"Gone up to the house; why?" and the boy looked curiously at his questioner.

"Never mind why, only he took good care to clear out when Wylie and Terrence left," Wilman replied with a threatening frown,—"just as well he did."

"Just as well for you," said Crawford, "if you had bothered him; you don't think he is afraid of you I hope? if you do you're mistaken."

"Am I mistaken? I know better than that, but it's none of your business, and if you don't take care why you'll"—he finished the sentence by a shake of the head.

"Well, what will I?" exclaimed Crawford defiantly, "you think that because you are a little the largest you can bully."

"There, don't make a row," said Wilman coolly, "I don't want to beat you; but I mean to teach that Blair something, the sneak, to go fooling around Wylie and Terrence to curry favor and tell them and other fellows a lot of stuff about me."

"There is Blair coming now," whispered a boy to Crawford, "hadn't I better go and tell him not to come? there'll be a row and he will get a beating."

"No, it's no use, you couldn't stop him now. It's better to let them have it out or he will never have any peace, Wilman's bound to beat him sometime," he muttered to himself.

By this time Wilman had worked himself into a very pretty passion, relating to the others his real and fancied grievances,

and he turned savagely when he heard Phil say as he joined them, "what's the row?"

"Why, that you go sneaking after Wylie and those fellows," replied Wilman with a sneer.

Phil flushed up hotly, but he bit his lips and said nothing for an instant—then replied, "you know better than that."

"There," said Wilman with a short laugh, turning to Crawford, "I told you he knew better than to say anything to me here; I have a mind to slap his face and let him go."

"You will do what?" said Phil, elbowing his way through the group and standing before Wilman: there was a faint white line around the mouth close to the lips that looked ominous. "What did you say I was? and you would slap my face?"

"A sneak," replied Wilman quietly. He was no coward, this would-be bully; "and you know it."

"You're a liar," deliberately said.

"Whew," whistled Wilman, "he is up at last;" then changing his tone, he stepped towards Phil and said, "I mean to beat you."

The latter involuntarily put up his hands.

"You mean to fight, hey?"

Phil showed his teeth a little. "I guess so," very quietly. "Here Ted hold my jacket." Slowly taking it off and handing it to Crawford, then his vest and collar, "now," he said, as he laid his cap down, "now you can beat me."

"Form a ring!" exclaimed the boys, "see if there is any one up on the cricket ground?" said Wilson, one of Wilman's supporters, "we don't want any one to interfere."

"Nobody near," was the word.

Wilman had only thrown off his hat and jacket; he was fully two inches the taller of the two as they stood up in the arena, and heavier looking except about the shoulders, Phil being the broadest. Although Phil was overmatched as regards weight, this was counter-balanced by his superior activity, and when he took up his position, all agreed he was no novice, and among those that professed to know, it was prophesied that Wilman would have his hands full.

That Wilman despised his antagonist, was evident as they commenced hostilities; he had made up his mind to just finish it up at once and went at our hero with that intention, but he came

back again with a very visible pucker on his face, the combined results of rage, and a blow on the cheek; it made him cautious.

"First for Blair," said several voices.

Wilman was in a towering rage, but he remembered his previous reception, and sparred carefully, hitting out easily once or twice to find his distance. After a moment of this work, Phil, a little more confident, and seeing an opening, dashed out with the left hand, following up with the right, both blows taking effect on Wilman's face, but before he could get away, the latter, a most determined opponent, hit him a terrific blow on the forehead, and Phil measured his length on the grass.

When he got up, with the assistance of Crawford, he had a dim idea that he was standing, but whether it was on his head or heels was quite another question, and not equally clear to his confused mind.

A mouthful of water and the short rest; he was up again sturdily, and almost as steady as his opponent.

As the battle progressed it became evident, that, as Wilman abandoning everything like defence, and rushing in depending on his greater weight and height for his chances of winning, Phil was over-matched, he having been fairly fought down nearly every time.

"Give up Phil; give up Blair;" cried several as for the third time he received a knock down, "he's too heavy."

After this evidence of opinion, Wilman, with both hands in his pockets stood eyeing Phil with a look that said, "had enough?"

But Phil surveying him with a grim smile could not or would not thus interpret it, and again stood up, amid the expressed admiration of the boys, to try his fortune again.

Of the two, Wilman showed the most punishment, a decidedly black eye, an upper lip out of all proportion, and divers small contusions, testified to Phil's hitting powers in terms unmistakeable.

Phil's punishment was all out of sight, his body receiving the brunt of the other's attack.

"Just this one," he said, as Crawford endeavored to dissuade him from trying again; "if he licks me this time I'll give up; I am awful sore about the shoulders; I got it there nearly every time, but he looks the worst, hey?"

"Mind, only this time," whispered Crawford as Phil stepped out.

The only reply was a little nod, and the lips set more firmly.

Again Wilman resorted to his previous tactics, dashing out he tried for the head, failing in that he hit Phil again on the shoulder; but in endeavoring to get away his foot slipped, and before he could recover Phil delivered three blows in quick succession; Wilman replied by a swinging blow that took effect on the side of the head, and the two boys tumbled together. "Milward's coming!" The boys clustered around to screen the pugilists from view, as they heard the warning.

As this finished the combat, by mutual consent, both had had quite enough for this time, and I suspect with but little relish for renewing such a tough encounter. They were too nearly matched, and both too determined to make it desirable for either to risk such another pounding for very doubtful results.

Of course, what little glory there was Phil had it; in fact some of the boys witnessing the fight would willingly have taken his thrashing if they could have been assured they would have come through with as much honor.

He was like Scotland in her ancient wars with England: he had everything to gain and nothing to lose: even if he did not thrash Wilman, Wilman did not thrash him, and that was his gain.

Naturally, the prevailing topic that evening was how Wilman tried to beat Blair, but failed.

"Well," said Crawford oracularly to a group that were standing in the small dormitory at bed-time; "he won't try to lick Blair again, I know, and it will just stop their confounded picking, or rather Wilman's; he got so that he bullied like fits, and Blair wouldn't take any notice because he had a notion that Wilman had a good reason to; then he didn't want to pick up a row because the Governor let him off so easy last time and put him on his honor."

"Wilman has good and sufficient reason to let him alone in the future I should say," said Terrence, with a short laugh, "what were you fellows? benevolent neutrals?"

"How do you mean?" said Crawford, looking puzled.

"Why don't you see, a neutral simply means to look on and let them fight it out."

"So we did."

"Well, a benevolent neutrality is to encourage the fellow that is getting the best of it."

"That's rubbish, encourage the fellow that's getting beaten you mean, the other would be shabby.

"Yes I know it would be shabby, but then it would be right, at least the philosophers say so, and then humanity demands it."

"Hang the philosophers!" exclaimed Ferris, earnestly, "who'd be mean because they say so?" whereat Terence laughed; "well, you will know the next time you see it in the papers what the term means;" and he went on his way, leaving his lesser contemporaries puzzled as to the drift of his remarks.

"Just chaff," said Ferris, "he is always trying to take a rise out of some one; I'll look in the dictionary to-morrow though."

"Blair is awfully afraid Mr. Chauncy will notice it; he is the queerest beggar that way; he thinks because the Governor let him off last time he must put up with everything; he took more from Wilman than I would I know, and I wouldn't have had half the chance."

"Blair was about right," said Ferris, "I know if I am sent up, and the Governor talks to me, you know how I mean, pleasantly, and then asks me not to do it again, I never want to; if he licked me why I wouldn't care much, I suppose I'd be afraid; but when you get mad you don't think much about that."

"Oh he is cute enough," said Crawford, "he can manage most any one without thrashing, but when he does;" and he shook his head in a manner to imply that it was something to be dreaded.

"I don't believe he will take notice of it as long as Milward didn't see them; I guess he has known that they hav'nt been good friends ever since that other scrape, and he thinks it better for them to have one good fight and done with it than to be at each other all the time.

"I don't know," Ferris replied, doubtfully, "I wouldn't like to risk it unless I had to. I am going to bed; good night."

(To be continued.)

# ISLE OF MEMORY.

L' ultimo, lasso, de miei giorni allegri,
Chè pochi no visto in questo viver breve.
PETRARCA, SONETTO CCLXXXIV.

O, MOST dear to memory
Is that Island in the sea,
Where the tessellated wild caper blooms:
There the breezes sink to sleep,
On the bosom of the deep,
Made drowsy with the weight of sweet perfumes.

There the towers of St. John
Brood above the subject town,
Where the banner of the Master floats no more;
And the sound of Convent bells
From the valley upward swells,
And the lotus eaters dream upon the shore.

There a Saint's uplifted hand
Pours a blessing on the land,
And pilgrims kneel before the lighted fane;
And the old, heroic past
Throws a shadow dim and vast,
Like a giant's, from the mountain to the plain.

Now my heart beats faint and slow
In this land of storm and snow,
As I babble to myself of that sweet scene,
But the beautiful was mine
In the land of song and wine
And my soul rejoices now that such has been.

CARROLL RYAN.

Ottawa, Sept., 1873.

# PROF. TYNDALL AT NIAGARA.

ON Friday, the 1st of November, 1872, just before reaching the village of Niagara Falls, I caught from the railway-train, my first glimpse of the smoke of the cataract. Immediately after my arrival, I went with a friend to the northern end of the American Fall. It may be that my mood at the time toned down the impression produced by the first aspect of this grand cascade; but I felt nothing like disappointment, knowing, from old experience, that time and close acquaintanceship, the gradual interweaving of mind and Nature, must powerfully influence my final estimate of the scene. After dinner we crossed to Goat Island, and, turning to the right, reached the southern end of the American Fall. The river is here studded with small islands. Crossing a wooden bridge to Luna Island, and clasping a tree which grows near its edge, I looked long at the cataract, which here shoots down the precipice like an avalanche of foam. It grew in power and beauty as I gazed upon it. The channel, spanned by the wooden bridge, was deep, and the river there doubled over the edge of the precipice like the swell of a muscle, unbroken. The ledge here overhangs, the water being poured out far beyond the base of the precipice. A space, called the Cave of the Winds, is thus enclosed between the wall of rock and the cataract.

Goat Island terminates in a sheer dry precipice, which connects the American and the Horseshoe Falls. Midway between both is a wooden hut, the residence of the guide to the Cave of the Winds, and from the hut a winding staircaise, called Biddle's Stair, descends to the base of the precipice. On the evening of my arrival I went down this stair, and wandered along the bottom of the cliff. One well-known factor in the formation and retreat of the cataract was immediately observed. A thick layer of limestone formed the upper portion of the cliff. This rested upon a bed of soft shale, which extended round the base of the cataract. The violent recoil of the water against this yielding substance crumbles it away, undermining the ledge above, which, unsupported, eventually breaks off, and produces the observed recession.

At the southern extremity of the Horseshoe is a promontory, formed by the doubling back of the gorge, excavated by the cataract, and into which it plunges. On the promontory stands a stone building, called the Terrapin Tower, the door of which had been nailed up because of the decay of the staircase within it. Through the kindness of Mr. Townsend, the superintendent of Goat Island, the door was opened for me. From this tower, at all hours of the day, and at some hours of the night, I watched and listened to the Horseshoe Fall. The river here is evidently much deeper than the American branch; and, instead of bursting into foam where it quits the ledge, it bends solidly over and falls in a continuous layer

of the most vivid green. The tint is not uniform, but varied, long stripes of deeper hue alternating with bands of brighter color. Close to the ledge over which the water rolls, foam is generated, the light falling upon which, and flashing back from it, is sifted in its passage to and fro, and changed from white to emerald green. Heaps of superficial foam are also formed at intervals along the ledge, and immediately drawn down in long white striæ.* Lower down, the surface, shaken by the reaction from below, incessantly rustles into whiteness. The descent finally resolves itself into a rythm, the water reaching the bottom of the fall in periodic gushes. Nor is the spray uniformly diffused through the air, but is wafted through it in successive veils of gauze-like texture. From all this it is evident that beauty is not absent from the Horseshoe Fall, but majesty is its chief attribute. The plunge of the water is not wild, but deliberate, vast, and fascinating. From the Terrapin Tower, the adjacent arm of the Horseshoe is seen projected against the opposite one, midway down; to the imagination, therefore, is left the picturing of the gulf into which the cataract plunges.

The delight which natural scenery produces in some minds is difficult to explain, and the conduct which it prompts can hardly be fairly criticised by those who have never experienced it. It seems to me a deduction from the completeness of the celebrated Thomas Young, that he was unable to appreciate natural scenery. "He had really," says Dean Peacock, "no taste for life in the country; he was one of those who thought that no one who was able to live in London would be content to live elsewhere." Well, Dr. Young, like Dr. Johnson, had a right to his delights; but I can understand a hesitation to except them, high as they were, to the exclusion of

> "That o'erflowing joy which Nature yields
> To her true lovers."

To all who are of this mind, the strengthening of desire on my part to see and know Niagara Falls, as far as it is possible for them to be seen and known, will be intelligible.

On the first evening of my visit, I met, at the head of Biddle's Stair, the guide to the Cave of the Winds. He was in the prime of manhood—large, well built, firm and pleasant in mouth and eye. My interest in the scene stirred up his, and made him communicative. Turning to a photograph, he described, by reference to it, a feat which he had accomplished some time previously, and which had brought him almost under the green water of the Horseshoe Fall. "Can you lead me there to-morrow?" I asked. He eyed me inquiringly, weighing, perhaps, the chances of a man of light build and with gray in his whiskers in such an under-

* The direction of the wind, with reference to the course of a ship, may be inferred with accuracy from the foam-streaks on the surface of the sea.

taking. "I wish," I added, "to see as much of the fall as can be seen, and where you lead I will endeavor to follow." His scrutiny relaxed into a smile, and he said, "Very well; I shall be ready for you to-morrow."

On the morrow, accordingly, I came. In the hut at the head of Biddle's Stair I stripped wholly, and redressed according to instructions — drawing on two pairs of woollen pantaloons, three woollen jackets, two pairs of socks, and a pair of felt shoes. Even if wet, my guide urged that the clothes would keep me from being chilled, and he was right. A suit and hood of yellow oil-cloth covered all. Most laudible precautions were taken by the young assistant of the guide to keep the water out, but his devices broke down immediately when severely tested.

We descended the stair; the handle of a pitchfork doing in my case the duty of an alpenstock. At the bottom my guide inquired whether we should go first to the Cave of the Winds, or to the Horseshoe, remarking that the latter would try us most. I decided to get the roughest done first, and he turned to the left over the stones. They were sharp and trying. The base of the first portion of the cataract is covered with huge bowlders, obviously the ruins of the limestone ledge above. The water does not distribute itself uniformly among these, but seeks for itself channels through which it pours torrentially. We passed some of these with wetted feet, but without difficulty. At length we came to the side of a more formidable current. My guide walked along its edge until he reached its least turbulent portion. Halting, he said, "This is our greatest difficulty; if we can cross here, we shall get far toward the Horseshoe."

He waded in. It evidently required all his strength to steady him. The water rose above his loins, and it foamed still higher. He had to search for footing, amid unseen bowlders, against which the torrent rose violently. He struggled and swayed, but he struggled successfully, and finally reached the shallower water at the other side. Stretching out his arm, he said to me, "Now come on." I looked down the torrent as it rushed to the river below which was seething with the tumult of the cataract. De Saussure recommended the inspection of Alpine dangers with the view of making them familiar to the eye before they are encountered; and it is a wholesome custom, in places of difficulty, to put the possiblity of an accident clearly before the mind, and to decide beforehand what ought to be done should the accident occur. Thus wound up in the present instance, I entered the water. Even where it was not more than knee-deep its power was manifest. As it rose around me, I sought to split the torrent by presenting a side to it; but the insecurity of the footing enabled it to grasp the loins, twist me fairly round, and bring its impetus to bear upon the back. Further struggle was impossible; and, feeling my

balance hopelessly gone, I turned, flung myself toward the bank I had just quitted, and was instantly swept into shallower water.

The oil-cloth covering was a great incumbrance; it had been made for a much stouter man, and, standing upright after my submersion, my legs occupied the centres of two bags of water. My guide exhorted me to try again. Prudence was at my elbow, whispering dissuasion; but, taking every thing into account, it appeared more immoral to retreat than to proceed. Instructed by the first misadventure, I once more entered the stream. Had the alpenstock been of iron it might have helped me; but, as it was, the tendency of the water to sweep it out of my hands rendered it worse than useless. I, however, clung to it by habit. Again the torrent rose, and again I wavered; but, by keeping the left hip well against it, I remained upright, and at length grasped the hand of my leader at the other side. He laughed pleasantly. The first victory was gained, and he enjoyed it. "No traveller," said he, "was ever here before." Soon afterwards, by trusting to a piece of drift-wood which seemed firm, I was again taken off my feet, but was immediately caught by a protruding rock.

We clambered over the bowlders toward the thickest spray, which soon became so weighty as to cause us to stagger under its shock. For the most part nothing could be seen; we were in the midst of bewildering tumult, lashed by the water, which sounded at times like the cracking of innumerable whips. Underneath this was the deep, resonant roar of the cataract. I tried to shield my eyes with my hands, and look upward; but the defence was useless. My guide continued to move on, but at a certain place he halted, and desired me to take shelter in his lee and observe the cataract. The spray did not come so much from the upper ledge as from the rebound of the shattered water when it struck the bottom. Hence the eyes could be protected from the blinding shock of the spray, while the line of vision to the upper ledges remained to some extent clear. On looking upward over the guide's shoulder I could see the water bending over the ledge, while the Terrapin Tower loomed fitfully through the intermittent spray-gusts. We were right under the tower. A little farther on, the cataract, after its first plunge, hit a protuberance some way down, and flew from it in a prodigious burst of spray; through this we staggered. We rounded the promontory on which the Terrapin Tower stands, and pushed, amid the wildest commotion, along the arm of the Horseshoe, until the bowlders failed us, and the cataract fell into the profound gorge of the Niagara River.

Here my guide sheltered me again, and desired me to look up; I did so, and could see, as before, the green gleam of the mighty curve sweeping over the upper ledge, and the fitful plunge of the water as the spray between us and it alternately gathered and disappeared. An eminent friend of mine often speaks to me of the mistake of those physicians who regard man's ailments as

purely chemical, to be met by chemical remedies only. He contends for the psychological element of cure. By agreeable emotions, he says, nervous currents are liberated which stimulate blood, brain, and viscera. The influence rained from ladies' eyes enables my friend to thrive on dishes which would kill him if eaten alone. A sanative effect of the same order I experienced amid the spray and thunder of Niagara. Quickened by the emotions there aroused, the blood sped exultingly through the arteries, abolishing introspection, clearing the heart of all bitterness, and enabling one to think with tolerance, if not with tenderness, on the most relentless and unreasonable foe. Apart from its scientific value, and purely as a moral agent, the play, I submit, is worth the candle. My companion knew no more of me than that I enjoyed the wildness; but, as I bent in the shelter of his large frame, he said, "I should like to see you attempting to describe all this." He rightly thought it indescribable. The name of this gallant fellow was Thomas Conroy.

We returned, clambering at intervals up and down so as to catch glimpses of the most impressive portions of the cataract. We passed under ledges formed by tabular masses of limestone, and through some curious openings formed by the falling together of the summits of the rocks. At length we found ourselves beside our enemy of the morning. My guide halted for a minute or two, scanning the torrent thoughtfully. I said that, as a guide, he ought to have a rope in such a place; but he retorted that, as no traveller had ever thought of coming there, he did not see the necessity of keeping a rope. He waded in. The struggle to keep himself erect was evident enough; he swayed, but recovered himself again and again. At length he slipped, gave way, did as I had done, threw himself flat in the water towards the bank, and was swept into the shallows. Standing in the stream near its edge, he stretched his arm towards me. I retained the pitchfork handle, for it had been useful among the bowlders. By wading some way in, the staff could be made to reach him, and I proposed his seizing it. "If you are sure," he replied, "that, in case of giving way, you can maintain your grasp, then I will certainly hold you." I waded in, and stretched the staff to my companion. It was firmly grasped by both of us. Thus helped, though its onset was strong, I moved safely across the torrent. All danger ended here. We afterward roamed sociably among the torrents and bowlders below the Cave of the Winds. The rocks were covered with organic slime which could not have been walked over with bare feet, but the felt shoes effectually prevented slipping. We reached the cave and entered it, first by a wooden way carried over the bowlders, and then along a narrow ledge to the point eaten deepest into the shale. When the wind is from the south, the falling water, I am told, can be seen tranquilly from this spot; but, when we were there, a blinding hurricane of spray

was whirled against us. On the evening of the same day, I went behind the water on the Canada side, which, I confess, struck me, after the experience of the morning, as an imposture.

To complete my knowledge it was necessary to see the fall from the river below it, and long negotiations were necessary to secure the means of doing so. The only boat fit for the undertaking had been laid up for the winter; but this difficulty, through the kind intervention of Mr. Townsend, was overcome. The main one was, to secure oarsmen sufficiently strong and skilful to urge the boat where I wished it to be taken. The son of the owner of the boat, a finely-built young fellow, but only twenty, and therefore not sufficiently hardened, was willing to go; and up the river I was informed there lived another man who could do any thing with the boat which strength and daring could accomplish. He came. His figure and expression of face certainly indicated extraordinary firmness and power. On Tuesday, the 5th of November, we started, each of us being clad in oil-cloth. The elder oarsman at once assumed a tone of authority over his companion, and struck immediately in among the breakers below the American Fall. He hugged the cross freshets instead of striking out into the smoother water. I asked him why he did so, and he replied that they were directed *outward* not *downward*. At times, the struggle to prevent the bow of the boat from being turned by them was very severe.

The spray was in general blinding, but at times it disappeared, and yielded noble views of the fall. The edge of the cataract is crimped by indentations which exalt its beauty. Here and there, a little below the highest ledge, a secondary one jets out; the water strikes it, and bursts from it in huge, protuberant masses of foam and spray. We passed Goat Island, came to the Horseshoe, and worked for a time along the base of it, the bowlders over which Conroy and myself had scrambled a few days previously lying between us and the base. A rock was before us, concealed and revealed at intervals, as the waves passed over it. Our leader tried to get above this rock, first on the outside of it. The water, however, here was in violent motion. The men struggled fiercely, the elder one ringing out an incessant peal of command and exhortation to the younger. As we were just clearing the rock, the bow came obliquely to the surge; the boat was turned suddenly round, and shot with astonishing rapidity down the river. The men returned to the charge, now trying to get up between the half-concealed rock and the bowlders to the left. But the torrent set in strongly through this channel. The tugging was quick and violent, but we made little way. At length seizing a rope, the principal oarsman made a desperate attempt to get upon one of the bowlders, hoping to be able to drag the boat through the channel; but it bumped so violently against the rock, that the man flung himself back, and relinquished the attempt.

We returned along the base of the American Fall, running in and out among the currents which rushed from it laterally into the river. Seen from below, the American Fall is certainly exquisitely beautiful, but it is a mere frill of adornment to its nobler neighbor the Horseshoe. At times we took to the river, from the centre of which the Horseshoe Fall appeared especially magnificent. A streak of cloud across the neck of Mont Blanc can double its apparent height, so here, the green summit of the cataract shining above the smoke of the spray appeared lifted to an extraordinary elevation. Had Hennepin and La Hontan seen the fall from this position, their estimates of the height would have been perfectly excusable.

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## THE FORMS OF WATER.

TO STUDY the forms of water we must take into account the action of the Sun upon it.

### *No. II.—The Waves of Light.*

But what is the sun? We know its size and its weight. We also know that it is a globe of fire far hotter than any fire upon earth. But we now enter upon another enquiry. We have to learn definitely what is the meaning of solar light and solar heat; in what way they make themselves known to our senses; by what means they get from the sun to the earth, and how, when there, they produce the clouds of our atmosphere, and thus originate our rivers and our glaciers.

If in a dark room you close your eyes and press the eyelid with your finger-nail, a circle of light will be seen opposite to the point pressed, while a sharp blow upon the eye produces the impression of a flash of light. There is a nerve specially devoted to the purposes of vision which comes from the brain to the back of the eye, and there divides into fine filaments, which are woven together to a kind of screen called the *retina*. The retina can be excited in various ways so as to produce the consciousness of light; it may, as we have seen, be excited by the rude mechanical action of a blow imparted to the eye.

There is no spontaneous creation of light by the healthy eye. To excite vision the retina must be affected by something coming from without. What is that something? In some way or other luminous bodies have the power of affecting the retina—but *how*?

It was long supposed that from such bodies issued, with inconceivable rapidity, an inconceivably fine matter, which flew through space, passed through the pores supposed to exist in the humours

of the eye, reached the retina behind, and by their shock against the retina, aroused the sensation of light.

This theory, which was supported by the greatest men, among others by Sir Isaac Newton, was found competent to explain a great number of the phenomena of light, but it was not found competent to explain *all* the phenomena. As the skill and knowledge of experimenters increased, large classes of facts were revealed which could only be explained by assuming that light was produced, not by a fine matter flying through space and hitting the retina, but by the shock of minute *waves* against the retina.

Dip your finger into a basin of water, and cause it to quiver rapidly, to and fro. From the point of disturbance issue small ripples which are carried forward by the water, and which finally strike the basin. Here, in the vibrating finger, you have a source of agitation; in the water you have a vehicle through which the finger's motion is transmitted, and you have finally the side of the basin which receives the shock of the little waves.

In like manner according to the *wave theory* of light, you have a source of agitation in the vibrating atoms, or smallest particles, of the luminous body; you have a vehicle of transmission in a substance which is supposed to fill all space, and to be diffused through the humors of the eye; and finally, you have the retina, which receives the successive shocks of the waves. These shocks are supposed to produce the sensation of light.

We are here dealing, for the most part, with suppositions and assumptions merely. We have never seen the atoms of a luminous body, nor their motions. We have never seen the medium which transmits their motions, nor the waves of that medium. How, then, do we come to assume their existence?

Before such an idea could have taken any real root in the human mind, it must have been well disciplined and prepared by observations and calculations of ordinary wave-motion. It was necessary to know how both water-waves and sound-waves are formed and propagated. It was above all things necessary to know how waves, passing through the same medium, act upon each other. Thus disciplined, the mind was prepared to detect any resemblance presenting itself between the action of light and that of waves. Great classes of optical phenomena accordingly appeared which could be accounted for in the most complete and satisfactory manner by assuming them to be produced by waves, and which could not be otherwise accounted for. It is because of its competence to explain all the phenomena of light that the wave theory now receives universal acceptance on the part of scientific men.

Let me use an illustration. We infer from the flint implements recently found in such profusion all over England and in other countries, that they were produced by men, and also that the Pyramids of Egypt were built by men, because, as far as our experience goes, nothing but men could form such implements or

build such Pyramids. In like manner, we infer from the phenomena of light the agency of waves, because, as far as our experience goes, no other agency could produce the phenomena.

### *No. III.—The Waves of Heat which produce the Vapour of our Atmosphere and melt our Glaciers.*

Thus, in a general way, I have given you the conception and the grounds of the conception, which regards light as the product of wave-motion; but we must go farther than this, and follow the conception into some of its details. We have all seen the waves of water, and we know they are of different sizes—different in length and different in height. When, therefore, you are told that the atoms of the sun, and of almost all other luminous bodies, vibrate at different rates, and produce waves of different sizes, your experience of water-waves will enable you to form a tolerably clear notion of what is meant.

As observed above, we have never seen the light-waves, but we judge of their presence, their position, and their magnitude, by their effects. Their lengths have been thus determined, and found to vary from about $\frac{1}{50000}$th to $\frac{1}{60000}$th of an inch.

But besides those which produce light, the sun sends forth incessantly a multitude of waves which produce no light. The largest waves which the sun sends forth are of this non-luminous character, though they possess the highest heating power.

A common sunbeam contains waves of all kinds, but it is possible to *sift* or *filter* the beam so as to intercept all its light, and to allow its obscure heat to pass unimpeded. For substances have been discovered which, while intensely opaque to the light-waves, are almost perfectly transparent to the others. On the other hand, it is possible, by the choice of proper substances, to intercept in a great degree the pure heat-waves, and to allow the pure light-waves free transmission. This last separation is, however, not so perfect as the first.

We shall learn presently how to detach the one class of waves from the other class, and to prove that waves competent to light a fire, fuse metal, or burn the hand like a hot solid, may exist in a perfectly dark place.

Supposing, then, that we withdraw, in the first instance the large heat-waves, and allow the light-waves alone to pass. These may be concentrated by suitable lenses and sent into water without sensibly warming it. Let the light-waves now be withdrawn, and the larger heat-waves concentrated in the same manner; they may be caused to boil the water almost instantaneously.

This is the point to which I wished to lead you, and which without due preparation could not be understood. You now perceive the important part played by these large darkness-waves, if I may use the term, in the work of evaporation. When they

plunge into seas, lakes, and rivers, they are intercepted close to the surface, and they heat the water at the surface, thus causing it to evaporate; the light-waves at the same time entering to great depths without sensibly heating the water through which they pass. Not only, therefore, is it the sun's fire which produces evaporation, but a particular constituent of that fire, the existence of which you probably were not aware of.

Further, it is these selfsame lightless waves which, falling upon the glaciers of the Alps, melt the ice and produce all the rivers flowing from the glaciers; for I shall prove to you presently that the light-waves, even when concentrated to the uttermost, are unable to melt the most delicate hoar-frost; much less would they be able to produce the copious liquefaction observed upon the glaciers.

These large lightless waves of the sun, as well as the heat-waves issuing from non-luminous hot bodies, are frequently called obscure or invisible heat.

We have here an example of the manner in which phenomena, apparently remote, are connected together in this wonderful system of things that we call Nature. You cannot study a snow-flake profoundly without being led back by it step by step to the constitution of the sun. It is thus throughout Nature. All its parts are interdependent, and the study of any one part *completely* would really involve the study of all.

### *No.—IV. Oceanic Distillation.*

The sun, you know, is never exactly overhead in England. But at the equator, and within certain limits north and south of it, the sun at certain periods of the year is directly overhead at noon. These limits are called the Tropics of Cancer and of Capricorn. Upon the belt comprised between these two circles the sun's rays fall with their mightiest power; for here they shoot directly downwards, and heat both earth and sea more than when they strike slantingly.

When the vertical sunbeams strike the land they heat it, and the air in contact with the hot soil becomes heated in turn. But when heated the air expands, and when it expands it becomes lighter. This lighter air rises, like wood plunged into water, through the heavier air overhead.

When the sunbeams fall upon the sea the water is warmed, though not so much as the land. The warmed water expands, becomes thereby lighter, and therefore continues to float upon the top. This upper layer of water warms to some extent the air in contact with it, but it also sends up a quantity of aqueous vapour, which being far lighter than air, helps the latter to rise. Thus both from the land and from the sea we have ascending currents established by the action of the sun.

When they reach a certain elevation in the atmosphere, these currents divide and flow, part towards the north and part towards the south; while from the north and the south a flow of heavier and colder air sets in to supply the place of the ascending warm air.

Incessant circulation is thus established in the atmosphere. The equatorial air and vapour flow above towards the north and south poles, while the polar air flows below towards the equator. The two currents of air thus established are called the upper and the lower trade winds.

But before the air returns from the poles great changes have occurred. For the air as it quitted the equatorial regions was laden with aqueous vapour, which could not subsist in the cold polar regions. It is there precipitated, falling sometimes as rain, or more commonly as snow. The land near the pole is covered with this snow, which gives birth to vast glaciers in a manner hereafter to be explained.

It is necessary that you should have a perfectly clear view of this process, for great mistakes have been made regarding the manner in which glaciers are related to the heat of the sun.

It was supposed that if the sun's heat were diminished, greater glaciers than those now existing would be produced. But the lessening of the sun's heat would infallibly diminish the quantity of aqueous vapour, and thus cut off the glaciers at their source. A brief illustration will complete your knowledge here.

In the process of ordinary distillation, the liquid to be distilled is heated and converted into vapour in one vessel, and chilled and reconverted into liquid in another. What has just been stated renders it plain that the earth and its atmosphere constitute a vast distilling apparatus in which the equatorial ocean plays the part of the boiler, and the chill regions of the poles the part of the condenser. In this process of distillation *heat* plays quite as necessary a part as *cold*, and before Bishop Heber could speak of 'Greenland's icy mountains,' the equatorial ocean had to be warmed by the sun.

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## ORIENTAL ART AT THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.

ONLY turn to their show in the arts, and some of them may almost set criticism at defiance. By general consent, and beyond all comparison, the first place must be assigned to Japan. The Japanese does most things unlike the rest of the world. His method of handling his tools is precisely the opposite of ours. He draws his plane toward him, works his saw in the reverse direction, taps with the side of his queer hammer, and handles his quaintly-

chased graving tool in a way at which an English workman would stare. Yet, whether he is laying the shingles on the roof of a cottage, or chasing one of those wonderfully elaborate caskets in metal-work, what English workman can approach him? His ideas discover an endless originality; individual impulse, rather than education, seems to inspire his fancy, although it may work according to received traditions of the quaint or beautiful; and, look where we will through a most miscellaneous collection, we can scarcely see a trace of servile repetition. In his pictorial art he can convey a world of expression and suggestion in the very smallest number of touches. Yet when it pleases him to finish, as when he is painting on his delicate porcelain, he is scarcely to be surpassed in harmonious minuteness. As for his colors, you may puzzle out his secret if you can; at least he shows you in an open case the chemicals which, as he professes, form his ingredients. All that can be said is, that none of the numerous attempts at imitation have ever proved to be any thing approaching a success. That strange superiority in color, not only in the tints, but in their management, is to be remarked in every one of the Oriental courts. The silks of China excel even those of Japan, in their bright blues and gorgeous crimsons: while, for softened brilliancy and exquisite delicacy of blending, the Persian carpets are confessedly unequalled. The invariably subdued beauty of these patterns argues something more than great mechanical perfection in the arts of color-making and dyeing. It is proof of a general purity of taste on the part of the Oriental purchasers for whom the fabrics were originally intended; for although many of the best may now be consigned to Europe, the manufacture, precisely as we see it, has been practised from time immemorial; there are carpets in the Exhibition called modern by comparison, although they may date back for a century or so, and these are of patterns exactly similar to the latest ones. In every thing exhibited from China and Persia, the work is almost invariably good and the designs felicitous; although, except in certain specialties, they cannot vie with Japan, yet every now and then one stumbles upon something that is extremely beautiful in art. So much can hardly be said of Turkey. Turkey makes a very imposing display; the Sultan contributed £100,000 towards forming the collection, and some of the great merchants in Constantinople, Smyrna, and elswhere, have apparently done their best to advertise themselves. There is a good deal shown in Turkey, as well as in Tunis, that would have attracted great admiration had there been no Japan and no China to provoke unfavorable comparison. The famous Turkey carpets can scarcely be said to be satisfactorily represented. The very best, beautiful as the texture is, fall far short, even in that respect, of the Persian; while the contrasts displayed in the body of the Turkish patterns are too often disagreeably violent. But for the most part the carpets exhibited are of a very ordinary class indeed.

The inlaid *marqueterie* and cabinet-work seems rude in design and coarse in execution, if we measure it against the Japenese standards. The carved olive-wood from Jerusalem recalls the pedlers' hawking goods made for sale at the doors of the Holy Sepulchre. Here and there are some exquisite arms among many that are inferior; but even the very best of them are excelled by the Persians. There are graceful shapes in the pottery, but they are not unfrequently marred by defects in the workmanship. There is a great collection of figures in the various national costumes, and the dresses strike one as being somewhat incongruous. On the whole, the only articles in which Turkey may be said to show to decided advantage are some extremely rich furniture stuffs, the choicest of which seem to have been already sold or removed, and the dyed morocco, which, in its vividness of color, shames any thing that can be shown by the West. It must be remembered, however, that the Turk gives almost as many months to the dyeing process as the European allows days. Taste apart, we may perhaps console ourselves for the inferiority which we must confess by repeating that facts like this deliberate process of dyeing furnish the key to much of the Oriental excellence. Time is of no value in the East, and patience and indefatigable perseverance have always been the willing handmaids of their arts and manufactures.— *Saturday Review.*

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## OLD TREES.

THERE are but a few very old trees in the world. The age of a tree can be counted by the number of its concentric rings. And some are historic trees, so that there is little difficulty in establishing the age of the oldest trees. It is thought that the average age of oaks and pines is between three and four hundred years. There are, however, well authenticated instances of much greater age. Here are a few of them.

In New England but few trees are more than 400 years old. The Wadsworth oak, at Geneseo, New York, is said to be five centuries old, and 27 feet in circumference at the base. The massive, slow-growing live-oaks, of Florida, are worthy of notice, on account of the enormous length of their branches. Bartram says: "I have stepped 50 paces in a straight line from the trunk of one of these trees to the extremity of the limbs."

The oaks of Europe are among the grandest of trees. The Cowthorpe oak is 78 feet in circuit at the ground, and is at least 1,800 years old. Another, in Dorsetshire, is of equal age. In Westphalia is a hollow oak, which was used as a place of refuge in the troubled times of mediæval history.

The great oak at Saintes, in Southern France, is 90 feet in girth, and has been ascertained to be 2,000 years old. This monument, still or recently flourishing, commemorates a period which antedates the first campaign of Julius Cæsar!

Most of the old plane-trees are hollow, their tops being sustained by wood of recent growth. In this respect an exogenous tree resembles a coral-reef, where the vitality and growth are at the surface only.

Of chestnuts, we have the famous one at Tortworth, in Gloucestershire, England, which was a large tree in the reign of King Stephen, and is over 1,000 years old.

The lime or linden, in Europe, is an important tree. Those in the town of Morat are celebrated in the history of Switzerland. One was planted in 1476 to commemorate the defeat of the Burgundians, under Charles the Bold; the other was a noted tree at the time of the battle, and is now near nine centuries old. But, equally famous is the one at Würtemberg, called the "Great Linden," six centuries ago. It is, probably, 1,000 years old, and measures 35½ feet in girth. Four and a half centuries ago its branches were supported by 67 columns of stone, now increased to 106, many of which are "covered with inscriptions."

The well-known olive-tree is associated with our most cherished recollections. There is an old one near Nice, 24 feet in girth, regarded by the inhabitants with great interest. Those on the Mount of Olives may be contemporary with the Christian era. They are known to have been in existence in 1217, when the Turks captured Jerusalem.

The ever-green cypress, long celebrated for its longevity, is abundant in the burial-grounds of Eastern nations, and, from its dark, dense foliage, forms an impressive feature of Oriental landscapes. In the Palace Gardens of Granada are cypresses said to be 800 years old; and there is one at Somma, in Lombardy, proved by authentic documents "to have been a considerable tree 40 years before the Christian era." Of this family of trees is our well-known white cedar, specimens of which, exhumed from the meadows on the coast of New Jersey, had from 700 to 1,000 rings of wood solid and fragrant as if of recent growth.

The cedars of Lebanon are often referred to in the Sacred Writings. The present trees are, we believe, seven large ones, with many of smaller growth, situated in an elevated valley of the Lebanon Mountains, 6,172 feet above the Mediterranean. The valley is surrounded by peaks of the mountains, which rise 3,000 feet higher, and are covered with snow. De Candolle supposes the oldest are 1,200 years old, but no sections of their wood have been examined to determine their age. The cedar is known to grow slowly, as does the North American or bald cypress, which we will next notice. This tree is common in the Southern States, and its

rate of growth has been determined. On the Mexican table-lands its growth and antiquity are immense.

The "Cypress of Montezuma," near the city of Mexico, is 44 feet in girth, and its age is estimated at upward of twenty centuries. In the church-yard of Santa Maria del Tule, in the Mexican state of Oaxaca, is a cypress which "measures 112 feet in circuit, and is without sign of decay." At Palenque are cypresses growing among the ruins of the old city, whose streets they may have shaded in the days of its pride. By the usual methods, the writer in the *North American Review* calculates the age of the cypress at Santa Maria del Tule at 5,124 years, or, if it grew as rapidly during its whole life as similar trees grow when young, it would still be 4,024 years old.

The yew has long been used in Great Britain as an adornment of places of sepulture, and is often referred to in English literature:

> "Beneath these rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
> Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap."

This tree of almost imperishable wood, is indigenous to Great Britain. De Candolle ascertained its rate of growth, and concluded that individual specimens are of great antiquity. There is a yew at Ankerwyke House, older than *Magna Charta*. It was an old and celebrated tree when King John met the barons at Runnymede, in 1215, and its age is upward of eleven centuries; but the yews of Fountain's Abbey and the Darley yew are from three to five centuries older than this. In Fortingal Church-yard, Perthshire, is a few 18 feet in diameter, through decayed portions of which funeral processions pass on their way to the grave. The age of this tree is estimated at 1,800 years. But of greater antiquity is the one described by Evelyn, which stood in Braborne Church-yard, in Kent. It measured 59 feet in girth, and was believed to be 2,500 years old. This tree, which has long disappeared, was probably contemporary with the founding of Rome. The growth and decline of a great empire was spanned by the duration of a single life.

More immense in bulk, but perhaps not older than these living monuments, are the pines of Oregon and the *Sequoias* of California. Mr. Douglas counted 1,100 annual layers in a Lambert pine, and 300 feet is not an unusual height for the Douglas spruce. Hutchings states that a *Sequoia*, which was blown down and measured by him, was 435 feet in length. It was eighteen feet in diameter 300 feet from the ground. Scientific observation has connected with these trees an interest equal to that awakened by their size and age. Our most distinguished botanist, Prof. Gray, has shown that the *Sequoias*, now growing on a limited area, had formerly a wide distribution, and are lineal descendants from ancestral types which flourished at least as far back in geologic time as the Cretaceous age. The descent has been with modifications furnishing

an important link in the chain of evidence which establishes the derivative origin of specific forms.

Prof. Gray thinks the age of the oldest living *Sequoia* may be about 2,000 years, and remarks: "It is probable that close to the heart of some of the living trees may be found the circle which records the year of our Saviour's nativity."

The sacred banian is familiar to every reader. Its main trunk attains a diameter of from 20 to 30 feet, and its enormous roof of foliage may shelter the inhabitants of a considerable village. The pendent branches are really roots, which, on reaching the ground, penetrate it and form trunks. These correspond with the outer layers of wood in an oak or a pine, and sustain the top, although the original trunks decay and disappear.

The dragon-tree of Orotava, on the island of Teneriffe, is a well-known and historic tree. Twice during the present century it has been dismantled by storms. It is but 69 feet high, but is 79 feet in circumference. So slow is its growth that its diameter had scarcely changed in 400 years. Recently it bore flowers and luxuriant foliage, as it may have done before the "isles of the Western Ocean," on one of which it was growing, were a dream in the Grecian mythology.

The baobab, or monkey bread-fruit, is the last we can notice of the ancient trees. It was first described by a Venetian traveller in 1454. These trees are found, however, in nearly all portions of that country south of the Desert, everywhere an imposing feature of the landscape, and objects of regard if not of reverence by the natives. In the rainy season they are in full luxuriance, and are covered with cup-shaped flowers six inches in diameter. The trunks grow from 20 to 60 feet high, but are sometimes 100 feet in circuit at the ground. The baobabs, like most other trees, grow rapidly when young, but slowly when old. Recent estimates attribute to some of the oldest a period of 3,000 years. This is scarcely more than one-half the age assigned to them by early writers.

By the native town of Shupanga, near the Zambesi, in Eastern Africa, is a venerable baobab, beneath which is the grave of Mrs. Livingstone.

Such, briefly, are some of the great living monuments of the vegetable kingdom. In longevity they are in striking contrast with higher types of life. Fixed to a single spot, the tree is what it is because of the forces which act upon it. It is a monument of accumulated and concentrated force. Transmuted sunlight is in all its fibres, and who shall estimate the dynamic work which has been expended in its structure?—*Scientific Monthly.*

## THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS AT WATERLOO.

THE chateau of Hougoumont, says Mackinnon, faced the enemy without any external fence in its front. Behind it was the farmyard, protected on the left and rear by a wall, and on the right by farm-buildings. To the left of the house and yard was a garden, surrounded by a wall, and to the left of that, but adjoining, there was an orchard enclosed by a hedge and ditch. A large gate in the rear led into the yard, and through that supplies were received during the action; two other entrances to the yard were closed up. Outside of the buildings, on the right, there was a road and a high hedge. A wood in front, which stretched some distance to the right, covered this post.

The second brigade consisted of the second battalion of the Coldstreams, and the second battalion of the Third Guards under Major General Byng. The two light companies of the first brigade under Lord Saltoun occupied the orchard; the light companies of the second brigade the wood. Loop-holes were at once made in the building and garden-wall; platforms were erected, and all gates but the one in the rear barricaded. Just before the battle broke out, the duke rode through the wood of Hougoumont, saw Liutenant-Colonel Macdonald, and told him "to defend the post to the last extremity." There were Nassau and Hanoverian Jagers placed in the woods and out-buildings. At twenty minutes past ten the French moved to the attack of the chateau, covered by a tremendous fire from two hundred guns. For an hour and a half Macdonald repulsed all attacks of the tirailleurs; but about one, just as a cart of ammunition had opportunely arrived, a tremendous attack was made and the gate was forced, but closed again by Macdonald and a brave sergeant. The eight hundred Nassau men never again rallied, and our two thousand Guards had to maintain the post alone against General Foy's thirty thousand men amid burning buildings and the incessant cross-fire of artillery. The second battalion of the Coldstreams lost at Waterloo fifty-five men, while two hundred and twenty-nine were wounded.

The rector of Framlingham, in Suffolk, soon after the battle, wrote to the Duke of Wellington, stating that, in his opinion, the non-commissioned officers of the British army had, by their valorous conduct on that day, entitled themselves to some distinct marks of their country's approbation, and, therefore, he felt disposed, for one, to offer his humble tribute to their merit. In order that this might be properly applied, he requested the favor of his Grace to point out to him the non-commissioned officer whose herioc conduct appeared the most prominent, as he, the rector, meant to convey to him, in perpetuity, a freehold farm. The duke set the inquiry immediately on foot, through all the

commanding officers of the Line, and, in consequence, learnt that a sergeant of the Coldstreams, and a corporal of the First Regiment of Guards, had so distinguished themselves, that it was felt difficult to point out the most meritorious; but that there had been displayed by the sergeant an exploit arising out of fraternal affection, which he felt it a duty on this occasion to represent, namely, that near the close of the dreadful conflict, this distinguished sergeant impatiently solicited the officer commanding his company for permission to retire from the ranks for a few minutes; the latter having expressed some surprise at this request, the other said, "Your honor need not doubt of my immediate return." Permission being given him, he flew to an adjoining barn, to which the enemy, in their retreat, had set fire, and from thence bore on his shoulders his wounded brother, who, he knew, lay helpless in the midst of the flames. Having deposited him safely under a hedge, he returned to his post in time to share in the victorious pursuit of the routed enemy; we need scarcely add, that the superior merit of this gallant non-commissioned officer was thus established.

Years after the battle, the Reverend Mr. Norcross, the abovementioned rector of Framlingham, willed the sum of five hundred pounds to the bravest man in England. The Duke of Wellington, applied to upon the subject by the executors, at first, from delicacy, declined to answer their question; but in a few days sent for them, when he stated that, upon considering their request, he had determined to afford them all the assistance in his power. The duke then said: "It is generally thought that the battle of Waterloo was one of the greatest battles ever fought; such is not my opinion, but I say nothing upon that head. The success of the battle of Waterloo turned upon the closing of the gates of Hougoumont. These gates were closed in the most courageous manner at the very nick of time by the effort of Sir James Macdonald. I cannot help thinking, therefore, that Sir James is the man to whom you should give the five hundred pounds."

Sir James Macdonald, when applied to, listened to the story of the executors, expressed his thanks to the great hero for the award, but said: I cannot claim all the merit due to the closing of the gates of Hougoumont; for Sergeant John Graham, of the Coldstreams, who saw with me the importance of the step, rushed forward and together we shut the gates. What I should therefore propose is, that the sergeant and myself divide the legacy between us." The executors, delighted with the proposal, adopted it at once, and Sergeant Graham was rewarded with his share of the five hundred pounds.

# THE ORIGIN AND EARLY PROGRESS OF LIVERPOOL.

IN Picton's Memorials of Liverpool we find much quaint and useful information. The history of the port, which is the history of the town, of Liverpool, may be said to have begun with the formation of the harbor itself. As the Roman geographers make no mention of that estuary, it is assumed with much probability that, in the Roman times, "the broad sheet of water from the Sloyne up to Runcorn was" still "a freshwater lake, the overflow of which found its way to the sea by a comparatively small outlet through low marshy lands, and that either by the subsidence of the coast line, or from some other natural cause, the sea broke in and formed the present narrow portion of the estuary. If this were so, as there would be no harbor, the insignificant stream might well be overlooked by the Roman geographers." The incursion of the sea which determined the future of Liverpool may thus very likely have been about contemporaneous with the cessation of the Roman dominion over Britain and the period of the English conquest. In any case, the earliest mention of the river Mersey itself falls as late as the reign of Æthelred the Unready, though there are traces in the names of *Low* and Brown*low* hills of settlements belonging to a much earlier, *i. e.* pagan, date. But the real founder of the borough and port of Liverpool was King John, who, after confirming his father's grant of Liverpool and other lands to Henry Fitzwarine before his own accession to the throne, after his accession exchanged Liverpool, and himself entered into possession of it, at the same time causing the first so-called "charter" constituting the borough to be executed (1207). Under Henry III. the borough was incorporated, and received a charter proper, granting to its burgesses a mercatorial guild with a *hanse* and other liberties; and this appears to be the time of the origin of its so-called "common" seal.

The privileges of the Royal charters were freely violated under the Plantagenets by Edmund Earl of Lancaster and his successors, who treated the freedom of the borough with lordly contempt, and levied the tolls on their own behalf; but Liverpool was of sufficient importance to be represented in that Parliament of Edward I., from which, as is well known, the continuity of our present Parliamentary system properly dates. Its population was then probably under a thousand, and it was still a quite insignificant port. The Scottish wars of the next reigns interfered with its progress; yet its traders were forced to contribute both money and ships for the needs of Edward III. Nor was its prosperity advanced in the reign of Henry IV. (when we meet with the first mention of a connexion between the Stanley family and Liverpool), or in those of his successors; and, partaking in the general decay of national

progress during the wars of the Roses, it seems even to have suffered a diminution of population. The accession of Henry VII. brought to Liverpool, which he of course appropriated together with the rest of the possessions of the Duchy of Lancaster, little but a characteristic, though in this case futile, attempt at royal extortion; and the economical changes of the reign of his successor could not but, so far as they affected Liverpool at all, affect it disastrously. Thus in 1544 Liverpool is included in the list of decayed towns set forth in an Act of Parliament, and Leland, whose *Itinerary* was composed about the same time, describes it very briefly, though not altogether hopelessly, thus:—

Lyrpole, alias Lyverpoole, a pavid Towne, hath but a chapel, Walton a iii miles off, not far from the Se is a Paroche church. The King hath a Castelet there, and the Erle of Darbe a Stone Howse there. Irisch Marchauntes cum much thither, as to a good Haven.

"In the margin he remarks:—'At Lyrpole is a smaule costome-payid that causeth marchantes to resorte.' Again:—'Good Marchandis at Lyrpole, moch Irisch yarn that Manchester men do by ther.'" The latter part of Henry VIII.'s time is also noteworthy in the annals of Liverpool as having first placed in the hands of the Molyneaux family, whose time-honored connexion with the town is all but coeval with its existence, the lease of the Crown rights, and as having restored to the borough the right of sending representatives to Parliament, which had been suspended for more than two centuries.

The evil days of Edward VI. and of his successor dragged on; the plague decimated—perhaps more than decimated—the thin population of the decaying, but still promising town; and, finally, in 1561, a hurricane destroyed the breakwater of the old haven. But, at the very lowest of their fortunes, the burgesses gave proof of the spirit which must be native to the place. Mr. Mayor (his name was Robert Corbett) called together the whole town, to resolve on the construction of a new haven; "of his own free will gave a pistole of gold towards the beginning, which that day was good and current all England through for 5*s.* 10*d.*, although after, in a few days, it was not so; but by proclamation in London, by the Queen's Majesty, was prohibited and not current. Also, the same day, Mr. Sekerston did give, also the rest of the congregation did give, so that in the whole was gathered that present day the whole sum of 13*s.* 9*d.* current," with which sum the work was begun by these brave men. Corbett and Sekerston are justly remembered for their services to their native town; and the latter boldly brought its grievances before Queen Elizabeth herself, praying her to "relieve us like a mother." His saying, "save me and mine, and the good town of Liverpool and theirs, and then let the nobles kill whom they please," may not savour of a very advanced species of patriotism; but patriotism, like charity, begins at home, and the spirit of Sekerston's prayer is that which has made small

towns great, and great towns powerful, in other ages and countries as well as his own. From this period the trade of Liverpool (which now boasted seven streets) went steadily, though still at first slowly, forward. Forms of government have little influence on prosperity at such a stage of development; and the establishment in Elizabeth's reign of a Common Council, which was to fill up its own vacancies, as well as the gradual suppression of the burgage tenants by the freemen as common burgesses, acquired no vital significance for the history of the town till a much later date It may be mentioned that from 1588 to 1592 Liverpool was represented in the House of Commons by Bacon, a fact which, according to Mr. Picton, is noted by none of Bacon's biographers.

It is unnecessary to follow the fortunes of the town through the Civil War, which are exceptionally well known. Mr. Picton says that the trenches cut in the rock by Prince Rupert during his siege of Liverpool, after it had been taken by the Parliamantary forces, are still visible in Lime Street. Finally, the place was recovered by the Parliament, and, in spite of much suffering from war and plague, survived through these, as through previous troubles, for the advent of a brighter day. With the Restoration at last begins a visible increase of trade and prosperity. After the Plague and the Great Fire of London it appears that "several ingenious men settled in Liverpool, which originated the trade of the port to the plantations and other places. This so enlarged the trade of the port that, from scarcely paying the salaries of the officers of customs, Liverpool before the close of the century possessed the third part of the trade of the country, and paid the King upwards of £50,000 a year in customs." This statement, extracted from the case laid before the Parliament in 1699, on the application for an Act to constitute Liverpool a separate parish, Mr. Picton characterizes as "no doubt exaggerated"; but it shows how the tide had at last set in. It was the beginning of the West India trade, supported by a considerable influx of capital from London, which laid the foundation of Liverpool's commercial prosperity. By the end of the seventeenth century Liverpool numbered over five thousand inhabitants; and the number of vessels in the year 1699 was 102, with a tonnage of 8,619.

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## LITERATURE.

THE prosperity of a nation comes from well-directed industry; its happiness from the impartial execution of equal laws; its greatness from the indomitable spirit of its people; but its lasting glory from its letters and art. No seats of empire have received so much of the homage of mankind as the small cities of Athens and Jerusalem. Merely commercial cities, like Tyre, Carthage

and Palmyra, are soon forgotten. Even Rome is less reverenced as the home of the Cæsars, the mother of modern states, and the source of modern civilization, than as the seat of a magnificent literature that has enriched every language of Christendom, and is still a light to the learned world. Success in arms, and the acquisition of territory, give temporary renown; but, after the lapse of a few centuries, *everything but the great thoughts of a people perishes.* Not one stone stands upon another on the site of Persepolis; and no one can now enumerate the tribes that were subject to the Persian monarchs, or fix the limits of their empire. But the precepts of Zoroaster (the majestic contemporary of Abraham) still survive, indestructible amidst all the vicissitudes of human affairs. The history of letters refuses to be divided by the reigns of monarchs, and is measured by the appearance of great authors, as the zodiac is measured by its constellations. We speak of the age of Dante, careless of what Julius or Nicholas or Gregory might occupy the papal chair. The times of Chaucer we know; but King Edward III. is only a lay figure, a mere accessory in the picture we imagine. The idea of Don Quixote is more real to us than Philip II.; and the time may come when the sea-fight of Lepanto will be remembered chiefly because one of Don John's victorious galleys carried as a common sailor the great Cervantes. We know that the illustrious Goethe was a councellor of state; but the prince he served is already a shade. So, to return to English history, we speak of the age of Spenser, Bacon and Shakespeare; and the name of the great Elizabeth has been made into an adjective to denote the brilliant epoch in whose glory she had but little share. Milton, once the Latin secretary, outshines his political superior, the great Lord Protector. Stolid Queen Anne lives only in the memory of the elegant essayists of her time. Further on we trace the same intellectual lineage. Hanoverian Georges and Williams are naught. It is the age of Scott, of Byron and Wordsworth, the age of Carlyle, Macaulay, Dickens, Thackeray and Tennyson. In this country all things are so new, and political events have such an intense significance, that we do not look at affairs as posterity will look at them. But who can doubt that, when the true perspective has been adjusted, ours will be known as the age of Emerson, Irving and Hawthorne, of Bryant, Longfellow and Whittier, of Lowell and Holmes? Who can doubt that, in the next century, people will say to their grandchildren, "*I* heard Emerson in my childhood. *I* once saw the gracious smile of Longfellow. *I* have felt the electric stroke of Holmes's wit. Shall *I* ever forget Lowell's features, gleaming as though from an inner light, when he recited the 'Ode to the ever sweet and shining memory of the sons of Harvard that died for their country?'"—*Francis H. Underwood.*

## CHEAP SENSATION.

EVERY week there are issued in London a large number of cheap magazines, patronized chiefly by the industrial classes, and possessing very distinctive characteristics. They consist, for the most part, of works of fiction, with here and there a brief article on some topic of current interest, and perhaps a few verses. Some of these publications offer, for the sum of one penny, instalments of three or four, sometimes of as many as six or seven, different novels, besides short tales which are completed in a single number, all being copiously illustrated. Even for a halfpenny, one may procure nearly as much variety. Then, besides these magazines, there are a host of pamphlets, each containing one or more complete stories, and professing to form part of a "library of fiction," or something of the kind.

Most persons are aware of the existence of these prints, but comparatively few of the upper and middle classes know the nature of their contents. The laughable stories that are told about them are generally regarded as exaggerations—as, for example, that an author was dismissed from the staff of one of the magazines because he would continually put more than three murders in a chapter, which was the editor's limit. In reality, however, it would be hard to exaggerate the tremendous character of the incidents employed. Battle, murder, and sudden death are treated as ordinary occurrences. The plot usually turns upon the conflicting attractions of rival beauties, resulting in the suicide of the rejected one; or upon the administration of poison in mistake for medicine; or upon a countess having committed bigamy, and the consequent complications respecting the succession to the earldom and estates; or something equally original and startling. Wholesale catastrophes are very much in vogue, such as the explosion of a powder mill, or the drowning of a party of skaters by the breaking up of the ice. Some time ago, the author of one of these tales, who evidently wrote it—as it was published—by instalments, caused great excitement by the reckless manner in which he introduced fresh characters from time to time. In nearly every chapter, new personages made their appearance, till at length the interest of the story entirely centred in speculation as to what on earth the author would do with them all. It was obvious that he could not marry more than three or four couples at the outside, nor murder more than say half a dozen individuals. Expectation reached its height when the author—probably himself in a frantic state—put the whole of his dramatis personæ on board a steamer, and sent them down the Thames for a pleasure trip. On the way the boiler burst, and all were killed, with the exception of two or three, who were married in due course, and lived happily ever afterwards.—*Once a Week.*

## TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

IN one of Captain Marryatt's clever books there is an amusing story of an English sailor, who, strongly urged to tell a tale for the delectation of a Turkish pasha, proceeds to spin one of the most wonderful "yarns" ever perpetrated by nautical adventurer. The dangers and escapes of Sindbad the Sailor are as nothing compared with the perils and adventures of this modern mariner. He relates how in a gale the crew of his ship were compelled to "station two men to hold the captain's hair on his head," how "a little boy was carried up into the air by the force of the gale, and then slid back on a moonbeam unharmed to the deck of the ship," with many other particulars equally marvellous and strange. The pasha listens to all with an air of imperturbable gravity. Each extravagant fiction gains ready and undoubting credence with him; and, however "tough" the English Jack's yarn may be, the Turkish dignitary is ready for fresh marvels. But amid all this mass of absurdity there happens to be just one little grain of truth. Jack mentions by chance in the course of his marvellous narrative that in his travels he has met with an animal which has a bill like a duck, and four webbed feet—he is alluding, in fact, to the well-known "duck-bill" of New Holland. At this the pasha's patience is exhausted: he who has contentedly submitted to the barefaced demands Jack has been all along making on his credulity, cannot bring himself to believe in the existence of a duck-billed quadruped; and by the mouth of his vizier and interpreter, he indignantly admonishes the narrator to refrain from telling him such impudent lies. Whereupon honest Jack departs, marvelling greatly that the pasha should have pitched upon the only piece of truth in the whole yarn as the subject of this indignant protest.—*Boys' Own Magazine.*

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## EXTEMPORANEOUS SPEAKING.

IT is said by many that the extemporaneous speaker is less accurate than he would be with the use of manuscript. I am disposed to think that the point is well made. For instance, grammatical accuracy is probably unattainable in extemporaneous effort. Wendell Phillips may be taken doubtless as verbally the most exact speaker in speaking without manuscript that America has now, or ever has had. His command of good English is something truly wonderful. And yet I have never heard Mr. Phillips make but one speech without making at least two decided grammatical errors. If fifty years of culture and forty years of forensic experience have been unable to bring so facile a mind as Mr. Phillips's up to the level of perfect utterance, verbal perfection in extemporaneous speaking may well be regarded as impossible.—*W. H. H. Murray.*

## CURRENT EVENTS.

THE events which have occurred during the last few months in connection with the Dominion Government and Parliament, cannot be passed over by us, though, in treating of them, our observations should seem to contravene the promise which was made in the prospectus of the Maritime Monthly to avoid politics. We have no wish to interfere in *party* politics, but when politicians are charged with conduct calculated to sap the foundations of morality, government, and society itself, we claim that we violate no promise to avoid politics when we assume the privilege of reviewing their actions. We care not one jot what party may control the destinies of the nation—provided the public weal is duly conserved by them; and we do wish to see that party, whatever name it may take, which may be proved to be using its influence to debauch the public morals of the nation, hurled from power, to give place, not to others who will act in the same way, but to those who will endeavour honestly to preserve the State from the ruin to which it is rushing under the corrupting influences of bribery. Our desire is also to do all justice to the accused, to view them from the stand point of practical politics rather than from that of theoretical morals. We believe that no one of good sense will think that, in adopting this course we are taking sides, or using our influence for the sake of party. Some violent party politicians may condemn us, but the great body of the people of these Maritime Provinces will be glad that we should use whatever influence we may have on the side of truth, purity and good government. They care little for party, but much for the safety of those principles on which good government and the safety of the nation depend.

The principal matters which form the basis of remark are, the charges made against the Dominion Government, or members thereof, of wholesale bribery and corruption; the action of the Dominion Parliament first in voting down the charges, and then in appointing a Commission to try the Government upon the charges; the passage and disallowance of the "Oaths" bill; the letters of Sir Hugh Allen, Huntington, McMullen and others; the meeting and adjournment of the "Commission;" the meeting and prorogation of Parliament without hearing the report, with the responsibility of the Governor-General; the appointment of the Royal Commission by the Government and its mode of eliciting the information. These are the events to which we have reference, though our remarks may take a wider discursive range.

That bribery and corruption have been used widely by certain parties no one denies. Sir Hugh Allen in his evidence put this beyond all question. Taking Iago's advice, he put money in his purse that he might win his rich Desdemona, the Pacific Railway

job. He filled it well; he spent it politicly. Between three and four hundred thousand dollars were spent or lent by him. The late Sir George Cartier was at first opposed to him, and since he could not be induced to aid he must be put *hors de combat.* Many of his faithful followers were routed at the hustings, and he saw himself leading a forlorn hope with decimated ranks. Like other warriors he did now what he no doubt wished he had done before—he made peace, and did obeisance and accepted the situation. Sir Hugh's money came to his aid as it had been before used against him. Alas! for Sir George. Sir Hugh's money had so crippled Sir George's political legs that he had not a foot to stand on notwithstanding all the healing nostrums of money bountifully supplied from the same source when the day of election came in Montreal. The Montreallers rejoiced in the possession of double bribes all out of Sir Hugh's ample purse, but Sir George suffered sad defeat and retired disgraced and beaten to another field where no sound of political warfare made him afraid.

If there be any harm in bribery; if the corruption of constituencies be criminal; if the laws against bribery enacted in all civilized countries be not without any moral basis; and if it be not the most perfectly legitimate thing in the world to sell one's vote, then Sir Hugh Allen is certainly one of the greatest political and moral criminals that the world ever saw. We are in danger of losing our detestation of the crime while contemplating the grandeur of the scale on which it was committed, and the greatness of the stake for which the game was played. We must think, however, what will be the result to this country, if the course pursued by Sir Hugh Allen should be generally followed by our great Capitalists, and acquiesced in by the Electors.

That there is a low sentiment on this subject among the Electors themselves is deplorable, but by no means does this palliate, rather it increases, the guilt of those who use the base sentiment for their purposes. When we hear persons who possess the franchise, half in joke, half in earnest, during election times, talk of selling their vote to the highest bidder, we are all the more alarmed at the prospects before us. It was when Rome became venal that she was near the loss of her liberty. If the people could only see whither all things are going, when they make so light of the political power vested in their votes, they would surely pause before pawning for either money or promise of favor the trust of freedom which they hold. Every man who is called on to deposit his vote on an election occasion will, when properly instructed regarding the nature of the trust, and the importance of managing it aright, frown upon every attempt made by Capitalists and Politicians to buy from them that which should be beyond all price, and be conscientiously used by them for the public good, for the conservation of the people's interests, and for the wellbeing of posterity.

The immense funds spent on election occasions shew us the magnitude of the evil. Of course there are expenses attending the contests for the representation of any city or county, but these expenses need not be of large amount. When we hear of ten, twenty, fifty thousand dollars spent on local contests, we can come only to one conclusion, viz: that bribery has been resorted to on a scale of great magnitude.

The question how far the Government of the Dominion were implicated in the transactions of Sir Hugh Allen is of great importance.

The evidence does not implicate the Government as a Government. It does implicate members of that Goverment, and especially its chief.

We can only pity poor Sir G. Cartier, as he turned appealingly for salvation to the man who had scuttled his vessel, leaving him to sink in the troubled waters; but we have no such feeling for Sir J. A. McDonald. Whether there was a *written* compact between Sir Hugh Allen and Sir J. A., other than that confessed by both to the effect that Sir Hugh was to help the Government in the Ontario elections with money, and that the Government were to use their influence to have Sir Hugh appointed chairman of the Pacific Railway, we do not care. Sir John confesses that he was the trustee of a fund for election purposes in Ontario, to which Sir Hugh contributed forty-five thousand dollars, no part of which was used by him in his own election, and says that he does not know how it was spent. It is argued that Sir Hugh was only one of the subscribers, and we must assume that if there were a number of others giving like proportionate sums to their means, the amount required to defray the Ontario election expenses must have been enormous. Here then the question arises—what was such a fund required for?—necessary expenses? That will hardly be argued. The only reason that can be suggested is bribery—the purchase of a certain number of votes. The Premier then, without doubt is guilty of the crime of bribery, of debauching the Electors of Ontario, of aiding in the corruption of the country, even though we should adjudge him clear of the meaner crime of accepting a bribe for aid either given or proposed to be given to the briber in helping him to the great Pacific Railway Contract.

No doubt this will seem a small crime in the eyes of all who have done similar deeds, who have been bought and sold themselves, or who have purchased others. We remember when the McMullen revelations were first made, it was stated by Government supporters, that the reception of such large sums by members of Government was perfectly explicable and justifiable on the principle of a common fund, to which the members of the political party freely subscribed. It was not necessary, they said, to suppose any compact, or promise, or understanding even. By this explication they evidently think that there is no criminality in the expendi-

ture of large sums, part of which, according to our lights, must have been needed for bribery purposes. It is also true, that if the opposition could show no more criminality than this, if they failed to connect the subscription more closely with the Railway Contract, if they could not shew by good and probable evidence that the *quid pro quo* was the influence of the Premier in procuring the Railway Contract for Sir Hugh Allen and his party, they must feel that they had done nothing to prove, on the part of the Premier, any guilt save what they were themselves generally chargeable with. But though they, convicted of like crime, in their own conscience and practice, are precluded from casting stones at their co-partners in guilt, though opponents in politics, that is no reason why others should palliate the tremendous accusation. The galled jade may wince, but why should we whose withers are unwrung. There must be an end put to these great bribery funds; these secret society corruptionists. It should be taken as proof positive, that the crime of bribery has been committed when ten, twenty, or fifty thousand dollars, have been proved to have been expended on an election of a member of Parliament, because such a fund could only be needed for one purpose—the committal of the crime of purchasing votes which ought to be given without fee or reward; and which cannot be given otherwise, without detriment to the voter's own conscience, and to the State which has endowed the Electors with the sacred trust.

We shall not at present, nor until the evidence has been entirely sifted, not merely before the Commission but upon the floors of the Parliament, give an opinion on the more specific charge against the Government, or members thereof, of having more definitely engaged to give the Pacific Railway Contract in return for the large subscriptions by Sir Hugh Allen to their election fund. But we cannot avoid stating our opinion that Sir John A. McDonald and others in the Government and Parliament would be more or less than men if they were not influenced by these immense subscriptions in the day of their political needs, in favour of the man who gave them. Every one understands this. No man who accepts large sums from another man *can* feel himself free to refuse favours in return to his benefactor. No great harm may arise in private life from this reciprocity of action. But the case is different where the recipient of bounty is entrusted with the dispensation of public patronage for which the giver is earnestly seeking, and without any doubt giving his money for the very purpose of securing. It may be that Sir Hugh Allan was the best qualified to preside over the Pacific Railway; but it may also be that he was not, and it may be that the money and lands were by far too great a price to pay for the proposed work. But by the receipt of such large sums from Sir Hugh Allan was not the judgment of the Premier and his co-receivers liable to be warped? were not their eyes very naturally blinded so that they could not

be expected to judge rightly on these points? and if so, were these men in any different position from that of a judge on the bench who has taken a large douceur from one of the parties to a suit which is to be tried before him. Whatever be the result of the specific charge, it does not appear to our mind that there is any essential difference in the position of the Premier and his colleagues who have accepted the money of Sir Hugh, whether they received it as a matter of positive bargain, or only on those implied conditions which are so well understood to accompany the giving and receiving of large monetary aid.

Of course we know that all this reasoning will go for little with those who take as their principle, "To the victors belong the spoils." If politics be a mere struggle between the "ins" and the "outs"; if bribery and corruption be esteemed a legitimate warfare; if the ends sanctify the means; if principle be a mere hustings watchword; if the interests of the State are to be sacrificed for mere party benefit—then all that we have said will be considered mere idle talk; but if, on the contrary, politicians are bound to think of the evils of corruption that they may remedy them, to seek the good of the State before their own personal weal, to shun the golden snares by which avaricious men may entrap their freedom of action for the welfare of the country — why, if this and not the former be the programme by which a statesman should try to guide himself—well, some of our present Government are by no means ideal politicians, and, it is greatly to be feared some of their political opponents are as far as they from coming up to the standard.

In this connection we may say that the action of the Government, in regard to the investigation, by no means impresses us favorably. We pass over the Oaths Bill, and its disallowance, in regard to which probably no blame attaches to our Government—remarking, however, that it seems very strange that Canadian legislation should be so hampered by English law that a counterpart must be found in the one that there may be validity in the other. We can understand why an Act which affects Imperial interests should be disallowed, but we cannot comprehend how an Act which would be legal, if a similar one were in existence in England, can be illegal because England had not passed such a law, though she might without let or hindrance pass it to-morrow, in which case it would be legal with us also. We look upon the disallowance and the reason therefor as a preposterous absurdity, and utterly inconsistent with the privileges which, we had supposed, we possessed—to make all laws not inconsistent with Imperial interests.

The action of the Government in proroguing the Parliament, without even hearing the report of the Commission, the indecent haste which was shown in that act, and the debarring of any possible action on the part of the respresentatives of the people, appear to us without any valid excuse. The fact that there was not

a full meeting might have a show of reason had the slim attendance not been brought about by the provision and action of the Government itself. In the excited state of parliamentary feeling at the time, it is indeed possible that the Government might have been roughly handled. Its instinct of self-preservation grasped at the dissolution as a means of prolonging its existence. Still, it would in the end have been better for them to have submitted to whatever action it might have pleased the Parliament to take. If the accused were guiltless, they could have shown that before any Court which might have been appointed. Probably the Parliament would have acceded to the appointment of a Royal Commission, if they had been consulted regarding the persons, and the whole enquiry would thus have proceeded smoothly. Huntington would then have brought forward his witnesses, and a line of examination would then have been pursued which would have really elicited the facts of the case. As it has been managed we are no wiser regarding the validity or invalidity of the charges than before it commenced its sittings. What Parliament may do with the report of the Commission at next session we cannot say. If there be not a very serious defection from the Government ranks, the report may be sustained, and the accused exonerated. In no case, will Mr. Huntington be censured. It will be apparent from all that has transpired that there was sufficient reason for the bill of indictment, though the corrupt acts imputed in their grosser form might not be sustained. Should a large defection from the Government side have taken place the proceedings of the Royal Commission may be altogether ignored, but what possible action the Parliament may find itself competent to take, in eliciting further evidence not yet given, we do not know. It is likely that the Government, finding itself in a minority, may be compelled to resign, when the objects of the Grit party being accomplished, no further action may be taken, or if the defeat of the enemy be not esteemed sufficient revenge and sufficient evidence may appear to give reason to hope for condemnation, the accused may be impeached. It is not likely, however, that the incoming party will deem it necessary to pursue the case further. One thing, however, ought to be done. Much more stingent laws should be enacted and put in force against bribery. It is frightful to think on what a precipice our popular representation is now standing, and something must be effectually done to preserve the purity of the franchise, that we may not be wholy delivered over to the will of a ring of Capitalists who will do as they please with the legislation of the Parliament, and the resources of the country.

The course which the Governor General pursued, and that which he might have followed are so nicely balanced that there is little room left for adverse criticism. That he should follow the advice of his ministers while they were sustained by Parliament, has been met by the statement that Parliament should have been asked

whether ministers had their confidence; and that he should have insisted on finding from the Parliament when met, whether he was justified in retaining them in the service of the country. The appointment of a Royal Commission, however, might seem to Lord Dufferin the only legitimate way left of sifting the charges made against the ministers of the crown, seeing that the Committee appointed by the House had failed. We must do him justice to think that he was anxious to have the case of the ministers tried before a calm judicial Court, rather than in the arena of popular debate. Events too may justify Lord Dufferin. The House of Commons will meet after some time in a calmer mood, without fear of having its time for deliberation shortened, when every one will have his full swing of argument, and when no precipitancy will appear needful. The press is much calmer in its tone now than it was at the time of prorogation, and Parliament, we hope, will catch its spirit and deal with the whole case, when it meets, in a dignified and just way.

The low—exceedingly low morality of our public men is brought out in the stealing and publishing of the McDonald-Pope letter. That the Hon. Mr. Young should have suborned a post office official to steal letters for him we cannot suppose. That having had it sent to him, he took counsel with some political friends and published it in the interests of public morality, we have on his own testimony. If Mr. Young and his associates in publishing the letter, had been newly arrived from a military campaign in which the rules of war, regarding the actions and designs of the enemy were in force, we might apologize for them by supposing that they had carried their soldierly ideas into the realms of politics. But though we can in the topsy-turvyness of war see the cognateness and propriety of intercepting the enemy's despatches, we fail to see the admissibility of such a course in the figurative warfare of politics. If we were undergoing the throes of revolution, we might admit the course which was adopted by these gentlemen, but it has not come to that yet. We are still in a state of peace. The intercourse even of politicians should be conducted on principles of honor. Granted that the letter was exasperative; that Sir John A. McDonald and Mr. Pope were pursuing Mr. Young to his detriment, still, honour should have suggested that information, received by means of theft, had a flavor of villainy about it which would prevent any one of true gentlemanly feeling from having anything to do with it. Instead of publishing Sir John's letter, Mr. Young should have, at once, returned it to its owner and author. The question about the genuineness of the letter has in it no apology for the use made of it, when its genuineness was established.

The share which McMullen has had in this transaction is very discreditable to himself. He does what he can to secure for himself and co-partners their prey through Sir Hugh and the Premier,

and failing to get what he wants he turns Queen's evidence against his partners in guilt; takes $20,000, with promise of as much more to hush up the transaction, pretends to do so by returning the implicative letters of which he sells the copies for still larger sums. The course he has taken is the meanest one can think of. Still that does not destroy the value of his evidence, about which there is considerable apparent truthfulness, even though we should admit that there is a dovetailing of unrelated facts to suit the purpose he has in view. As we hold that so far Sir J. A. McDonald has not been proved guilty of any written compact with Sir Hugh Allan, save as given in the telegram of Sir John to Sir Hugh, and that all that has been proved against him so far, is the acceptance of large pecuniary aid from one who cherished from the Government of which Sir John was the head, "great expectations," we do not deem it necessary to sift the McDonald letters. There may be a mixing up of telegrams and drafts, with transactions to which they are unrelated. The progress of the examination may shew how much truth and how much fiction are held together by this witness. Meanwhile we take his revelations only so far as they have been admitted or corroborated by the other parties to the transactions under review.

The low ideas of morality among our public men, and especially among those who have been elevated to the honours of knighthood by the Sovereign, are mournful to think of. Here are three Knights—a fourth has passed away—who have been evidently convicted of political corruption, and another honourable gentleman who has become the receiver of stolen goods which he has used for his own political advantage. We should be able to look up to men whom it has pleased the Sovereign to elevate above the rank of their fellows, by titles of honour, but they have deprived all right thinking minds of ability to consider them as entitled to respect.

It is just announced, by telegraph, that Newfoundland is about to ask admission into the Dominion. Should she do so, she will be most gladly received; not only as completing and rounding the Dominion, but as bringing aid and comfort to the present Government. The representatives of Prince Edward Island will go for Sir John, as they expect to get more from him than they would from the Grits. They honestly confess that they take very little interest in the "scandal" case. What they want is aid and comfort to the tight little island. If Newfoundland could be got in just now in time to give aid to Sir John, it would without doubt do so. Sir John is liberal, has large views, and is just the man to push forward great undertakings. Apart from his aid to bribery, and his consequent obligation to the great moneyed briber, we do not see that there is much wrong in his conduct. One thing is certain, he was bound to see Sir Hugh Allen President of the Pacific Railway. Well we know what that means. Sir John says it was a thirteenth part interest in the Company. There are some

who remember what Hudson the Railway King was as chairman of some English Railways; and what he did; and what he became. One thing is certain, President of a board of thirteen, in an undertaking of this kind, is much more than one thirteenth of the whole. But then is he worthy of the position? Possibly, but we would rather he had not attained that position by the expenditure of some hundreds of thousands of dollars in bribery.

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Home rule is the name under which agitation in Ireland now ranges itself. It is the same in purpose if not identical with Repeal of the Union. The management of Irish affairs by the Irish people is no absurd proposal. People generally take care of their own interests better than others can do for them. The welfare of a neighboring country is not usually sought as a first motive to legislation. England has been charged, with much color of truth, with seeking her own good at the expense of the sister island. In latter years, it is true, the English have appeared to try honestly to benefit the cause of Ireland. That they have succeeded to some extent may be admitted, yet there is great dissatisfaction still exhibited, partly it may be, owing to the causes of evil lying deeper than the remedy has yet reached. Possibly too the evils are irremediable. There are different races in Ireland which have never been amalgamated, different forms of faith which indeed each party might enjoy to their own satisfaction without injury to those of the opposite creed, and there is the party of conquest and the conquered. This is the sore point. Nothing could ever reconcile the Celt to the possession of his lands by the Saxon. Yet it is impossible to dispossess the present proprietors or to relegate the property to its original owners. The Irish Church has been disestablished, but the great portion of the properties of which it was possessed it enjoys still. These properties were the possession of the Priesthood of the Roman Catholic Clergy before the Reformation. The principal land-holders, are of English blood, their lands being given as the price of services done in the conquest of Ireland, but it would be the cause of fearful misery to retake these and restore them to their original owners. Yet some revolution of this kind is what has been thought of—is in fact the underlying idea of that party whose watchword has been always "Ireland for the Irish." Still, the more moderate of the party have denied that this was their policy. Apart from this extreme revolutionary sentiment, most Irishmen, Saxon as well as Celt, would vote for the "Home Rule," believing as they generally do, that the interests of Ireland are not identical with, but sometimes opposed to those of England.

The two islands are so situated with regard to each other that separation is impossible, but at the same time, the tie that binds them might be substituted by another which would gall less. A federal union might be workable, and of a satisfying character.

It is not likely, however, that this experiment will be tried by the two islands alone. Should a consolidation of the Empire ever become feasible to practical politicians, a local Parliament might be given to Ireland, as has been done to the other dependencies of the Crown, and a general Imperial Parliament, in which all the powers should be represented, might be established. Were the different portions of the Empire adjacent, no great difficulty would arise in carrying out such a scheme. Widely dispersed as are the dependencies of the Empire, we do not say this is impossible. It is sad to think that an Empire established at such cost of blood and treasure should be dismembered, the various parts being permitted to drift and attach themselves to whatever countries their interests might seem to require. A United Kingdom comprising the British Isles, the Canadas, Australia, and India, may yet be in the future. In such case Ireland, with a Parliament caring for local wants and ruled over by representatives from all the countries combined, might find satisfaction and quiet.

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Serious evil seems to menace England in the threatened exodus of its labourers. Mr. Arch's mission may bring with it consequences of immense moment. Should a stream of emigration set out from Britain, to run for years, that hive of industry might find its greatness imperilled. The exhaustion of its coal-fields would be less fatal to its manufacturing prosperity than the exhaustion of its population. The emigration from Ireland was a blessing; from Britain would be its destruction—that is as a great manufacturing power. It might still be a pleasant place to live in for people of income. There might be preserves for game even more ample than at present, and gentlemen might find sport in its woods, rivers and lakes. But whence would the income be derived which would support all this? Putting aside foreign sources, what about the vast incomes at present derived from manufacture and trade and land. The price of labour must go up with its scarcity, and the cost of manufacturing and of tillage, may become so great that both shall to a large extent cease. Where then will be the profits and the rents? Of course there must be a point at last reached when the labourers will find their condition better in England than even here, and then the emigration will cease. But when this point is attained, the balance of manufacturing power will be arrived at, and that superiority which England derives from cheap labour will have been lost. Should the price of agricultural labour go up much higher, farmers will be unable to give the rents which are now exacted, and the immense incomes of the landlords will be proportionately reduced. About this result however we are not anxious. We should be glad to see tens and hundreds of thousands of the labouring classes of Britain transferred to comfortable homes on this Continent. The well-being of the masses is more in our eyes than that of the few. We have no

bad feeling towards the aristocracy of Britain. They are, as a whole, as noble a people as are to be found. But the comforts of the poorer classes are of more importance than the plethora of the rent-rolls of the most excellent of men. We hope that the tide of emigration which cannot fail to set in shortly, may be partly directed to our own shores. Canada can find room for as many as are willing to come and work. We need say nothing to the promoters of emigration in our Province as to the duty incumbent on them to give all facilities to Mr. Arch and those whom he represents, to bring as many as possible to our shores. They are alive to the importance of the movement. Even though in the first instance better lands should be had for settlement, there is little doubt but that later we shall find some who, by reason of our superior position for markets and trade, will find it to their advantage to settle among us. These shores, so well situated for manufactories, with plenty of coal convenient, might become the seats of industries established by the manufacturers of England who may be induced to leave their native land where the prices of good food are higher far than rule here, and where there is plenty of room to turn, and fresh air to breathe, and free institutions to satisfy the most radical and advanced politicians of the age.

A story is told in the *Penny Journal* we believe, of a rustic, who meeting a good natured fairy, got the sprite to cause wages to go up to double with her wand, not, however, without a warning that the increase would do no substantial good. This, of course, workmen would by no means believe. So the next day the news went forth that the price of work was doubled; and at the end of the week the cottagers were all rejoiced with an amount of wages which they were quite sure would make them comfortable. The wife went to market with her money but was troubled to find that everything had advanced in like proportion — potatoes, beef, beer, apples, plums, etc., had all taken a start as well as wages, and so when the basket was unpacked it was found that no more of the necessaries and good things of life were forthcoming than would have been purchased with the former wages, if the other things had also remained at the old figure. People are beginning to find out the truth of the fable. Always as the price of labour advances other prices advance too, so that it may be affirmed, with considerable assurance, that the labourer is little better off with a dollar or two a day than he was when prices rated from three-pence to six-pence a day. The mere fact of advance in wages then is nothing to the workman, unless you keep down the price of bread and meat. This may be done for a time, and exceptionally, but ultimately the two will balance. Here, action and reaction are equal.

Trades Unions may for a time keep up the price of labour at unnatural levels, but their tendency will be first to increase the value of the article which their members are employed in produc-

ing, so that those who use them will have to pay higher for them, or, it may be, do without them. In the latter case the trades will suffer by diminution of the amount of labour required. In the former, if they are articles which the members themselves require for use, whose will be the gain? But it may be that the members of one trade do not require much of what they produce. But if the Unions become general or universal, then all articles are equally raised in price — many of them being required for the use of those who have raised the prices, so that their increased wages will purchase no more than the lower rate at the natural level. There are, it may be, exceptions, as in the case of trades which produce luxuries, of which the workmen do not care to participate, and in such cases as the capitalist has larger profits than are fair. It seems quite just that the labourer should have wages proportionate to the profits; and here Unions by which the labourers may get their due share, may seem to tend to the benefit of the producers.

Where there is a surplus of population it will be found impossible to maintain this high wages' level. This has been found to be the case in England, and hence the determination of Mr. Arch to lessen that sum by emigration. Let us suppose that that scheme is carried out and Britain depleted of its population. Prices of labour have gone up, and of consequence the value of all manufactured articles. If in all countries the same high price were paid for labour, England might still maintain her position as manufacturer for the world. But it is hinted that Capital can emigrate too. China and Japan are the great cheap labour markets. What is to hinder those who have acquired vast Capital from sending it to Japan, already opened up, or to China which may any day be thrown open to European enterprise? The Chinese have been permitted to emigrate to America, there to come into successful competition with the European race. It would not be wonderful to find Capitalists from England admitted into the Celestial Empire, there to produce all sorts of manufactures. There is plenty of Coal and Iron in that land, and European art and manufacture may spring up there, if it be not permitted to bring the cheap labour to America, much less to Europe under the fostering hand of those Capitalists who might seem to be checkmated by Trades Unions and emigration schemes. All these possibilities and probabilities will require to be well weighed by Trades Unions and emigration agents. Steam, railways, and the mixing up of populations, have rendered easy what a half century ago would have seemed Utopian.

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Spain is in a sad condition. It has a republican government at Madrid, which stills rules over the larger part of the country; a rebellion in favour of Don Carlos, the representive of Monarchy and its traditions; a revolted town and stronghold with ships of war superior far to these owned by what we may call the regular

Government. The Don Carlists and Carthagenians raise the means of their support by "requisition;" while the Madrid Government have to go through the more tedious forms of law in their collections of tribute. Then it is curious how the extreme opposites in politics coalesce. The Royalists are determined, should they succed, to establish the old faith and to permit no dissent; while the Socialists, who would abolish all religion and property rights, join the advocates of divine right in opposition to the more moderate republican party who now rule at Madrid. Where all this is to end, no one can as yet tell. At present, regular Government has its chief representative in Castelar, lately elected to the Presidency of the Cortes—a man of splendid oratorical ability, but whether a good political leader remains to be seen. The Duke of Wellington could marshal armies, but it was said by his literary critics that he could not marshal pronouns. Though Cæsar has considerable fame as an author and orator, it may be doubted whether Castelar will succeed as a politician. Lamartine was a political failure. The probability is that some military despot may yet be required to establish order in Spain.

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It is but seldom that the British people find the temple of Janus shut. They were nearly getting into a conflict with the rebellionists of Carthagena because Admiral Yelverton persisted in taking out of the harbour and from beneath the guns of the fort, two war vessels seized by the British, we can hardly tell why, but apparently in the interests of the Government of Madrid. Why the British Navy should act as a police force for the Government of Spain is a mystery; and why, when they have begun to act in that capacity, they should confine their attention to these two vessels, while the rebels have many others at sea, we cannot divine. But they have escaped the war against the Spanish rebels. They have another inglorious strife to be waged against the Ashantees of the West Coast of Africa. The grievance of the Ashantees is that their territories are like those of Russia, inland, and they want a seaboard at present occupied by the Fantees. Why the English should prevent the Ashantees from carrying out this natural aspiration, we could at first hardly see. We thought that as it was a free fight they wanted to have a hand in it; their natural love of war being a sufficient reason for their participation. Then, friendship for the Fantees, with whom they have had the closest relations, might have indueed them to take a side. The Ashantees, however, seem to have taken the initiative and to have invaded the English possessions on the coast. This we know cannot be permitted. The Colonial office falling heir to the disputes originated, as well as Government carried on, by the English merchants, must of course chastise the Ashantees, and it may be, take the whole territory both seaboard and interior under English jurisdiction.

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Thus Hume says, in his essay on the Standard of Taste, "Beauty is no quality of things themselves: it exists merely in the mind which contemplates them; and each mind perceives a different beauty." And so Dr. Reid, though in almost all his reasonings directly opposed to Hume, and though it may seem at variance with the fundamental principles of his own philosophy, and inconsistent with some of his own averments on the subject, seems to lean to the same opinion. "I apprehend," he says, "that it is in the moral and intellectual perfections of mind, and in its active powers, that beauty originally dwells; and that from this, as the fountain, all the beauty which we perceive in the visible world is derived." And, not to mention others, Dr. Alison, and notoriously Lord Jeffrey, have laboured hard, in their famous Essays on Beauty in trying to prove that it is not a property of things extra-mental and material at all, but only an emotion of the soul unconsciously projected on the canvass of nature through the power of habit and association. "That vast variety of objects to which we give the name of beautiful," says Jeffrey, "become entitled to that appellation, merely because they all possess the power of recalling or reflecting those sensations of which they have been the accompaniments, or with which they have been associated in an imagination by any other more casual bond of connection." Things are beautiful, according to these writers, only because they have become associated in our minds with some agreeable feeling or emotion in ourselves or in other sentient beings, or when they are the natural signs of such feelings or emotions, and are calculated to awaken the imagination and excite us to some pleasing train of thought, or when they bear some analogy or fanciful resemblance to things with which these emotions are necessarily connected.

It would be an endless task to consider in detail all the facts and illustrations which writers like those we have mentioned have amassed in support of their theory; but it may not be uninteresting to see by what process they might come to entertain the belief that beauty is not a quality of things themselves, but a something only with which we clothe the outer world. For assuredly men in general don't believe so. They say of a tree or flower that *it* is beautiful, and think accordingly. It never occurs to them to doubt it; and you might as well call in question the existence of the object as to try and get them to believe that it has no inherent beauty. There it is, they'll say: I see it; and seeing with them is believing.

There are facts, however, which are calculated to shake our faith a little in what thus seems to be the evidence of the senses, and the verdict of the common sense of men; for common sense, let me say, is variable, and veers with light and knowledge. We put a straight stick in the water, and it seems bent: we sit in a train in rapid motion, and seemingly trees and posts fly past us, when really it is we who thus are flying: we shut our eyes, putting our hands upon them heavily, and direct them as if to look straight forward, and we see all sorts of brilliant colours moving and melting into each other, vanishing and reappearing: and, to give no other instance, we say that the fire is hot, though strictly speaking it is the fire that makes *us* hot. Now may there not be some such illusion in the case of beauty? If we see things straight as crooked, and things stationary as in motion, what reason have we for trusting our senses when we see things as beautiful? May they not in themselves be the reverse of what they appear to us? If we can make colours for ourselves by putting our hands upon our eyes, why may we not clothe the world with them? If we naturally and unconsciously transfer what can belong to a sentient being only—the sensation of heat—to the fire, and say that *it* is hot, may we not in the same way unconsciously transfer our feelings to the outer world, and say of things that *they* are beautiful? There is a perfect analogy between the two cases, is there not? And if there is a general illusion in the one case, why may there not be in the other? And that there is such an illusion in the case of beauty may be plausibly maintained, and has been plausibly maintained.

First, from the variety of objects to which beauty is ascribed. If beauty be a quality of objects, how, it may be asked, could things so various and unlike as a statue and a thought, a cloud and an eye, a hill and a dog, be possessed of it? There is but little resemblance, it would seem, between a trunk of a tree and a lyric poem, a gnarled stick and a perfect circle, a waving line and a theory of morals, a tumble-down wall o'er-grown with ivy and the life of a hero, a spire of grass and a foaming cataract; yet they may all be called beautiful. Have they anything in common which entitles them to the epithet? "How shall mind assert its supremacy so as to establish an order between things belonging to such different domains as a pillar, a song, a colour, and a smile? Under what mysterious art of mastery shall we comprehend the

thought that stirs a man's heart, the swelling wave that breaks at his feet, and the minster bell that travels over the green meadow and wreathes itself with invisible pulsations through the curiously convolved chambers of the ear?" Things tall and things short; things crooked and things straight; things material and things mental; colours, and sounds, and silence,—things the most contrary and unlike are said to be beautiful. Now what is it that makes them so? Must there not be some one quality in them all which entitles them to the same name? And if there is, what is it? But who is to decide the question? For every taste differs from almost every other. And hence,

In the second place, it may be argued from the want of agreement among men as to what is beautiful, that beauty is no property of things. There is no disagreement, it is said, among those in whose organization there is no defect, as to the colours and forms of things. Where one sees green, another sees green; and what one calls crooked, another calls crooked. It is the same with tastes, &c. We are all agreed that sugar is sweet, and that doctors' drugs in general are bitter; that ice is cold and fire hot; and that sounds are loud or low. If beauty, then, was a property of things and perceived by the senses, we should expect that there would be the same agreement among men as to its presence or absence. But what do we find to be the case? Where one may see it constantly and be thrilled by it, another may perceive nothing which he can at all admire, and a good deal perhaps which he does not like. A man of poetic temperament may gaze in rapture on a landscape, in which another, who is of a less imaginative turn of mind, and is bent on business and money-making, may see nothing that is fitted to arouse one pleasurable emotion. One may like a form and pattern which another would not look at. The uneducated speak of things as beautiful which cause loathing to the cultured, and vice versa. To one there is no beauty like that of a mathematical demonstration; another sees nothing that is attractive in it. The lover beholds a charm and beauty in the loved one, which no other mortal eye can see; and each one thinks his place the best. In short, what one regards as beautiful, another may think detestable.

But not only is there a difference of tastes in different individuals, there is a difference of tastes, often contradictory in the same inividual at different times and in different places. Our taste

may vary with our years and change with education. What pleased us in our childhood has no charm for us now; and what we hated then, may now be perfectly delightful. The poem or picture which pleased us in our youth may appear to us as hideous or silly in our age. When we are sad all nature feeds on gloom; when cheered with fortune and blessed with health, the world is steeped in brighter light, and all things seem to dance with gladness. And then there is the puzzling fact of an ever-changing taste in fashion. How varying and contradictory are judgments here! what to-day seems graceful and becoming, the very perfection of beauty in dress, may in a few short months be laughed at as absurd. Our fathers look—how funny!

And as with individuals, so is it with nations. How different are the ideals of taste and beauty among the different tribes and nations of the world! There is nothing in the matter seemingly but confusion and contradiction. The pelele, or lip-ring, for instance, which is esteemed an ornament by the females of the African Manganja tribe, gives them an inexpressibly repulsive look to a European. But "if there was anything absolutely or intrinsically beautiful in any of the forms thus distinguished, it is inconceivable that men should differ so outrageously in their conceptions of it. If beauty was a real and independent quality, it seems impossible that it should be distinctly and clearly felt by one set of persons, where another set, altogether as sensitive, could see nothing but its opposite. And if it were actually and inseparably attached to certain forms, colours, or proportions, it must appear utterly inexplicable that it would be felt and perceived, in the most opposite forms and proportions, in objects of the same description."

But a third, and it may seem a still graver objection, may be urged against the belief that things are beautiful in themselves, and that is, that forms and colours, without reference to any change or difference in ourselves, are beautiful only in certain places and positions, and sounds only at certain times and in certain surroundings. Blue, for example, it may be said, is beautiful in the sky, but not on the nose of a woman; green in vegetation, but not in the eye. Rose-colour seems more beautiful than that of mahogany; but were we to paint our doors or furniture with it, they would not look nice. Pink does well enough in a rose or the cheek of a girl; but paint your grates with that colour, and it would be

thought you had little taste. So again, the colours and forms which are becoming to women, are not so to men; and the features of childhood, or youth, would not be regarded with pleasure in one who had reached maturity. It is the same with sounds as with forms and colours. The songs which we love in gladness are painful in our grief; the stirring peals of martial music do not suit a funeral. The hooting of the owl at dusk or midnight among ancient ruins, or by the side of a gloomy wood, is strikingly sublime. The same sound at noon, in a cheerful, open landscape, is trifling or ridiculous. The falling of a drop of water is insignificant enough in itself; yet when heard at intervals in silent, subterraneous vaults, or large cathedrals, it is impressively sublime. And, not to multiply illustrations which every one's memory may supply him with, the noise of a cart may be mistaken for thunder; so long as the mistake lasts, that vulgar noise will be held to be prodigiously sublime; but the moment it is discovered, laughter will be the inevitable result. But if sounds, and forms, and colours, were of themselves, and intrinsically beautiful, they would be beautiful surely, wherever we saw or heard them, and without respect to place, or time, or circumstances.

From such considerations it has been concluded that "beauty is not an inherent property or quality of objects at all, but the result of the accidental relations in which they may stand to our experience of pleasures or emotions, and does not depend upon any particular configuration of parts, proportions, or colours, in external things, nor upon the unity, coherence, or simplicity of intellectual creations; but merely upon the associations which, in the case of every individual may enable these inherent, and otherwise indifferent qualities, to suggest or recall to the mind emotions of a pleasurable or interesting description. It follows, therefore, that no object is beautiful in itself, or could appear so, antecedent to our experience of direct pleasures or emotions; and that as an infinite variety of objects may thus reflect interesting ideas, so all of them may acquire the title of beautiful, although utterly diverse and disparate in their nature, and possessing nothing in common but this accidental power of reminding us of other emotions. And as a logical consequence of this theory, it must be added that "all tastes are equally just and true;" that "no taste is either bad or false; and the only difference worthy of being attended to, is that between a great deal and a very little."

Such, in brief compass and stated as strongly as we could put it, is the theory which Alison illustrated and defended at such a tedious length in his Essays on the Beautiful, and which Lord Jeffrey condensed and presented in a more popular form, with some additions of his own; and it does indeed seem plausible at first sight, and is likely to take a certain class of minds as by storm, and to seem to them irrefragable. Yet with all the undoubted truth it contains as to matters of fact, one cannot but feel that as a theory it is altogether unsatisfactory and superficial, and not a little dangerous to boot. For the same principles of reasoning rigorously carried out strike at the root of all morality and religion, and land us in universal scepticism. For if there is no inherent beauty in things themselves, then there is no beauty or deformity in virtue or vice as such, no lovliness in a holy character,—good and evil are the products of feeling or emotion merely, the creatures simply of association. And if there is no beauty in natural objects because men don't agree with themselves and with one another as to what is beautiful, then, for the same reason, there is no truth, and consequently no God. Nay, I cannot be sure of my own existence if I follow out these principles. For I do not seem to myself to be more certain that I have the emotion of the beautiful, than that I perceive a beauty *in things around me.* If the one be an illusion, why may not the other? Or, to turn the theory we have stated against itself more pointedly, if the beauty of nature is all an illusion, a mere appearance and fiction of the mind, why may not the thought that beauty is an illusion be itself a delusion? Thus on such principles I am led to the extreme of sceptical conclusions. I am sure of nothing; no, not even of that; for the statement contains an affirmation of a certainty, viz: that I am sure. I may henceforth say with the great philosopher whose name has been already mentioned, "I know nothing and am nothing. Images—pictures—only are pictures which wander by, without any thing existing past which they wander, without corresponding reality which they might represent, without significance and without aim. I myself am one of these images, or rather a confused image of these images. All reality is transformed into a strange dream, without a world of which the dream might be, or a mind that might dream it. Contemplation is a dream; thought, the source of all existence and of all I fancied reality, of my own existence, my own capacities, is a dream of that dream."—*Fichte's Destination of Man*, c. ix.

But perhaps we have given enough for a quiet reading. We will halt for a breathing space; and if the Editor be graciously pleased to grant us permission, we may resume the discussion next month.

WILLIAM P. REGG.

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# A PLOT WITHIN A PLOT;

OR,

## THE MYSTERIES OF THE DOG'S NOSE.

### CHAPTER XXI.

"I DON'T know what's come over *you*;" said the old housekeeper with a dubious twitter of her cap-bows, and glancing into the Colonel's sick-room, where Marie,—self constituted nurse again,—was hovering with gentlest breath and touch over the couch.

"What are *you* up to, I'd like to know? All that patting and purring means something, I'll be bound. For ord'nar you're oncertain, cross, and hard to please enough,—goodness he knows! as says the poick; but whatever it's for, ye're working hard at the 'ministering angel' trick again. My lady, you want to be watched, I'm thinking."

By which it will be seen that venerable female was read up in the poets, and moreover could see through a millstone nearly as well as a miller. Evidently she had but small faith in the present uncertain tricky specimen of the "ministering angel" order.

The patient had but recovered from one fainting-fit to fall into another, and now was lying sleeping the broken sleep of exhaustion and fever.

With attentive ear Marie was noting the muttered lispings that fell from his working lips, and a darker frown each instant disfigured her brow. Singular too, in a "ministering angel!" It seemed as if she feared an influence alien to her own were working on him; an angelic ministrant of another order quite.

The old man's thoughts were with the bride of his youth. All the idolatrous love, the passionate admiration wherewith he had regarded her, spoke out in his broken ejaculations; and, as on the

previous evening, so now he seemed to be entirely wrapt up in communings with his Angélique.

A step in the apartment. Marie looked up and encountered the gaze of Delaval.

A strange, admiring gaze sat on the Frenchman's face, as he regarded his sister.

With precaution she drew back from the unconscious sleeper, and joined him.

There was a rare smack of reality about the girl now, Her's was a genuine rosy-red blush, and a look of timid, maidenly pleasure, as she felt herself caught to her brother's breast, and a kiss of strange respect imprinted on her brow.

"You are a great *artiste*, Marie!" said Delaval. "To pluck victory out of the jaws of defeat; to permit exposure to draw us to the very brink of ruin; then to arrest the fatal truth at the instant when all was lost; to suppress it, to pervert it, to suborn it as a lying witness on our side; to make our chief accuser minister to our triumph; it is magnificent! The rude masculine intellect is no match for feminine finesse. But how did you effect it; and so instantaneously too?"

"Hush!" said the girl, casting a frightened glance around.

"Walls have ears. You are too distressingly frank, *mon beau*. You shew your hand at every turn. It is manly, but it is dangerous. At present the whole success of our intrigue is seriously compromised. It is only by a miracle we have escaped defeat."

"Ah!" said Delaval: "we *must* not, we *shall* not fail. At last we have found the spring by which we can work on the old man's mind. Danger to himself from that source he scouts; dishonor to his house he can never forgive."

"Yes; that is our cue at last. In his son's *liaison* with this accursed American foundling, I have persuaded him there lies a menace to the unsullied honour of his family. It is easy to keep the poison working. In any case I engage to keep him quiet, until Calvert be driven forth an out-cast," said Marie.

"These friends of his must at all hazards be silenced. They know too much. But how dispose of them? If they be brought up to an open trial, everything will come out;" and he talked in a desponding tone.

"*Mon ami!* Is there no better path than that of violence? Will not their outraged pride prove our best auxiliary here?

Their self-respect is touched by the imputation that they are practising to inveigle the young heir into a *Mesalliance.* Were they free to depart, would they not hasten to escape both the publicity of a trial, and the disagreeable necessity of remaining here as suspected guests? And I am confident this would be the signal for Calvert's departure also; for he will never break with his friends."

"True. But we must ensure not only their banishment; but that there shall no chance occur either of communicating with the Colonel or with the authorities. How to secure this?"

"*Mon cher!* I charge myself with the Colonel. As to the rest, let us make them fear the authorities. Let us communicate to their retiring from this place the character of an evasion, and all is done."

"Bravo, Marie! I see it all now. Our friends the Fenians may profitably be brought into play at last. But *peste* on Barillot's stupidity! I have no means of communicating with the rascals now. He has let them find him out."

"Better no communication;" answered she. "It is sometimes good policy to let things adjust themselves. I miss my guess if there be not some attempt at a rescue of the prisoners this very night. If so, the affair will settle itself without our shewing in it, which is safest."

"Explain yourself, *Ma vie.*"

"See. Let us not overlook one circumstance. This *Irlandais*, of his own will, surrenders himself. He is no fool: he will not thrust his finger into the trap farther than he is sure of drawing it out again. Once more; whilst you talk and act, I listened:—I observe. Amongst other things what do I see? Secret signs exchanging between one of the ostlers and this Barney. I see a sudden and apparently uncalled for display of two hands with their ten fingers spread out, followed by one more digit stretched forth. What hour does that make?—and when may we expect the assult?"

"Prodigious!" ejaculated Delaval. "But it is incredible! How was it possible for you to divine his meaning from such a slight sign?"

"You will find it true, Adolphe. This night at eleven o'clock, I bid you prepare to resist, or, if it better please you, to *assist* the escape of our prisoners."

"Excellent! If it should turn out as you predict, we will then be delivered from the heir and his troublesome friends at one *coup*. Long enough at least for the pear to ripen. Then we have only to pluck it, and dispose of *le vieillard*, and it will be an affair finished! But what is the old *grognard* muttering about?"

The two drew near the couch once more, and bent over the sleeper whose lips still worked and syllabled whisperingly forth his dreamy meaning.

"Hist! what says he?" whispered Deleval.

Marie looked up with that dangerous gleam in her eyes.

"Listen: he says 'Oh Angélique, Angélique! Poor defenceless one! Wallowing in thy gore! Murdered! Murdered! Jacques Barillot; murderer of women and children!'"

"What means the dotard?" said Delaval with white and ghastly face. "Can he know, can he suspect anything of the past? But it is impossible: so long ago."

The sound of approaching footsteps here startled the pair.

"Stay; I must not be found here," muttered the Frenchman.

Without noise he slipped through the open window on to the balcony beyond: whilst his sister adjusting the curtain, so as to conceal him effectually, returned silently to her post by the bedside. To the tap at the door which followed, it was in a quiet and collected tone she answered, "come in!"

The handle was turned, and Calvert strode across the threshold. With but scant acknowledgment of his cousin's presence, he moved to the side of the bed.

A gentle pressure on the arm, and the girl's finger on her lip, warned the youth not to disturb the sufferer.

With a cold and contemptuous glance he turned from her, and bent over the agitated form before him, and laying one hand on the arm tossed out over the coverlet, said in a soft clear voice

"Father!"

The head moved uneasily over, and an effort seemed to be made to throw off the stupor that weighed down the half-closed eylids. But a weary sigh, and an unintelligible muttering, dying off upon the lips shewed his powerlessnes to contend with the coma that seemed to benumb his faculties.

"What is this?" said Calvert, with a sharp glance of suspicion around him; and his eyes resting on the array of glasses and vials on the small *commode*, within hand-reach of the nurse. "What have you been drugging him with?"

"Sir!" responded the accomplished actress, with an inimitable air of surprise, and wounded feeling.

For sole response the youth strode to the bell-rope, and stood with blazing eye, waiting till the door opened in answer to his loud, hasty summons, and gave admission to the startled housekeeper.

"Madam," said he: "Have I not desired that you, and you alone should watch here? What means this lady's presence? and why is there not a regular physician called in as I ordered, should the case appear serious? I find my father in a most dangerous condition."

"Monsieur," cried Marie, hotly, "your words are insults. I fling back your injuries on yourself. How could you expect to find your father otherwise, after the cruel anguish you have caused him?"

Deigning no reply, Calvert again accosted the abashed domestic;

"Do you hear? Let the doctor be sent for, directly. I remain here till he arrive. Do you return instantly."

The poor woman flinging up her hands with a deprecating gesture, murmured;—

"You see, Miss. You *would* have your own way. I misdoubted what would come of it. Dear knows what ye've been a-doing of!" and shaking her head dubiously, she went out hurriedly.

"*Mon petit garcon!*" began Marie, loftily; "you forget that you are not the master here. Must I remind you that you are under arrest? One little word of mine, and you will be chased with ignominy to the fit society of your lady-love!"

The look she met suddenly stopped her vile tirade, brazen as she was. The disdainful silence of the youth, more eloquent than words, henceforth restrained her.

He seemed absorbed in counting the feeble throbs of the patient's pulse, and watching the livid lips that voicelessly seemed to syllable forth his accusing plaint.

It was not long before the housekeeper returned, and took her silent station near the still group.

Marie had turned towards the *commode*, and with an air of solicitude, indicated a potion to the old domestic, as the one proper to be administered to the patient. In doing this her hand wandered casually among the vials; then she rose as if to leave the apartment.

"Stay!" said Calvert, turning abruptly; "what have you got there? Return instantly the phial you have abstracted;" and he advanced with a threatening air upon the lady.

"But, monsieur! Is it that you have become mad?" said the French-woman.

"No matter;" replied he: "you do not leave this till you have been searched."

With a touching look of outraged innocence the "ministering angel" sank back to her seat, and took refuge in woman's last resource—tears.

## CHAPTER XXII.

After the episode described in the last chapter the minutes passed in unbroken silence until full half-an-hour had elapsed, and the day fast waning had darkened down into the dusk of night. At last a sound of horse's feet announced the arrival of the medical practitioner.

Marie had insensibly shifted her position until she communicated with the open window.

As Calvert rose from his position by the bed, and advanced to receive the new comer, her handkerchief came into requsition. By a motion so slight and natural, the nurse—however watchful she might now be—failed to detect it, she slipped into a hand waiting there the object of Calvert's suspicions.

A shadow flitted from before the window, a neighboring casement was silently lifted; and now breathing freely the French girl observed vigilantly the whispered conference at the door.

The two gentlemen made their way to the side of the patient. After a brief examination the doctor, still silent, turned and inspected the contents of the table.

Dubiously taking up a bottle of morphine standing among the rest, he remarked.

"It is probable that our young nurse has judged fit to strive and alleviate the pain, and allay the fever by administering an anæsthetic?"

The lady's silent nod was the sole reply.

"This is somewhat powerful in its action, and requires caution; but there is no danger to be apprehended from this source apparently. In a short time we will doubtless see its influence dissipated."

Calvert, but half re-assured still eyed the girl who sat impassive.

"But," said he at length, "can you not arouse him immediately, doctor? There are matters of the last importance awaiting the instant of my father's waking for him to be made acquainted with."

"One can but try;" was the answer: "Yet I am not very sanguine of success. The symptoms are peculiar, and certainly not like an ordinary case of one over-dosed with anodynes."

"Strange!" resumed he, after an interval spent in attempts by powerful stimulants, and otherwise, to recall consciousness. "Strange! The pulse is strong; the life functions seem unusually vigorous for one in such a condition. But there appears to be a complete torpor of the mind; or rather, a total severance between the intellect and its ordinary channels of communication through the senses. This may continue for an indefinite period. There is something inexplicable about the case. Perhaps the young lady can throw a little light on it."

Thus appealed to, Marie approached with an air of timid anxiety, the most natural in the world for a young person who feared she had unwittingly done mischief.

"Ah, monsieur!" said she, with swimming eyes and clasped hands, to the physician. "Is it that there is danger? But our poor uncle, he was suffering so. I could not refuse his solicitations for the anodyne."

"How much did you administer?" said the good doctor, gently, pitying her evident distress.

The girl picked up the narrow phial, and shewed with the tip of her finger-nail from point to point what had been abstracted.

"Good Heavens!" said he "that would be enough to kill three men."

Marie uttered a shriek. Calvert, with one bound leaped upon the miserable woman, and pinned her hands as in a vice.

"Stay, stay! The girl is certainly mistaken," cried the doctor. "With such a dose the inexplicable thing is that he is not dead long before this. To all appearance the animal functions, and even the nervous sensibilities are as active and acute as ever, see!—"

Calvert, releasing his hold and half-turning, saw at the doctor's touch on the sole of the foot, a spasmodic shrinking instantly respond. So, when the eyelid was lifted, the contraction of the iris round the pupil, and the nervous twitching of the muscles of the lid proved the doctor's word true.

It was indeed strange. Vitality was strong; the nervous system highly susceptible; and yet mind, soul was a-wanting. The separation between the will and its sentient instruments seemed complete.

The minutes swept by. The doctor was musing. His eye had dwelt in steady scrutiny on the phial of morphine. At last he said in a low, passionless tone;

"This girl is trifling with us. The morphine bottle has not even been opened. That was a blind—to throw us off the scent. If this seizure do not pass away speedily, and it's not likely that it will, I *don't* think I'll cry 'Hands off,' Calvert, the next time. No: I *don't* think I will." His next words had a sharp decisive ring in them; "the case is one of grave suspicion. It's not fever; it's not the wound, nor mental trouble, nor morphine. What is it? Mam'selle knows. If she would only tell the truth. If it were only accident she would tell all. She hides all, therefore there is design:" through his glasses he keenly watched her, to see the effect of his words. If he expected to frighten her, he was disappointed, as his next word showed. "Well; the bird that can sing, and won't, you know. Calvert, ring that bell;" and the baffled doctor could be heard muttering at intervals "police," "poison," "custody," etc.

The only sign of Marie's resentment was a contemptuous "*imbecile!*" levelled at the doctor as she rose from her seat and drew near the patient.

"Keep back, murderess!" shouted Calvert, whirling her round with violence, and sending her reeling back.

Far from resenting this rough treatment, the girl appeared sincerely to commiserate the anxiety of the youth. Again she drew near, saying with a pitying smile:

"My cousin; this old fool has alarmed you without cause. It is nothing. Our good father will wake on the instant. Suffer me: I will bring him to."

"Ah, Marie! if you only will," said Calvert with a quick revulsion of feelings; and he dragged her towards the bed.

"Boys are so headlong!" she said, with an amused air, as she suffered herself to be impelled. Her coolness petrified the assistants.

With her handkerchief in her hand she commenced tenderly wiping and smoothing the set mouth and the nearly closed nostrils.

Then the rosy tips of her supple fingers lightly stroked, back and forth, back and forth over the unconscious mask that her satin skin just faintly brushed. As if in response to this peculiar magnetic incantation, the countenance of the Colonel brightened; his bosom heaved; his set lips relaxed into a half-smile; the contracted nostrils expanded; the drawn look of pain was smoothed from off the forehead; the oppression of the eyelids vanished: suddenly the eyes opened, and with a calm, collected gaze ranged round the group.

"Throw your tongue to the dogs, doctor, why don't you?" was Marie's remark, flung over her shoulder with a light little rallying laugh.

That functionary seemed to have in effect just accomplished the said unpleasant piece of expiation; for he stood mute, with mouth a-gape, and eyeballs apparently resolved to break a pane and jump clear through the glasses that confined them.

"Prodigious!" at last he mouthed forth in a gasping aside to the housekeeper. That notable dame solemnly twittered her cap-bows again; and, with an oracular windiness befitting an inspired Pythoness, ejaculated:—

"It's witchery, Sir! Law save us pore mis'able offenders! But she oughtn't to ha' done that!"

Not that the good soul considered the resuscitation of the Colonel an inexpiable offence; but the occult, cabalistic manner of it! Ay, there was the rub!

And so she went on by way of exorcism:

"From all evil and mischief; from the crafts and assaults of the devil;"

"*Good Lord, deliver us;*" responded the doctor, officiating as clerk for the nonce. Again our petticoated ordinary led off her Litany, gabbling away in most approved style:

"From deadly sin, and deceits of the devil; from murder and sudden death; from all sedition, and privy conspiracy:"

"Curse your nonsense! Hold your tongue, will you?" grunted the *medico*, as his final crushing, and irreverent response.

Truth is, anger was getting the upper hand of astonishment with the worthy man. Not only was his *amour-propre* sorely wounded; but the infallibility of the profession was seriously compromised. And so it was on these general grounds, and from no special malevolence towards the reviving patient, he ejaculated in turn:

"Confound the girl! What business had she to do that?"

By which it appears that to escape dying contrary to the opinion of the faculty is the crime of *Lése Majesté* in the last degree!

Calvert with a sickening feeling of anxiety, now that his father was recovering consciousness, waited in suspense to see how his presence would be received by his incensed parent.

Marie never removed her eyes from that of her charge, never ceased the serpentine undulations of her lithe smoothing fingers.

On his side the Colonel, after that first glance of scrutiny around the company, fixed his gaze with a pathetic expression of complete dependence upon his youthful nurse.

"You feel better, do you not, dear Uncle?" said she.

The eyelids were dropped an instant in silent affirmation.

"Here is Calvert come to see you:" continued she in her softest, flutiest tone. "He is afraid you are still angry with him. Will you let him speak to you?"

An eager expression; and then as it seemed an anxious effort of the hitherto dormant will to break loose from the spell of those greenish, and baleful glistening orbs that bound him; a look of alarm, of terror, of abject submission could be read by turns on the sufferer's speaking countenance. Then as if repeating a distasteful lesson from a copy before him, the Colonel uttered in a painful, mechanical tone the words:

"No! He is joined to dishonor! Let him go!"

"By Jove!" said the doctor under his breath; "I never believed in mesmerism before!"

"It's witchcraft!" nervously quivered the housekeeper in the ear of the son of Galen. "It's my belief she'll make him deny his Saviour yet, as well as his own son; 'Have mercy upon us miserable sinners:'" she said, drifting into the Litany again.

Calvert, heedless of aught else but the crushing sentence pronounced against him, hung his head in an access of cruelest agony.

Marie suffered her eyes to wander for an instant, and to gloat with delight over the anguish of her youthful victim.

That instant's wandering attention cost her the game!

Calvert's courage rallied beneath the mocking glance. It was evident he meditated a bold stroke to free his father from her thraldom.

On glancing back, she perceived to her dismay that the chain of animal magnetism, in which she held her aged victim captive, was broken for the moment.

She could not succeed in again fixing his gaze. That feeble intelligence would now be the prize of the strongest will and the readiest wit.

For the first time a nervous tremor,—sure presage of defeat, overcame her. She felt the imminence of the struggle. The whole magnitude of the interests depending on its precarious issue, came upon her.

But should she suffer herself to be beaten?—she, a women, to be beaten on her own chosen ground?—she, whose invincible attraction had never yet failed of its effect, when fairly put forth?

Perish the thought!

And her antagonist! who was he? A boy; a former victim of her own, whom she had dragged fawning like a spaniel to her feet! And she would humble him there again, only he was not worth the trouble!

Meanwhile, as Marie's presence of mind failed her, for once, Calvert had sufficient feminine penetration to perceive the lapse.

He instantly availed himself of it, made his stroke, and won!

Had he not been a very womanish youth, he would have blundered, or lost his chance for ever.

As it was, he won!

Which proves that it is not a bad thing to be somewhat effeminate at times.

How is it? Simply enough.

At the cruel words,—"he is joined to dishonour! Let him go." Calvert, abashed for an instant, cast down his tear-dimmed eyes. The glitter of the gold guard, within his bosom, caught his gaze. By a happy inspiration, he drew forth his mother's locket, and holding the miniature open under the eyes of his father, he said, with emotion:—

"Dishonour and my angel-mother cannot dwell in the same bosom. Oh, father! Before God and my mother, you wrong me!"

By an almost super-human effort, the invalid raised himself on his elbow, and glaring back and forth from the miniature to his son's face, at last broke out in a hoarse half-whisper:—

"By God and his mother! my child calls his mother to witness,

and his God to judge between him and me! Oh, Angélique! Have I indeed wronged him?"

And his eyes were lifted to Heaven an instant.

"Forgive me, O God! Forgive me, my angel-bride! Forgive me, my son!"

And at the word he stretched forth his trembling and wounded arms, and folded his sobbing boy to his palpitating bosom.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

The worthy physician—jubilant, at first, at the turn affairs had taken—with a grave and anxious face watched the scene as it was prolonged. He was fearful of the effects upon the enfeebled frame of the sufferer, of such excitement.

The housekeeper's sobs broke forth in sympathy, as she saw the hot tears stealing down the furrowed cheeks of her usually stern and self-contained master, and falling in a shower of blessing over his son, restored to his heart.

Marie sat with fallen countenance and averted glance, gnawing her ruby lip till the blood came. What were her thoughts?

"Oh, why had she given her enemies such an advantage? By that subtile Javanese narcotic (*arraymow*) which she had administered, a drug scarce known to the European pharmacopœia, her victim had been safely plunged in a trance from which none save herself could have roused him for twenty-four hours or more. How had she, with inconceivable stupidity, suffered herself to be tricked into removing the spell? (It was the essence of the *tooboe*, a counter-poison, with which she had saturated her handkerchief.) Or how, for the first time, had she failed to fascinate her victim and bend him, as heretofore, to her will? She had been too confident of her wonderful mesmeric influence; and this was her punishment. But no: it was fatality! Who could have foreseen that the young fool would have so skilfully availed himself of her false move? And yet it was but a common, and a palpable stage-trick he had played off upon his credulous dotard of a father.

"Had fortune, then, really turned against her?" No: a thousand times no!

"This is but a check: an undeniable reverse even." Yet, what of that? She will defy the fates, and win the game in spite of them.

"Meanwhile, let her be vigilant. What can they know, after all? Proofs, they have,—there are none. At most there can be nothing but guess-work."

At this point in her dark and vengeful reverie, her attention is aroused by the veteran's voice.

"Tell me about it, my boy. Where have I gone wrong?"

"You heard Harvey tell you of the child rescued by him, from the bosom of a poor frozen wretch.

Yes, yes!—Barillot's prostitute daughter. Marie told me that before."

"Ah!" said the youth, starting up, and casting a glance of fury at the still averted face of the French-woman; "I know now, what I only suspected before, who has been poisoning your mind. She took care though, not to tell you *all* that was in the letter, her brother stole from Harvey's desk."

"Come, come, Calvert. Don't say *stole*. It's not quite as bad as that. Say there is something *dishonourable*, if you like, in searching correspondence. Still, it was that of a suspected person, and is sanctioned by law. I don't approve of it myself; but it is done every day. What about the letter though?"

"Judge for yourself, father. Thus it runs:—'Thy little one *(Ta petite)*'—a female child, you see;—'will be a great lady; and since the other ought to be dead *(l'autre-morte)*'—this one doomed to death was also a little girl, you perceive;—'ought to be dead by this time, that is, if you are not too faint-hearted;' the villian feared his daughter's pitiful heart, it would seem,—so he gives her this additional spur; 'the enclosed order will be cashed *on proof that the affair is finished.*' The affair was *not* finished; and the proof is, she was found destitute, dead! The woman's heart within her would not let her 'finish the affair;' she preferred to die of starvation in the land of the stranger, to satisfying the conditions of that murder-bond, and returning home to fatten with her bantling on the wages of sin."

"Stop, boy, stop: You are too fast for me;" said the Colonel wearily; and, with a painful effort rallying his shattered faculties to the contemplation of the problem before him, he slowly repeated the words "'*Ta petite-l'autre-morte*' who is this 'other' then?"

"It is the child that was found still alive; it is the girl with my mother's angel-face; it is Madeline, your true niece."

"Ah! did not my heart tell me so?" said his father joyfully.

"Yes; it must, indeed, be so. Madeline is my *true* niece. And where is this other, the miserable woman's offspring? where is the *false*, the supplanter, the veritable child of shame?"

Both looked round with accusing and vengeful glances; but she whom they sought had disappeared. Only the doctor and housekeeper remained; and, as they in turn moved towards the door, their significant glance and nod intimated how she had departed.

"Let her go, my son. She has deeply sinned; but she has been more deeply sinned against. She has no longer the power to divide you and me. Thank God, I have escaped from her hands, and now know the truth! My boy, she all but poisoned me; and worse than that, she well-nigh killed me outright with her lying tales that your love for this stranger maiden was bringing dishonour on our name. You love that fair girl, do you not?" and the eyes of the stern soldier rested with all a mother's fondness on the youth's blushing countenance. "Dear boy, you cannot love her more than I shall; and not only for your, and her own, and her mother's sakes;—Aye, the poor mother!"—and here he broke off into the sad recollections of the past: "Poor mother! It was this poor hand closed her eyes in death, and it was by me she sent her last message of love to her child. And this is she! Ah! yes; I shall cherish her for her mother's sake, and love her for her own; but most of all for that she so nearly resembles my own sainted one."

After a pause, during which each was wrapt up in his own incommunicable thoughts;

"Father!" resumed the youth: "We, that is, Harvey, Madeline, and I, were wondering what it was in Barney's denunciation of this Barillot that so painfully impressed you."

The face of the veteran grew dark, almost ferocious.

"Yes," said he with writhing lips," It is all coming out at last: at last, after all these years! Murder *will* out. But, My God! such a murder! It is *too* horrible, *too* fiendish,—to murder a new made mother on her bed of travail. Oh, where were woman's bowels of compassion? Could they not have pitied my lamb, and spared her when the hand of God was on her? Even the hangman's hands will spare the wretch that is stained with countless crimes, until the sacred throes of maternity are over. Ah! Barillot, Barillot! murderer of women and children! I owe you a heavy

reckoning. I now begin to understand the awful enigma that froze my soul with horror as the accusing voice rang in my ears! Blessed Martyr, sweet Saint!" and his eyes rose heavenwards as in invocation;—"And was it for this thy spirit hath never left my side by night or by day? Was it that thy spilt blood hath been calling all these years from earth to heaven, for vengeance? Oh, Angélique! my poor murdered lamb!" and here the rugged, stern nature broke down in a storm of woe.

Calvert, appalled, overwhelmed, sat silent, crushed by this hidden horror of his own and his parent's life, thus starting afresh from the bloody sod of his murdered mother's grave. At long last, mastering in some degree his emotion, he looked up, and seeing his father's countenance partially composed, though the eyes were still veiled, he silently pressed his lips to the wounded hand; and, in return, the other was tenderly laid on his golden curls.

Long the two stricken ones remained thus, silently communing with their bitter thoughts.

Finally the youth disengaging himself, stood up. The action drew his father's gaze,—a gaze of wonder, almost of awe.

"What has come over you, boy?"

And well might he ask. His son stood transfigured before him. The last few minutes had done the work of years upon the stripling.

High purpose, stern resolution, wisdom to plan, will to do, courage to dare, had chased for ever the look of boyish indecision from his princely brow, and his face heretofore of almost womanly softness. Calm, passionless, terrible as an avenging spirit, he raised his hand and eyes to Heaven, and solemnly consecrated himself to the sacred duty of making inquisition for his parent's and his kindred's blood.

"And now," said he, turning to his astounded father, "give me the clue. Father, what leads you to fasten on Barillot the guilt of my mother's murder?"

"The cursed hag of a nurse whose blundering interference caused my darling's death was this Barillot's wife. They excused her to me on the plea of stupidity: I now see it was murder. She had fled in terror instantly as the deed was done; else you too, my boy, might have been added to their victims."

"Now father, one last question. Has any one an interest in

removing you and my mother, my cousin and myself from their path? You see the whole family has been, and is still menaced with destruction."

"Merciful heavens! whither do your suspicions point? No, no; it were too devilish: and yet it *must* be:—"

"Must be who, father?"

"Your cousin, Delaval, boy. He is the only one to be benefitted by our removal; he and this changeling girl he has with him."

Sundry particulars explanatory of his words were at this point detailed by the father—

"Ha! my secret presentiments, and intuitive dislike, entertained from the first against this man, were justified then. Bralligan said truly: Barillot has been but the hand: here is the head! and *he* shall not escape my vengeance."

"My boy, you frighten me. Remember who hath said, 'vengeance is mine: I will repay?'"

"To permit my mother's murderers to roam the earth unwhipped of justice were a cowardice, a crime, a sin of the deepest dye against that just Retributor, who hath set me on the track after all these years of concealment. I will pursue this thing to the bitter end."

Sooner than he thought, the young knight-arrant was to undergo the ordeal that would win him his spurs; the self-devoted avenger of blood was to receive the consecrating chrism, amid a whirlwind of flame, and a baptism of fire.

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## LAUGHTER AND ITS CAUSES.

BY DR. D. CLARK, PRINCETON, ONT.

IT has been wrongly said, that the radical difference, between the animal man and the animal brute, is, that the former has reasoning powers, and the latter has not. Such, mental philosophers forget that logical acumen is evidenced every day in the beasts about us. "Poor dog Tray" stole his dinner from the cupboard, and was caught in the act, and at once whipped for the larceny. It was the first time he became aware he was doing a punishable act, and consequently put on an air of injured innocency: but, he is caught the second time *in flagrante delicto*, and his

downcast eyes, his pendant ears, his depressed tail, and his woe-begone countenance show that he lays down this syllogism "I stole meat last Monday from the cupboard, and was whipped for it, I have done the same thing to-day, *therefore* I'll be whipped again." Nearly all animals show the same powers of ratiocination. The grand distinction between man and animals is, not reason, but morality—not the powers of deduction, but the sense of right and wrong. The reasoning of man is higher than that of brutes, for he can grasp ideas in the abstract, such as the unconditioned ideas and conceptions of space, eternity, and all the phasis of Infinitude, but in intellect it is a matter of degree. The moral judgments belong to man, and his superiors, for they include responsibilty. Plato defined man to be "a two-legged animal without feathers." Diogenes to confute him, stripped a fowl of all its plumage, and throwing it among the pupils of the great philosopher, exclaimed "Here is one of Plato's men." A Frenchman said "man is the only animal that cooks," and possibly from this is derived the saying "There is reason in roasting eggs, and boiling potatoes." The more civilized man became, the more perfect is his cookery, and many savages to-day, in their cannabalism, are not particular whether the Rev. Octavius Cæsar, missionary, should be served up, *raw*, *rare*, or *well done*. A French wit, in savagery said, that "England was a country with *one* sauce, and one hundred religions." The Englishman might have retorted by saying that "France was a country with a multiform religion, and a multiform soup." Had he been blessed with visiting our land of plenty, he might have said that "the backbone of our country was made up of, butter, lard, gravy, pickles, hot biscuit, pie-crust, dyspepsia, and the blues."

Some one said, that the principal characteristic of man, is "he laughs." I am not so sure of that, for the distended mouth of the dog, when he is pleased, or the chatter and grin of the monkey when he has perpetrated a practical joke, are doubtless rudimentary laughs. Hazlitt says "man is the only animal which laughs and weeps." This is a mistake, for we are sure of seeing animals weeping, in sorrow and disappointment, and I scarcely think their laughter is matter of conjecture. Douglas Jerrold says, the proper definition of man is that "he is a coining animal." This is sarcasm. The power of laughter and the appreciation of its causes is very general, but, not universal. Some people have naturally

no sense of fun. They take a sober view of life in all its aspects. The man of jokes is, in their estimation, a trifler, and a sinner, and should not be tolerated in respectable society. To weep for the depravities of a degenerate age is sensible. To sigh and wail over the follies and frailties of society is orthodox. To hurl anathemas, through clenched teeth, at the humourist and wit, as being worse than small-pox or cholera in a decent community, is a laudable ambition, and deserves canonization. To such asetic judges, and censors, lugubrious words, melancholy expressions, and unreasonable sadness, throughout every step of our weary pilgrimage, from the cradle to the grave, must be our heritage. To laugh is folly. To coin a genial pun is childishness. To give full play to the free fancy of a volatile and overflowing mind in sparkling wit, and keen repartee, is soul harrowing, and ruinous, morally and intellectually. Such forget that it is as natural for the majority of mankind to laugh as to weep. It acts as a stimulant to the wearied soul,—a life-giving principle to the semi-torpid intellect,—a relaxation to the bent bow,—and a tonic to the whole man. It is but fair to say in defence of such sad mortals, that it is often hereditary and unfortunate for them to be deficient in this fun-loving, humour-appreciating faculty. Sydney Smith says, truly, "wit gives to life one of its best flavours, as ridicule chastens folly and imprudence, and keeps men in their proper sphere." The sensations of chronic sadness, gloominess, and persistent horror of merriment, melody, and brimful, running-over hilarity, are generally as morbid as measles and small-pox, and for comfort need to be eliminated at the shortest notice. Every heart should have over its door, to such persistent knockers, "Not at home—gone to the country for health." The *physiology of laughter* is worthy of study. I often, when a student, passed a stationer's shop, in Princes Street, Edinburgh, in deep and anxious thought over my studies. In the window was an oil painting of a chubby boy, with curly hair on his head. The angles of his eyes and mouth, curved upwards. His head was thrown backwards, in a sort of abandon. His mouth was distended nearly from ear to ear, as if in a fit of inextinguishable laughter, and a front tooth of the upper jaw was gone. The tears were rolling in numerous globules down his cheek, and the arms and fingers were extended, as if willing to embrace the world in the merriment. I never could look on that shining and happy face, without a smile, and feeling the better

for it. I was not alone in this enjoyment, for from the appearance of the countenances of passers-by, others were affected in the same way. The countenance was, as if a happy boy had been photographed on the moment of a "glorification." Old and young, wise and ignorant, laugh at the antics of Punch and Judy, and their grotesque appearances, although we know that the acting is mechanical, and the varied voices are from the "unparalleled showman." The daring of Punch, in his nodding night-cap, his ill-usage of poor baby, and the wife, so natural—the beaten and discomfited policeman—and old Nick's strategy, out-manœurved so many times, are all sources of amusement. Look into the faces of the different persons of the audience, and see the different physical expressions of laughter. The jolly lady chuckles, as Topsy says, "away down," until her fat sides heave like a Mount Vesuvius, or Etna threatened with a volcanic eruption, or a huge jelly undulating like the "bounding billows" with no "white caps." Every vein in her face and neck stands out like blue whip-cords in the highest state of tension, and her eyes protrude, large and watery, as boiled onions. Her lean spouse, by her side, whose contour is that of a pair of walking tongs, or an exhumed skeleton, with a dried "pelt" thrown over it, to keep the cold out, has caught the infection, and roars out in perfect ecstasy. With his eyes half closed, and the salt flood from the lacrymal glands, pouring down a resistless current, on a "new-boiled shirt," over the bridge of the nose and the hollows of the cheeks, until you fear his submersion and drowning. The mouth has a wonderful capacity, and is distended until false teeth, bad dentals, gaps in the jaws, tongue and palate, stands out in bold relief from the cavernous recess. His sturdy stick grasped with both hands, rises and falls intermittently, but keeping time with a swaying body, and as it comes in contact with the floor, puts staccato notes in the general chorus. His right-hand neighbour thinks such boisterous laughter vulgar, and laughs with closed mouth, teeth, and lips together, as we all smother a yawn, where no yawn should be. His laugh is pent up within the walls of the city, echoing in every lane, street, and alley of the wonderful metropolis, up to the throne of the monarch, and blazing like the gleams of a setting sun, from the windows of the palace. His whole countenance seems to say "do let me alone, I want to have this good thing, all by myself." That timid creature by his side genteely laughs in her handkerchief, or behind her

fan. She chews at it, as if it were good to eat. Her face is red as the sun in a mist, and she seems as if she would give a kingdom for some sequestered nook in wood, vale, or glen, where, without breach of decorum, she could make the solitudes of nature echo with spontaneous laughter. One man clasps his knees with both hands as if they were out of joint, and he was holding them till the Doctor came. Another holds his sides about the fifth rib, as if a stitch was put there by a patent Sewing Machine.

What a difference in sounds! We have the loud haw! haw! terrible in intensity and fierceness as the snort of Job's war-horse. It is a sort of *de profundis* ebullition, and wells up, intermittently, from the throat, like a bubbling eruption of an Icelandic Geyser, now fast, now slow, now much, now little, now strong, now weak, but inexhaustable and alarming to the nervous. Then, we have the titter, which reminds us of a clock running down, or a sewing machine in full blast, being jerked out, short, sharp, and decisive. It runs down, and winds itself up again, and goes on more heartily than ever. We have a "heavy" smothered strangled laugh. You feel inclined to say "don't choke it to death—give it a chance for its life." You see it coming in every muscle of the face, and then driven back by the dominant will. It returns to the charge like an incoming tide, and recedes only to gather strength, and advance beyond its predecessor, until nature surrenders and a fit of laughter (all the more intense, because of repression) sweeps down all barricades, and jumps into the arena like a clown, saying; "Here I am all the way from Arabia." Such laughter is often as contagious as yellow fever, and will spread and catch you, if you enter the precints of a laughing group, without knowing the reason why. They laugh—you laugh, and ask, "what are you laughing at." This is imitation, human and absurd. When we are tickled we laugh, but there is no pleasure in the operation, and if continued we would die under the treatment. The laughter of the hysterical becomes mechanical and unpleasant, but irresistable, and contagious. Some laughter is so heartless and cold that you know it comes from the deepest recesses of an iceberg: some is so spontaneous and geniune, as to light up with kindliness and honesty all the countenance, and carries with it all the credentials of truthfulness; Some is so hollow and inane that you know at once "it is the laughter of the fool," from which, reasonable causes of merriment are ruled out of court.

A smile is an embryonic laugh, and can be modified to suit circumstances. That is a pretty Irish conceit which suggests that when a babe smiles in its sleep, pleased in its own way, with its world of imaginings, "the angels are whispering to thee." On the other hand what irony, sarcasm, spite, venom, and deadly hate can be thrown into a sardonic laugh, or a sneering smile! How it makes the blood curdle, in rage, contempt, scorn, or pity! I have often thought what a concentrated curl of bravado—what a fluid extract of devilish enmity—what a smile of eternal significance must have been on the lips of Imperial Satan, as he stepped outside of the portals of the citadel of heaven, and saw clustering angel faces, which he knew, hanging over the parapets of paradise, and he forever shut out, with before him no hope, and behind him an avenging angel. Happiness, joy, radiancy are in the smile, which lights up, as with a sunbeam, every feature of the face of goodness, and stamps guilelessness on the visage, which can be read in living characters as the telegraph of the heart. A man may "smile, and smile, and be a villain," but the intuitions of a child will detect the counterfeit, and weigh all in the balance of nature's laboratory. There is poetry and music in the beautiful smile and the honest laugh, but instinct soon searches out, as unerring as the scent of a blood-hound, cunning, deceit, hypocrisy, in spite of art or artifice, or the honeyed accents, which like an *ignis fatuus* "lead to bewilder, and dazzle to blind." "The heart of man changeth his countenance" is an aphorism as true of smiles, and laughter, as of the hard-lines on the visage which are biographic hieroglyphics, or the inexpressible expression which can be read like an unsealed book. The rogues gallery of photographs has numberless counterparts in the world's vast congregations.

*Absurdity* is a frequent cause of laughter. The sense of this is possessed by almost every one. It is composed of three ingredients principally, (1) the *incongruous*, (2) the *ludicrous*, (3) the *ridiculous*. These overlap one another, and consist of the sudden disconnecting of ideas, or the jostling of feelings together, even if unpleasant to the actor. The first is laughable because of its *inconsistency*—its violation of "the eternal fitness of things." It is a truth that there is only a step between the sublime and ridiculous. We have all felt at times how the most solemn moments have been brought to a sudden termination, by the most

trivial absurdity.—In fact it must be a veritable *nothingness* to do this.

A man is suddenly sent down the street, on a windy day, after his dispossessed hat. Its course is as erratic and uncertain as some people's minds. It navigates pools lummsily,—explores ditches for "a north-west passage,"—searches, as if it lost a head, every nook and cranny, under "stoops," porticos, verandahs, carts, waggons, and apple-stands. It goes round corners, and down lanes, as if a policeman were after it. He cries "Eureka," and places his hand upon the spot where it was, but "the place which knew it, knows it no more." He savagely attempts to surround it with arms and legs, but it shoots at right angles, through an unlooked for aperture. The gloss of newness is fast leaving its exterior, and convexities are fast turning into concavities and rotund corners to serrated edges. A rim with lines of beauty is throwing out shreds of sable hue, as signals of distress. The black lustre begins to assume the appearence of a map, with seas, lakes, continents, mountains and rivers in bird's-eye perspective. Crowds gather round the "one more unfortunate," filled with roguish glee, which exasperates to madness. "O the wild charge he made" to put his foot on that, which has lost its identity as a hat, and seems like the shadowy ghost of a black-smith's anvil, but, a capricious and fiendish whirlwind sends it over the fence, into a neighbouring field, among a herd of cattle, which, supposing the rolling, bounding, and gyrating "beaver" of illustrious memory, to be a dog, give a stern chase—set up a bovine chorus, of deep bass, and in the distance disappear in a cloud of dust, of erect tails, and tossing horns, with a dilapidated hat for a nucleus, having "no visible means of support." The bereaved stands in the midst of a laughing crowd, with dishevelled locks, sweating brow and beating heart, irritated, moody and savage. There may be a laugh somewhere, but he does not see it.

Toothache affects the jaw of Abinidab Snarley. He feels the force of the aphorism that "there is no rest for the wicked," not even with a decayed molar. A poultice of hot salt or scalding onions is applied to the jaws. Both hands keep up compression on the cheeks; saliva flows copiously from the corners of the mouth. To use a *nautical* phrase, the larboard and starboard scuppers are always full. Throb, beat, gnaw, grind, tear and pull is the programme of the "hell o' a' diseases," with frequent

*encores* thrown in by way of variety. Hot and cold water, Creasote and Cayenne, Laudanum and Ready Relief are in demand. Marching without music, moaning without symphathy, savagery without civilization, and short sentences, of sober eloquence, without elegant arrangement, with long hours, morning coming with tardy footsteps, evening stealing on with fearful foreboding, are all filling the cup of misery to overflowing; the nerve no larger than a horse hair, has a telegraph office in the fangs of a tooth, and the operatives are holding high revelry with wires, which no volition can curb, for, in "no surrender" defiance, the clicking instrument is snapping out "no relief, no respite, no hope, no mercy." The grotesque is so pronounced, and the ludicrous so patent, that, knowing danger to be distant, we chuckle in our sleeve, in spite of the agony, the contortions and sympathy. The ludicrous dominates over the pitiful and the absurd crushes out condolence.

The stove-pipes have got out of order and must be "fixed. They are all made exactly the same size, by an apprentice hand, as if by malice aforethought." One part goes in and another pops out. Rebellion is put down in one part of the Dominion, but, only to show itself at some distant part. You indent, hammer and cut, standing on a chair, and at last nip a thumb, to be joined in its misery, by a cut finger. A section of pipe hangs at an inclined plane from the chimney, and another leans on the stove, like Mr. Pompey's pillar. You are working at the equator and hot work it is. Your head is exposed to the fire of these two gaping pieces of artillery. The left wing of a gust of wind makes a grand assault up the stove; the right wing makes a *diversion* down the chimney, and you are in short range. A volley of soot pours into your mouth and eyes, down your neck and shirt sleeves, on the carpet and into the cupboards. Spectators laugh but you can see no fun in what appears to be the very acme of misery. A man is a few minutes afterwards seen vigorously making foot balls of sections of sooty stove pipes.

I remember, once upon a time, hearing a most eloquent discourse. The orator mounted to the heavens, and to the "jumping-off place of creation," in his fervour and sublimity—occasionally plunging back to earth, and the waters under the earth, and the other place under that, in profundity of thought. All the choice and burning phrases of his vocabulary, including extracts from the "Book of poetical quotations" were hurled together *ad libitum*—

melted like lava into a homogeneous mass, and sent among us, startled and quaking hearers, like red-hot shot. A slippery place was on the floor, a first class hat was on the chair behind him, his spine was bent backwards as if he had spasms in the back, and his fists and arms were sent up far beyond his ears, in threatening and portentous motion, as the climax was reached. In a moment, in the quiver of an eye-lid, he disappeared from our gaze, as suddenly as if an earthquake had swallowed him, for he had lost his centre of gravity, and came in contact with the floor at the lower extreme, and the half-furnished brainal garret, which had kept up such a *racket* a few minutes previously, had come down like a sledge hammer on the hat, and flattened it like a pancake, but the thunder and lightning of our Cicero had passed scatheless over our heads, followed by a moan of anguish, mingled with inextinguishable laughter. The sublime and absurd had for a moment mingled their forces, but the latter of the "ill matched pair" extinguished its companion. A crushed hat, a mortified orator, and a convulsed audience, filled the cup of fun to overflowing.

Dean Stanly's parrot was found in a large apple tree, by a large number of visitors, who were on the search for him. He looked at the congregation first with one eye, then with the other, and then in solemn tones said, "Let us pray." Imagine the scene. Chaucer's fable of the fox and "rooster" is highly amusing. Reynard flatters the "gentleman hen" by telling him how eloquently his father spoke to his harem, and how sweetly he sang in love, and *martially* in battle: and always shut his eyes, in self appreciation and enjoyment. Young downy cheeks does the same thing to show a sworn enemy of his race that he is a worthy son of an illustrious sire. Foxy grabbed him in one of his *shut-eyed* inspirations, and nipped in the bud, as well as at dinner, a soft-brained biped of the genus chanticleer.

*Extravagance*, in statement, or *exaggeration*, is often a source of amusement, when innocently indulged in. It differs from a falsehood in being uttered with no intention to deceive. The Fables of the East—the Pilgrim's Progress—Paradise Lost—Don Quixotte—Faust—and all works of fiction are intentionally high coloured, and verge upon the impossible and improbable. This faculty is carried to a great extent in America. The superlatives are ridden to death. Our humourists make capital of this morbid fungus, and spoil by extravagancies the genuine out-croppings.

Poets have a license in this direction. Perhaps imagery is running away with sober fact, in the exuberance of national poetic frenzy! Is the night dark? "You can cut the darkness with a knife." Are you slightly injured? "I was nearly killed." Is the mud an inch or two deep? "It is up to the knees." What made you start? "Dear me! I was almost frightened to death." I heard of a man so tardy in his movements, that spiders made cobwebs between his nose and the ground. The same man moved so slowly that his shadow killed plants. The grass is so short in Colorado, that you have to lather it, in order to cut it. That must be the region where the in-cisors of sheep are sharpened to nip closely, and chip-monks are seen gnawing gravel stones, in a starvation mood, with tears in their eyes. A young man once grew so rapidly, in one night that he found his legs, in the morning, so far through the window, as to furnish roosting room for the chickens. There was a man in Illinois, who had such a tight pair of boots, that he had to stand on his head every morning, and have his wife drive them on, with a sledge hammer. One morning she was in such bad humour (possibly he had not split kindling wood) that extra power was given to her elbows, and in the twinkling of an eye, he found himself in China, with no clothes on, to brag of, except a pair of shoe-strings, and a paper collar. Captain Hopkins saw a cloud coming when "far, far at sea," and reefed sails for a squall. It turned out, however, to be a shower of musquitoes. They struck his sails, however, and stripped them of every stitch of canvass. This story must be true for Capt. Smith, two days afterwards was visited by them, and every one of the thousands were wearing canvass trousers. Horace Greeley, when in Kansas, was writing his name in a hotel ledger, when a certain insect (not to be named to fastidious ears) walked up to his chirography, and inspected it, with the number of his room. "The way-worn pilgrim" laid down his pen sadly, and dolefully exclaimed, "Council Bluffs' spiders have nearly bled me to death. Fort Laramie 'grey backs have interviewed me, with the pertinacity of a newspaper reporter, Mississippi musquitoes have sung dirges over my sleeping frame, and feasted on my noble blood, but this is the first time a bug of low degree, has looked over the register to see where my room is, in anticipation of a good supper." A Western Stump Orator, in one of his speeches said, "gentlemen, if the Par-sy-fix Oshin wor an inkstand, and the hull clouded canopy of the blue, azure hea-

vens, and the level ground of our earth a sheet of paper, I couldn't begin to write my love of country onto it." Dickens makes David Copperfield say, "Mr. Mell got out his flute, and blew at it, till I almost thought he would gradually blow his whole being into the large hole at the top, and ooze away at the keys." Falstaff, comic, fat, witty, subtle, the prince of cowards, conceits, and liars, was an adept at exaggeration. What he said of his page was true of himself, "there be peers of the realms, and there be peerless backguards." He said of his raw recruits, "There is but a shirt and a half in all my company, and the half shirt is two napkins tied together."

"I've got a new machine," said a yankee pedler, "For picking bones out of fishes. Now, I tell you, it's a leettle bit the darndest thing I ever did see. All you have got to do is to set it on the table, and turn a crank, and the fish flies right down your throat, and the bones right under the grate. Wall, there was a country green-horn got hold of it the other day, and he turned the crank the wrong way: and I tell you the way the bones went down his throat was awful. Why, it stuck that fellow so full of bones, he could'nt get off his shirt for a whole week."

"Bill," said one man to another, "I'll tell you jest how much gold I wish I had, and I'd be satisfied"—"Well," said Sam, "go on—I'll see if you've got the liberal ideas of a gentleman"—"Well, Bill, I *wish* I had so much gold that 'twould take a 74 gun ship, loaded down with needles so deep that 'twould take only one more needle to sink her, and all these needles to be worn out making bags to hold my pile." Bill, threw his crownless hat upon the pavement with indignation, and exclaimed—"Darn it, why don't yer wish for *something* when yer undertake it. I wish I had as much as your'n wouldn't pay the interest of, for the time you *could hold a red-hot knitting needle in yer ear.*"

The plan proposed by a Boston Jonathan to shell oysters aught to have been patented. "Bring a little of scotch snuff ever so near their noses, and they'll sneeze their lids off."

This kind of extravagant statement seems to luxuriate like Canadian thistles in the çis-Atlantic soil. We take to it as a duck does to water. We see it in editorial, lecture, and review. It is used in irony, sarcasm, and invective, but more especially in adulation. The people of Rochester did not doubt the truthfulness of the peroration of Daniel Webster, when he said to them,

"Gentlemen," Rome had her Cæsar, her Scipio, her Brutus, but Rome in her proudest days, *never* had a Genesee Falls—one hundred and fifty feet high! Gentlemen, Greece had her Pericles, her Demosthenes, and her Socrates, but Greece in her palmiest days *never* had such a waterfall. Men of Rochester! no people with such a cataract ever lost their liberties." This *high-falutin* "brought the house down," as might have been expected, when launched at a people "born and bound to whip all creation"—being the offspring of Hercules, Nature, and *eagled* Freedom, one-third horse, one-third alligator, and the rest of the fraction of the great unit, an earthquake. A country bounded "on the east by the Atlantic ocean, on the north by Aurora Borealis, on the west by the setting sun, and on the south by yellow fever." The Simon pure "Star Spangled" traveller is afraid to take a walk before breakfast, in England, for fear he would step off that circumscribed country. He crossed the Alps and "guessed he had come over some *risin*, ground." His railroad lamps are so resplendent, that all the cock Robins, on the line of march of the iron horse, think daylight is coming, and crow lustily. His locomotives run so fast that the sound of the whistles, entered the stations some time *after* they have arrived. He rocks his own cradle, when six weeks of age—whistles "Hail Columbia,"—chews Virginia twist, cuts his wisdom teeth, and passes safely through measles, hooping-cough, scarlatina, and chicken-pox. Two such beggar boys will make six dollars a day swapping jackets. Were he shipwrecked in an unknown country "when daylight doth appear," he is found peddling maps, or making a spelling book, or a patent churn. He makes ointment so patent that it, when applied to a dog's tail stump, made a new tail sprout, and when applied to a section cut off, made a new *dog* grow on it. He stole a walnut log from five sleepy watchers, and left them astride the log. It was a "down south" preacher who owned half an interest in a negro, and prayed for the blessing of heaven on his family, and *half* of Pompey.

American humour is characteristic of the people. It rejoices in the impossible and the absurd. The legends of the Norsemen, and the "highfalutin" of the Sagas, if burlesqued, would suit our neighbours. This is seen in the popularity of the absurdities of Artemus Ward. Take from his writings bad spelling, execrable grammar, and slang phrases, and you will not have much laugh left for the rest. The mechanical phonography amuses, and the

syntax *intentionally* mixed, displays ingenuity in construction, such as that in the build of a sausage-machine, or honey-strainer. There may be machine humour as well as machine poetry. The form may be present, but the *thing* may be soulless. We laugh at the oddities, but the nap is rubbed off, at one brush. When A. Ward "goes marching home" and finds that Betsy Jane has presented him with "two episodes," and that catnip tea, and red flannel are in request, and in the "fit of temporary moral insanity" he insists on firing salutes from the top of the house, in honour of the unparalleled epoch in his history, we are temporarily amused. When a Mormon female charges on him with a green cotton umbrella, and asks a free ticket for his show, under pain of immediate castigation, we chuckle at her *Staccato* interrogation of "air you a man?"

When he tells Betsy Jane she is too old to wear artificial back hair, we are inclined to cry bravo! when B. J. gives the red-hot retort "*too old* you bald-headed idiot! You ain't got hair enuff unto *your* hed to make a decent wig for a single-breasted grasshopper!" When he is willing to sacrifice all his wife's relations on the altar of his country, we do not know which to admire the most, his patriotism, or his caution in regard to himself. The Schoolmaster makes a splendid appeal to the public to enroll in a volunteer *corps* and quotes Latin: "Nihil fit etc.," he says; Ward shouts "three cheers for Nihil, the man who fit." He trys his "prentic hand" at census taking, and insisting upon looking into the mouths of those whose eyes are doubtful, and some of his queries are pointed and significant, as for example, "Did you ever have the measles, and if so, how many?" "How many parents have you?" "Are you troubled with biles?" etc. "He hankers arter Betsy Jane." This might be expected when "her father's farm jined our'n; their cows and our'n squencht their thirst at the same spring: our old mares both had stars in their forrerds; and the measles broke out in both families at nearly the same time." No wonder he called his sweet-heart a *Gazelle* and she retorted by calling him a *Sheep*, when he told her from the depth of his manly bosom that there was fire enough in it "to bile all the corn-beef and turnips in the neighberhood." When, she commenced "chawin her strings to her sun bonnet" they both blushed like the Bladinsville School house newly painted. There was hope in the reply, "if you mean gettin hitched, I'm in."

Josh Billings has more sharpness than friend Ward. He cuts in wise saws, and philosophic epigrams. He is the cat's paw soft and velvety, but, when occasion requires it, the claws come up sharp, hooked and aggressive from below. He has not the geniality of Artemus, but more honest endeavour and less rudness and vulgarity. He has the inward chuckle and has a high sense of the proprieties. His humour has no broad grin upon its face, but feels like bursting all the time. He does not count the clowns jests, nor the bells and caps of courtly fools. He clothes wise sayings in the garb of fun and pungent wit, for example "If I was asked 'what is the chief end of man, now-a-days?' 'Ten per cent!'"

"It is dreadful easy to be a fool. A man can be a fool and *not know* it."

"God save the fools, and don't let them run out! for if it wasn't for them wise men wouldn't get a living."

"When a fellow gets to going down hill, it does seem as though everything had been greased for the occasion."

"It is true that wealth won't make a man virtuous, but I notice there ain't anybody who wants to be poor just for the purpose of being good."

"Some people are fond of bragging about their ancestors, and their descent when in fact *their great descent* is just what is the matter of them."

"There are some dogs' tails that can't be got to curl no ways, and some which will, and you can't stop 'em. If you bathe a curly dog's tail in oil and bind it in splints, you can't get the crook out of it. Now a man's ways of thinking is the crook in the dog's tail and can't be got out; and every one should be allowed to wag his own peculiarity in peace."

"The mule is half horse and half jackass, and then comes to a full stop, nature discovering her mistake. The only way to keep a mule in a pasture is to turn it into a meadow adjoining, and *let it jump out.* They are like some men very corrupt at heart; I've known them to be good mules for six months, just to get a good chance to kick somebody."

Lowell the author of the "Biglow Papers," gives a quaint humour purely American, in a dialect natural and known. "The Courtin," is unique and characteristic. When Huldy heard Zekle's foot on the scraper:—

"All ways to once her feelings flew,
Like sparks in burnt up paper,"

He was in the same state of *pleasurable pain.*

"His heart went pity-pat,
But her'n went pity-zekle.

He knows the crisis has come, but he is not sufficiently phlegmatic to take matters cooly, for

"He stood a spell on one foot first,
Then stood a spell on tother,
An' on which one he felt the worst,
He couldn't ha' told ye, nuther."

Zekle was in a bad way when

"Long o'her his veins 'ould run,
All crinkly like curlie maple.
The side she breshed felt full o' sun,
Ez a southy slope in April.

Huldy knew his voice in the choir. It had such a "swing."

"My! when he made Old Hundred ring,
She *know'd* the Lord was nigh'er."

But ma was on the war-path and slips upon the lovers unawares, and found Huldy

"All kind o' smiling round the lips,
And teary round the lashes,
Her blood riz quick, though, like the tide,
Down to the Bay o' Fundy."

Of the many humourists of minor pretention in America, little need be said. Brete Hart has depicted in a pleasant way the rough customs and manners of "The Argonants of '49," especially in "The Luck of Roaring Camp," and "Miggles." . The absurd and the pathetic are found in grotesque juxtaposition. The tenderness from rough men to "Cherokee Sal" in the hour of her maternal *agony*, solicitude, and dissolution, when "above the swaying and moaning of the pines, the swift rush of the river, and the crackling of the fire, rose a sharp, querelous cry—a cry unlike anything heard before in camp. The pines stopped moaning, the river ceased to rush, and the fire to crackle. It seemed as if Nature had stopped to listen too." Sal "had climbed that rugged road which led to the stars." The "mighty small speciman" that "ain't bigger nor a derringer," had a collection taken up for him, as he "wrestled with Kentuck's little finger." I can certify to the correctness of these life and death pictures. Mark Twain has written a great deal of perishable material, which is laughable, but has no abiding

interest. His "Innocents at Home" and "Roughing it" are not even worthy of him. Much of these being a rehash of floating anecdotes, which he has gourmandized without "by your leave."

The "Innocents Abroad" contains considerable humour. We appreciate the wisdom of the Emperor of all the Russias counting his spoons when the pilgrim visitors left him. We see fun in a string of camels leaving Damascus mounted by tourists with green goggles on the eyes, and above the heads bobbing green umbrellas. We laugh at a modern theatre bill style being adopted for the scenes of the Roman Coliseum of 1800 years ago. We cannot help but sympathize with the seven legendary and sleepy youths of Ephesus, whom he nicknames, among other patronymics High, Low, Jack, and the Game, and who, when they presented gold which had lain in their pockets for centuries, were told by the shopkeeper "them be bogus." When he asks his fumigator of everything but the spices of Arabia, as he reclines on a marble slab, to send for his friends to bury him as from the smell he cannot keep long, we laugh at the funereal suggestion, and when a jack-plane is preferred to a towel in the smoothing down process we roar at the the ludicrous suggestion. Such is Twain more absurd than humourous, and more a punster than a wit. The Danbury News' man threatens to eclipse him in depicting every day's joys and sorrows, whether putting up stove-pipes; splitting kindling-wood under a clothes line; pursuing cats' on the house top; or the first Sunday after moving, and washing day.

The only Canadian humourist worthy of the name, who has caught the public ear, is Sam Slick, (Judge Haliburton). His excellent burlesque on the down east yankee has a substratum of truth in it. "The clockmaker" had cunning, shrewdness, duplicity, and go-a-headitiveness. He had mother wit and was a keen observer of men and things. With one hand he was generous, and with the other he made ready grabs after the main chance. He would cheat without the least compunction of conscience for the pure love of it, and next hour shower on his victim generous libations. "Human nature" is his study, and how to circumvent it is his delight. Falstaff, Pickwick, Sancho Panza, are central figures in imaginative literature of the first order, but Sam Slick and Sam Weller would be well matched. His selling clocks by setting them running till he came round again, and then if not wanted he took them away—his comparison of courting a

girl to catching a colt with oats in a tin pan—or fishing for coy trout,—his "soft sawder" in selling buyers, and selling to them—his teaching Miss Arabella Green to "talk Latin"—his wise saws sandwiched in among cautic humour, and his "common sense" as the best of the *seventeen* senses, make this character unique as walking irony on national characteristics.

A certain sable personage, reliable history tells us, never could be a carpenter, because he would always cut his shins with the adze. Many persons raise a laugh at their expense by using words, and phrases, with wrong meanings and in wrong places, thus slashing at their shins. As the saying is "they never open their mouths, but they put their foot in them." Shakespere's Dogberry would advise watchmen to "*comprehend* all vagrant men." He set afloat the oft quoted phrase "comparisons are odious," or "damned into everlasting redemption." He was like the vengeful man who threatened "to put a dagger into another man's jeopardy." Lincoln tells of a lawyer "out west,"—a master of arts, of "a one horse" college, who excused himself from telling a story, by saying "he never could put in, at the right place, the *embezzlements*." It must have been a relative of the same man, whose parents died when he was fifty years old, and who bemoaned "that he was left an *orphanless* child, and was *preponderating* as to the course of life he should pursue." I have an acquaintance who complains that the eaves of my house have not enough *objections*, and that bad roads are not sufficiently *degraded*." Mrs. Partington "hopes that the new minister will do something to rejuvenate the church, it is getting so docile."

Similes have often an aptness and fitness about them both pretty and amusing. The Scotch boy's criticism on an ambiguous sermon *apropos*, as he paddled in the roadside pool. "He wis'na vera deep, but *drumlie*." Sir John Suckling's description of a sweetheart's feet is neat and *smileable*.

> "Her feet beneath her petticoat,
> Like little mice, stole in and out,
> As if they feared the light."

Hood's definition of an empty-headed dandy, of the Beau Brummell pattern was:—

> "A column of fop,
> A lighthouse without any light a-top."

Wit is said to be an attention to the relationship between ideas. It is, however, more than this, for all knowledge, without distinc-

tion, consists of the grouping of ideas in certain relations. Wit has a *surprising* or unlooked for relationship. It rushes upon you from nook or cranny without warning, and delights you with its *freshness*. It must show itself as a new visitor, in strange garb, and cannot even have *utility* in its composition. It is a drone in the hive of human thought, which hums pleasantly, but from its very nature, has no usefulness, and cannot, if not serviceable be like a flower, which has beauty, but no usefulness. A witticism ostracises the sublime, the beautiful, and the needful, neither of which lay any claim to mirth provoking ideas. For example, there would not be much *utility* in holding an umbrella over ducks on a rainy day; in putting pantaloons on the legs of a piano, to hide their nakedness; nor in Biddy putting unbroken eggs in the coffee to settle it, and reasoning that their bobbing about in the boiling decoction had a tendency to drive the rebellious coffee-grounds to the bottom.

Wit and humour are close relations and imply a fellow feeling, sensibility, and geniality. Carlyle says "humour is a sort of inverse sublimity; exalting, as it were, into our affections what is below us, while sublimity draws down into our affections what is above us. It is, in fact, the bloom and perfume, the purest effluence of a deep, fine, and loving nature; a nature in harmony with itself, reconciled to the world, with its stintedness and contradiction. "Dr. Duller's remark "that the negro is the image of God cut in ebony" is humour. Horace Smith's paraphrase of it "that the taskmaster is the image of the devil cut in ivory" is sharp wit. There are two kinds of wit. One is like a rocket, which suddenly explodes—blazing,—scintillating—expiring. The other is like a discharge of many fire-works; it is bright, beautiful, and multiform at unexpected times and places, and startling by the brilliancy and suddenness. Some wit like that of Swift is barbed and caustic, bordering on irony, and wounds all whom it hits. Douglas Jerrold had wit of a sharp kind, but genial for all. He followed at a great distance Cervantes, with his sledge hammer blows at knight erranty, and Sterne in his inimitable humours and pathos as drawn in poor Yorick, Corporal Trim, and Uncle Toby.

Jerrold, no doubt, chuckled with enjoyment, when he said, "There is nothing like music to bring folks up to the polls. Fools are always led by the ears." "Whatever promises a man may

make before marriage, the license is a receipt in full." An epitaph for protection; "Here *lies* protection; it *lied* throughout its life; and it now *lies* still." Useless M. P's. are defined to be "like clucking fowls upon chalk eggs; they sit week after week but hatch nothing; and having eaten daily barley, will doubtless cluck to sit again." At the club an exquisite song was sung; "That song" says an enthusiastic member, "always carries me away when I hear it." Jerrold looking eagerly round the table whispers, "Can anybody whistle it?" The following is graphic: "Publishers look upon authors simply as a butcher looks upon Southdown Mutton, with merely an eye to the number of pounds to be got out of him." "Martin, if dirt were trumps, what hands you would hold." That witticism reminds me of a small boy, who was being chaffed by a dirty man at a political meeting, and asked "How much do you weigh?" "Well, about as much as you do when you are washed." Jerrold met a man who was such a toady to a great nabob in the neighbourhood, that if he took nose ache, toe ache, or fever and ague, Brown would also pray for the infliction. He said to him, "Brown, I am told Jones pays the dog-tax for you." One gentleman, at the club, during a supper on sheepsheads, relished them as much as Sandie would a haggis, smacking his lips and holding up his knife, said, "sheepsheads for ever." Jerrold cuttingly said "what egotism!"

Sheridan once, unintentionally, mortally offended his constituents at Stamford, who mostly carried on the shoemaking business, by wittily making a good wish for them, which they did not understand, nor appreciate. He exclaimed in the peroration of a political speech, "May the trade of Stamford be trampled under the foot of the whole world." Genial, humorous, good-hearted Sydney Smith, often said sharp things. A friend did not thank him for saying "you have no command over your understanding; it is always getting like a sword, between your legs, and tripping you up." His ecclesiastical superior had the red-hot shot hurled at him. "The Bishop of——is so like Judas, that I now believe in apostolic succession." He said he had a friend so contentious, that he would throw up the window in the middle of the night, and contradict a watchman who was calling the hour. After hearing Daniel Webster make a speech, he said the American orator put him in mind of "a steam engine in trowsers." A sharp sarcasm was that which he uttered against the rural gentry: "accuse a

man of being a Socinian, and it is all over with him; for the country gentlemen all think it has something to do with poaching." We can echo the following sentiment, every day, we glance at the community, "yes he has spent all his life, in letting down empty buckets, into empty wells, and he is frittering away his age, in trying to draw them up again." He describes the whistle of a locomotive to be the *squeak* of an Attorney, when he is laid hold of by his satanic majesty. When Curran was asked by a member of the bar, "Do you see anything ridiculous *in* this wig." It was sharpest wit to say "nothing but the *head!*" Oliver Wendell Holmes the most subtle of American humourists, says of his countrymen who are continually on the rampage abroad "that good Americans when they die go to Paris." He hits hard by saying "good breeding is surface christianity." He tells his countrymen that there is "not sufficient flavour of humanity in the soil" and that as it is said "a dead man's hand cures swellings if laid on them: nothing like the dead cold hand of the past to take down our tumid egotism." Like bitter Lowell, he is no believer that "wisdom or experience thriv by change o' sile, like corn an' kerrita."

*Parody* is absurd in words if not in ideas. It is the mocking bird which sits on the hill of Parnassus, and in malice or frolic imitates the gladsome voices of the frequenters to the sacred mount, and its perennial spring, and the warbles which fill with melody its hallowed groves. It lays no claim to genius, but shows an apprentice hand at mechanical poetic art. It is a cruel burlesque on those productions of the children of song, which have caught the public ear, and filled the public heart. The writers of parodies ought to be hung, and gibbetted, or guillotined and quartered, for I am not particular as to the manner of their departure. How heart-rending to see Scott mutilated, as for example:

"O Caledonia stern and wild,
*Wet nurse* for a poetic child."

When Gen. Ben. Butler was elected as senator, a Boston editor, with no veneration in his noddle, and who should have been made consul for the Fiji Islands for life as a reward, mutilated Whittier in this harrowing manner:

"Of all the sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are, we *must* have *Ben*."

Burns would have scalped the fellow who parodized thus:

"If a cat doth meet a cat upon a garden wall, and if a cat doth greet a cat, O need they both to squall? Every Tommy has his Tabby waiting on a wall, and yet he welcomes her approach always with a yawl. If a kitten wish to court upon the garden wall, why not sit down and sweetly smile, and not stand up and bawl? Why lift his precious back so high, and show his teeth and moan, as if 'twere colic more than love, that made that fellow groan." The crank-turner of this doggerel machine must evidently have loaned it to the venerable deacon, who "gave out" to a devout congregation:

"Ye *rancid* sinners come." Josh Billing's advertizement of a new agricultural implement is a parody on "blows" which is pardonable. "John Rodger's revolving, expanding, unceremonious, self-adjusting, self-contracting, self-greasing, and self-righteous hoss-rake is now forever offered to a generous publick. These rakes are as easy to repair as a hitching post, and will rake up a paper of pins sowed broadcast in a ten-acre field of wheat stubble. These rakes can be used in winter for a hen-roost, or can be sawed up in stovewood for the kitchen fire. No farmer of good moral character should be without this rake, even, if he had to steal one."

*A Bull* is in most respects the counter-part of wit. Wit unfolds connections in ideas never before dreamed of; but the bull delights in shams, and pretends to have relations, which are only apparent, not real. At first thought it seems to be true, but immediately afterwards the cheat is found out, and amuses like the discovery of a riddle, or charade, or conundrum, whose simplicity amuses you, and whose solution is sudden and simple. It is said, that these Bulls flourish best in Irish soil, but the fact is, they are found where wit exists, as sattelites round a central sun, and are inferior productions of the same mould of mind. Some of the best are of antiquity, although claimed as new. They are "old pails, with new hoops, and repainted." "God bless the man who first invented sleep," is from the fertile brain of Cervantes. "I would have been a handsome man but they changed me for another man, in the cradle," is a bull found in Greek, Hindoo, and Spanish literature. It is said an Irishman carried round a brick as a specimen of the house he had to sell. That is of Greek origin. An Irishman *shut* his eyes, and *gazed* into a looking glass, to *see* how he would look if he were *dead.*

I presume he was German-Cousin to him who brought a crow to to see if it lived, as reported, two hundred years. Both these are of Roman growth. An Irishman met a friend, who said "I heard you were dead," Paddy responded "well, you see I am not." The answer was, "Ah! I am not so sure of that, for I'd believe the man who told me, sooner than you." It was a Scotch woman who said that "her husband only killed half a beast at a time, to keep it fresh." It was a Yorkshire Justice, who, on being told by a vagrant, that he was not married, sagely replied, "It is a good thing for your wife." A German was required to prove his ownership to a pig, and did so, by saying "that its only ear-mark was a short tail." A Spanish Alcalde in holding an inquest on a drowned man gave as one of the marks of the unknown, as far as he could perceive, "he had a marked impediment in his speech." A British learned society was accused of having on exhibition casts of skulls of the *same* individual, at different times of his life, to show the changes every ten years.

A medical gentleman accounted for a certain couple having no children, by saying "it was hereditary." Was it a Canadian who said in his peroration, "ladies and gentlemen, there is not a man, woman, or child, in this house, who has arrived at the age of fifty years, but what has felt this truth thundering through his mind for centures." "It is very sickly here," said one man to another, not long since. The answer was "yes, a great many have died this year, who never died before." Every man of a family will corroborate the fact "that beef never was so high since the cow jumped over the moon." The old fisher-wife was excused who did not want to see the minister, and pretended not to be at home by crying out "I'm nae in, sir, I'm awa wi' the fish." That is equal to the verdict of a Kansas jury at an inquest, who certified "that deceased came to his death by suicide, a sand-bank falling on him."

*Puns* are within the reach of everybody, however stupid. In fact some people will stagger into them, as into a quagmire unaware; but puns are only witty, when they not only shew the relationship between two ideas, but also suggest a third under an identical sound. A pun is a play upon words, wit is a play upon ideas, when a word has a number of different meanings, some of which are used in a ridiculous sense, or with *apparent* fitness, when it would be absurd, on second thought,

to suppose such a connection real, then it is a pun. The appropriate meaning, and the absurd application of another meaning, come suddenly into juxtaposition and cause momentary surprise and laughter. The wit of *language* is far below the wit of *ideas* in mental sharpness. "You are a little bear, madam," said a brute to a fashionable belle, at an evening party, "Sir?" exclaimed the dismayed one. "Beg pardon, I mean about the shoulders." When the guide points to a statue of Christopher Columbus, at Rome, and says to Mark Twain, "Santa Maria! zis ze bust!—zis ze pedestal!" Mark says "is this the first time this gentleman was ever on a *bust?*" We laugh at all this multifarious phrases of human thought, and why not? As jolly old Horace said "who shall forbid me to speak truth in laughter?" This joyousness is seen eveywhere in animate *creation.* The Universe is an instrument upon which the Almighty plays with skilful fingers. We hear His music in the hum of every insect which dances in the sunbeam; as well as in the rush of the eagle's wing: in the zephyrs of summer, fanning "the children of the wild-wood," and in the brow of care or beauty, equally with the howl, shriek, and wail of the merciless tempest: in the joyous melody of every dancing streamlet, meandering through flowery meads, sylvan groves, and fairy haunted dells, or in the roar of every thundering cataract, which has sent up throughout the ages, its hymnal praises to Nature's God: in the sheeny ripple of the nestling lake, amid domestic scenes, on the one hand; and on the other, in the roar of a wrathful ocean, bellowing its mighty choruses on every isle and and continent: in the songs of the minstrels of the grove, whose every note is of inspiration, and whose accents are of sympathy and love, and in the wonderful inflections of the human voice, whose cadences in soul-stirring music and song, move our inner being, and whose anthems, oratorios, and lyrics find a response from "the better angels of our nature." Did this world of humanity have no smiles and laughter within its precincts—no hearts surrounded by happy groups—no hills and vallies echoing with melody and music—and no sons of genius to fill our cup of earthly joy to overflowing with matchless appreciation of the wisdom and witchery of fertile, wise, and witty minds, then would it seem that a mighty blight had withered many loving traits of our race, and extinguished in our souls faculties for good, which nature with its thousand tongues has not been bereft of, for

"No tears, dim the sweet faces which nature wears.'

Coleridge strikes a cord in every well regulated soul, when he sings—

> "Methinks it would have been impossible
> Not to love all things, in a world so filled,
> Where the breeze warbles, and the mute still air,
> Is music slumbering on her instruments."

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## SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

BY REV. M. HARVEY, ST. JOHN'S, N. F.

IN its largest sense, Science is the interpretation of the great volume of nature, whose author is God. To the finite mind of man that volume presents difficulties, preplexeties, mysteries, partly because of the vastness of the plan on which it is projected, and partly because of the feebleness of that human intelligence which attempts to penetrate its secrets. It is a sealed volume: and only by patient study, and humble labour can the mystic seals be unloosed. The face of nature is veiled, and it is for man, who had been so wondrously endowed for the task by his Creator, reverently yet fearlessly to lift the veil, and gaze into that awful but lovely face which dimly yet truly mirrors the Omnipotent One. Not at once, or even readily, does nature disclose the secret laws and processes by which she works. Like the fabled Sphinx of old she propounds her riddles; and man, the intellectual monad, is the interpreter whose powers are at once taxed and developed by the demands she makes. Onward the beautiful Sphinx leads him, showing him, as he penetrates one secret after another, that deeper ones remain undisclosed, that mightier mazes of mystery open as he advances, that law within law rules the play of her mighty forces, in their marches and combinations; thus directing his steps along.

> "The world's great altar stairs
> That slope from darkness up to God."

Thus, man can never exhaust the study of nature; never hope to comprehend the whole which can only be known to the infinite mind; never be able to close the volume, saying, now it has no more secrets for me." To the end of time, generation after generation will have to confess "we only know in part," we can comprehend but fragments of the mighty plan which stretches

from everlasting to everlasting. Behind all that is known stretch the vast realms of the unknown.

True science being thus the interpretation of nature, must of necessity be imperfect, though progressive; and from feeble beginnings, and through many mistakes arising from an imperfect acquaintance with facts, she has to correct her stammering utterances, as she attempts to read the hieroglyphics of the universe. Slowly and gradually she advances to clearer knowledge and a more correct interpretation of those laws of nature which are the divine ideas expressed in facts. Knowing this, true Science is always modest and humble; always cherishes a deep reverence for facts, and is always ready to correct her own interpretations as a clearer light is reached. As she conquers one realm after another, she recognizes that these are but fringes of the great realms of the unknown which lie beyond. Still her object is wholly good,—to make man intelligently acquainted with his earthly dwelling-place, with his own physical and mental constitution, and with the universe at large.

The march of Science, especially during the last century, has been a triumphant and beneficent one. It has largely dispersed that dread of nature, which is the offspring of ignorance, and the fruitful parent of superstition with its progeny of woes. It has taught man to look fearlessly into the face of nature, and see there a divine order and beauty, not the features of a ferocious monster, "red in tooth and claw." It has told man how he may so utilise the materials around him as to remove or alleviate countless evils which pressed injuriously upon him. It has given him the fire and the lightning and the steam as his servants, smoothed the rugged surface of earth, and seamed it with the iron road, and linked together continents, islands and races of men; and it is gradually bringing the treasures of earth and air and sea, and laying them at his feet. All that it has done is but a prelude to what it will do, in advancing man's best interests. We hail Science as man's truest friend and noblest helper. In its genuine workers we see our brave benefactors who for us are bearing the burden and heat of the day,—who are conquering new realms, that we may enter in and enjoy their labours. All true Science is to be welcomed as wholly beneficient; and all true religion will hail in Science her best "help-meet" in the elevation of the race.

How comes it, then, that in the present day, so many religious

people are alarmed at the teachings and disclosures of Science in regard to the constitution of the globe and the starry heavens, the unswerving laws of nature and the origin and destiny of man? Whence these sharp attacks of some Scientists on the bulwarks of religion, and the jealousy and distrust experienced by good men, as though the foundations were about to be destroyed; as though their belief in God, and their hope of immortality were about to be overthrown by these new and startling teachings of Science. Let us look at the matter calmly and fearlessly, and I think we shall find that the alarm is groundless and that the spectre is but a creature of the imagination.

Let us, first of all, consider how the apparent misunderstanding between Science and religion has arisen. Nature is not the only volume of which God is the author. The volume of revelation also professes to be from Him. As to the evidences that it is so, it is enough for my present purpose to say that those attestations which it brings of its divine origin, are so powerful and convincing as to have satisfied men of the acutest intellect and largest breadths of knowledge and noblest character, during eighteen centuries, that it was indeed a revelation from God; while the nations which have embraced it as such, are the most enlightened on the face of the earth, and are now leading the van of human progress. Now this volume of revelation resembles the volume of nature in containing heights and depths of mystery, things requiring patient and long continued thought in order to be understood, and apparent perplexities and even contradictions.

If it did not do so, we should pronounce it a mere human composition. But we find that it does correspond to the volume of nature, in its deep, majestic and sometimes mystic utterances; in the grandeur and sweep of its plan; and in the stimulus it offers to the intellect of man, in interpreting its pages. The true interpretation of the volume of revelation is not to be reached at a bound, any more than that of nature; but slowly and by reverent study, generation after generation have been exploring its treasures and bringing its deep things to light. No intelligent mind will say that, at the present day, the Bible is exhausted and that we know all that can be known regarding its utterances. On the contrary, the most intelligent minds admit that as in nature, so in revelation, much remains to be disclosed, and that we may be now on the borders of discoveries of great moment and far-reaching

consequences, in studying both volumes. The Bible, like nature, is inexhaustible. There is another point of resemblance. Countless mistakes have occurred in interpreting the Bible, just as in the case of the other volume; and men have represented their own crude theories and narrow views, as the teachings of revelation. The interpretation, in both cases, is going on, and is still imperfect. Herein, I think, lies the root of the misunderstanding between Science and revelation. Neither record has yet been fully and correctly interpreted. The imperfection of the reading in one or both records produces seeming discords and contradictions. The God revealed by nature seems different from the God made known by revelation. Nature seems to unfold one tale regarding man's origin, history and destiny, and revelation a different; and as both cannot be true, a doubt springs up as to the trust-worthy character of the written revelation and its divine origin, when it is thus contradicted by the facts of nature and the deductions of reason. God cannot contradict himself. He cannot say one thing in the facts of nature and the opposite in revelation. This is the way in which war has arisen, in these days, between Science and Religion; between the utterances of reason and the teachings of theology. It is not to be denied that, at present, things look ominous, and that the misunderstanding, on the face of it, seems deep and wide. Nothing could be more disastrous to man's best interests, than any want of harmony between faith and reason.

What, then, is the duty of thoughtful, intelligent men who love their Bible, and value it as their most precious treasure, and who, at the same time, reverence the voice of reason? I think the path of duty is plain. We should patiently, reverently and humbly consider on which side the fault lies—whether on the side of those who have been expounding the volume of revelation, or on the side of those who have been interpreting the volume of nature. Mistakes, hasty conclusions, crude generalization, may arise on either side. The men of Science may read their record amiss; or the theologians may err, as they have done, again and again, in the interpretation of revelation. Let each party carry out their investigations with a sincere loyalty to truth,—patiently endeavouring to correct former errors, rendering mutual help in a sympathetic spirit, and meantime, avoiding all hasty conclusions, and the result cannot be doubtful. Just as in countless previous instances, the apparent contradictions between Science and revela-

tion will vanish into thin air, "like the baseless fabric of a vision;" and all true Science will be found in harmony with all true religion.

Is this the mere baseless assertion of an interested partizan? Let us look back a little, and see if we cannot read the future in the light of the past. When Galileo turned his telescope to the starry heavens, more than two hundred years ago, and demonstrated that the planets were in motion around the central sun, the religious men of those days were alarmed, and cried out that the man of Science was contradicting scripture, and that his doctrines would over-turn the very foundations of religion. Instead of calmly inquiring whether Galileo's discoveries were true, and whether their interpretations of scripture were correct, they very foolishly tried to stifle his utterences by threats of imprisonment and death; and when he was a feeble old man of seventy, they compelled him to kneel down and recant his opinions. But the progress of truth could not be arrested in this way; and by and by, wiser men looked into their Bibles to see what it really asserted about the matter. Of course they found that the writers of the Bible, in speaking about the sun and moon and stars, just used the common language of their times, such as accorded with the ideas of the age, and had no intention of teaching men astronomy; and that had they used any other language they would not have been understood. Their province was to teach men in regard to matters of salvation, not to disclose, in advance, truths of Science. The difficulty vanished; and in the light of this simple truth, men saw that their fears about revelation were visonary, and that there was nothing to put a ban on the investigations of the astronomer. And so, that glorious, "star-eyed Science" has gone on, sounding the depths of space, following the comet in its far-flashing path, and resolving the dim nebula that seem to hang as clouds on the outskirts of creation; but all the disclosures of astronomy tell us what the Bible told us long ago, "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handy-work."

Now this case of Galileo ought to have been a lesson to men for all time, but it was not. When, within the memory of men now living, the Science of geology began to unfold its doctrines about the age of the earth, and the mode of its formation, slowly and gradually, through myriads of ages, and to read of its history, as written by the finger of God, in the rocky tablets beneath its surface, a panic arose in the religious world, and there were men, good

and conscientious, but mistaken men, who denounced the new Science as impious, and declared that it contradicted the Bible's account of creation. This panic has long since abated: and there is no intelligent man to-day who has any fear lest the teachings of geology should shake the foundations of revealed religion,—And why? Because people found that they had been mistaken, in supposing that the Bible taught that the earth and the other worlds and suns were created in a moment, some six thousand years ago. On looking more carefully into the written record, it was found that it assigned no such narrow limits to creation; and that its language allowed for all the aeons on aeons of past time which the geological record had marked. Harmony, as in the former instance, was restored; and the disclosures of geology, carrying us away into the abysses of past time, give us grander and more ennobling views of the mighty Architect of the universe.

With such examples as these before us, we can await with tranquillity the results of the new theories propounded in our own day, by scientific men, and which seem to conflict with the teachings of revelation. Whatever is true in them will survive; whatever is erroneous will be eliminated; and, in the end, when the teachings of the two records, on the points at issue, are compared, just as in the former cases, perfect harmony will be established. It will either be found that our interpretations of scripture are at fault, and that we have been attributing to scripture that which is not in it; or that scientific men have been weaving theories out of their own fancies which will not stand the test of facts.

Let us take as an illustration of this, the question of the antiquity of man. Many able men tell us that his day on earth must have been much longer than that put down in our Bible chronology. They argue this from the evidences accumulated by geology, history, archæology, the science which deals with the formation of languages, as well as from the time required for the growth of so many and such diverse races of men, supposing them to have sprung from a single pair originally. Historical chronology fixes its earliest date, to which any degree of certainty can be attached, at the migration of Abraham, two thousand B. C. But at that time we find a powerful race, in an advanced stage of civilization in the valley of the Nile, under the lordly sway of the Pharaohs; and in the far east, in the valley of the Euphrates, we find a well organized government, under Chedorlaomer, conducting warlike

expeditions at a great distance from the seat of government. The monuments of Egypt show, according to the most moderate computation of the ablest scholars, that the Egyptian monarchy dates its origin at least seven hundred years before the visit of Abraham, thus placing the beginning of the dynasty in the twenty-eighth century B. C. Even that cannot be reckoned as the origin of the nation. Before a monarchy could have arisen, nomadic tribes must have existed, and the people gathered and grown through many generations. So, too, regarding the monarchy which flourished on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates—its origin and growth must date far back in the annals of the past. We cannot doubt, too, from historical records, that contemporary with the Pharaohs, the great wave of human population had spread along the banks of the Oxus, the Indus, the Ganges, the Yellow River, to say nothing of the vast continent of Africa. The question arises, will our commonly received chronology allow sufficient time for these great growths of human population? The difficulty increases when we come to consider the varieties of man, and the vast lapse of time required for the gradual development of divergent types. In the pictorial records of Egypt we find accurate representations of the Negro, the race which diverges most widely from the European type; and in these paintings, executed one thousand four hundred years before the christian era, their features are as strongly marked as in the present day. If then, in the days of Abraham, the Negro race was just what it is now, what a long period of time we must allow for the slow and gradual development of this variety of man, if, as we believe, a single pair were the progenitors of all the diverse races! The science of language also seems to claim for man a very lengthened term, in the ages that are past. It is now demonstrated that such languages as the Hindoo, the Persian, the Italian, the Greek, the Celtic and German have a common origin; and yet, in the days of Abraham, these languages were nearly as far apart as they are to-day. What a lengthened period, then, must we allow for the slow growth of these varieties of speech from one parent tongue! The evidences accumulated by all these branches of inquiry seem imperatively to demand a very great extension of our chronology, and put it beyond a doubt that man's day on earth is much longer than we are usually taught to believe.

The question then arises—do these conclusions of Science con-

flict with the testimony of revelation! It seems to me that all fears on this point may be dismissed, when we remember that the chronology affixed to our Bibles is simply that of Archbishop Usher, and is founded on a certain method of interpretation and mode of reckoning which may or may not be the correct one. That chronology forms no part of the inspired record, and is but a deduction from it. If we take the Septuagint version of the scriptures, which is one of high authority, we find that the chronology which is founded on it makes man's day on earth no less than eight hundred years longer than Usher's chronology. When two chronologies, so very different, profess to be founded on the Pentateuch, the propriety of reconsidering the principle of interpretation, on which both are based, is forcibly suggested. Computations of time, drawn from the same document, and yet varying so widely, cannot rest on a trust-worthy system of interpretation. When all turns on the meaning of certain Hebrew words descriptive of descent, the import of which is, to say the least, doubtful, we should be cautious about identifying the interests of religion with any system of interpretation which leads to a conflict with the plain deductions of Science. The truth seems to be that, just as in the case of the geological periods, the Bible does not lay down any definite limits of time, so it does not give us any *exact* information as to the lapse of time since man's creation. Thus the apparent difficulty vanishes; and we find that scripture does not limit man's antiquity within the narrow bounds hitherto supposed.

The Duke of Argyle, whose reverence for scripture no one can question, and whose ability as a writer is admitted on all hands, has discussed this question with great fairness in his work, entitled "Primeval Man." He arrives at the conclusion, that man's antiquity is greater considerably than that assigned to it, either by Usher's Chronology or that founded on the Septuagint version. Remarking on the uncertainty of the various chronologies founded on the Pentatuch he says; "They all involve suppositions as to the principle of interpretation, and as to the import of words descriptive of descent, which are in the highest degree doubtful, and which it is evident cannot be applied consistently throughout.' Thus when we read (Gen. x. 15–18) of Canaan, the grandson of Noah, that he 'begat Sidon, his first-born, and Heth,' we seem to have the names of individual men; but when it is immediately

added that he also 'begat the Jebusite and the Amorite, and the Girgasite and the Hivite and the Arkite and the Sinite,' etc, it is clear that we are dealing not with single generations, but with a condensed abstract of the origin and growth of tribes. No definite information is given in such abstracts as to the lapse of time. The chronology of changes not specially included in the narrative, can only be gathered from the general character of the events described. And that general character is such as fully to corroborate the evidence we have from other sources—that long before the call of Abraham, that is to say, long before the twentieth century B. C., the human race had been increasing and multiplying on the earth from such ancient days, that in many regions, far removed from the centre of their dispersion, great nations had arisen, powerful and civilized governments had been established." "When all due allowance has been made, there remains a weight and concurrence of authority in favour of a long chronology which grows and increases in the minds of all who have studied each one of the separate branches of inquiry." "Unquestionably the Unity of the Human Race, in respect to origin, is not easily separated from some principles which are of high value in our understanding both of moral duty and of religious truth. And precisely in proportion as we value our belief in that unity, ought we to be ready and willing to accept any evidence on the question of man's antiquity. The older the human family can be proved to be, the more possible and probable it is that it has descended from a single pair. My own firm belief is that all scientific evidence is in favour of this conclusion; and I regard all new proofs of the antiquity of man as tending to establish it on a firmer basis."

Let us now turn for a moment to those discussions, now so rife, regarding the origin of species and the descent of man, with which the name of Darwin is prominently associated. The truth is they can only be regarded as bold conjectures, and even their author does not claim that they rank at present higher than probabilities. We can afford to wait, and leave the scientific men who are alone competent to discuss these questions, to settle how much of truth or falsehood may be in them. The scientific world is quite divided on the matter; and authorities equally high can be quoted on both sides. We can afford to wait and look with calmness and even good will, on these new theories. The element of truth, if truth there be, that is in them will live, and the falsehood will

perish; but we must be men of little faith if we fancy that any scriptural truth is endangered by these "fairy tales of Science." It is a mistake, however, to suppose that their tendency is atheistic or that they upset the doctrine of final causes. If we suppose the whole vast chain of animated beings on the globe to have been developed from simple forms, creative power and intelligence are just as much needed to call into existence these original germs, as to form new species by special, creative acts. Even if the modern doctrine of evolution were proved to be true, there must be an Almighty evolver who endowed the original forms with such wondrous capabilities; and that Being will not seem less, but more august in our eyes, when we are told that his means are even simpler than we supposed. Taught by scripture, we believe in a Providence which watches over the whole universe and upholds all things. Would this doctrine be shaken if it were proved to be true, as Darwin puts it, "that natural selection is daily and hourly scrutinizing throughout the world, every variation, even the slightest; rejecting that which is bad, preserving and adding up that which is good, silently and incessantly working whenever and wherever opportunity offers at the improvement of every organic being." Let us suppose that all this were true, who does not see that we have here simply a grander, wider view of Providence than ever, and that we obtain a more magnificent glimpse of the mode by which that Providence acts. It is an admitted fact that the bodies of all organized beings are evolved from what seems to be a simple germ, under a process of natural law; but no intelligent man, on this account, questions the doctrine of an intelligent Creator. If, then, we extend this conception to the whole universe, and suppose, as these modern theories express it, that the whole organization on the globe has been evolved, under a process of natural law, from simple germs, just as our bodies have been, will not the Creator then still bear the same relation to the whole universe that he bears to every individual human body? In both cases, and equally, there is a necessity for an intelligent and almighty evolver, who endowed the primary germs with their wondrous potentiality. Nor should we permit ourselves to suppose that such conceptions are necessarily contrary to scripture. While scripture tells us that God "created" all things, it no where defines that term, or specifies the means, the *how* of creation. We must beware of putting into the

teachings of scripture our own theories and pre-conceived ideas, and limiting terms which the Bible does not limit. It tells us that God created organized beings, each according to their kind; but we are not informed what "kind" it is, or whether it includes the property of variation—the point which is now so keenly debated. These considerations then may help us to have faith and patience, and to give a candid and impartial hearing to all that true Science has to say, believing in the deep and everlasting harmony of the truths of Science and religion. The christian need not dread lest the advances of Science should undermine the foundations of his faith. Our dear old Bible, the message of our loving, Heavenly Father, which has for eighteen centuries stood the assaults of foes and is still unscathed, is not likely to be injured by the speculations of philosophers in these latter days. We need not fear that we are going to be left in a fatherless universe, in which the blind forces of nature are grinding on for evermore, without intelligent origin or aim; and we ourselves be at last "blown about as desert dust; or sealed within the iron hills." Let us wait patiently and fearlessly. The clouds which have now gathered will disperse, and the shadows will flee away; and hand in hand, mutual help-meets, Science and religion will be seen walking harmoniously—the one beautifying and blessing man's earthly dwelling-place, and the other crowning his being with the unclouded hope of heaven.

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# PHILIP BLAIR;

OR,

## School Days in the Dominion.

BY E. LAWSON FENERTY, ESQ., HALIFAX, N. S.

(Continued.)

## CHAPTER XI.

TWO quarrels, in one severely punished, sent up for misbehaviour, chaffed unmercifully, and all within the two first weeks of his stay at the Groves; and yet the boys were unreasonable enough to consider Phil as particularly fortunate, or perhaps their own words would be more expressive to wit, "awfully lucky."

The matter of-fact-way he combatted any and every infringement of what he considered to be his rights, whether attempted

by such as Wilman or a big fellow like Terrance had quite won the fancy of the majority of the scholars; and they almost involuntarily accepted or rather sought his assistance, as one of the few who are called upon to decide a dispute or a race, choose a side for a game, act as spokesman for a grievance, or champion a little chap as, the ten year olds, the youngest in the school, were termed.

As the school authorities had, and I have no doubt wisely, "taken no notice of his last and crowning exploit; his glory from that encounter remaining unimpaired by such a humiliating sequence as a trouncing; Wilman's behaviour being all that could be desired, never making demonstrations hostile or otherwise; in fact letting Phil severely alone, which the latter fully appreciated: therefore as was perfectly natural under the circumstances, his first letter home, although written by a hand attached to an arm still sore from the effects of—; we'll say recent events; breathed a spirit of contentment with his lot, coupled with the desire inferred if not expressed, of going to school for the remainder of the days, and terminating a long and prosperous career at the summit of the school-boy's ambition, the oldest boy, but as the pith of the whole production, at least with reference to his opinion of the place, was summed up in the last few words I will give them, "I would like to go home once in a while, but its bully." His mother and uncle came to the conclusion, when the letter arrived, that he was quite comfortable; the old lady asserting, they must be spoiling him by giving him his own way too much."

A great game of cricket had been played with a neighbouring school, in which Blair had greatly distinguished himself, he had got into company with some of the boys who did not stand in the best light. He was advised by Crawford, not to have much to do with Wilson or Qurlett.

"What's the matter with Qurlett?"

"He is all the time with Wilson for one thing; he is a good enough fellow but doesn't care two cents what he does; between them they'll get you into a scrape you see; you know what Wilson is."

"O I guess I am all right, but what is the row with Jerry?"

"How do I know?" Crawford replied impatiently, "you ought to know better than me, you room with him; he hasn't been near me this week except when you were about."

"Then you should have a talk with him, you know how queer he is about some things, he thinks that you don't want him."

"Why should I? I am not going to run after him if he chooses to be so uppish."

"It's all right, if you think so, but you were ready enough to speak to me about Wilson and those fellows, that's all."

"I'll suit myself about it," Crawford replied shortly, turning away.

"Like to see a fellow do what is right though," thought Phil, as he wended his way down stairs, "and I think he has a right to speak to Jerry, I know I would."

That evening as the last bell rang, and the boys were hurrying into the house for the evening, Phil and Qurlett who were at the farther extremity of the play ground, saw one of the scholars come across the cricket ground, look along the line of boys and then come towards them; it was almost dark and they could not distinguish his features at first.

"It's Wilson," said Phil, as he approached them.

"Is that you Fred?" Wilson asked as he heard Phil's voice.

"Yes I am here; it's time to go in though."

"I've just been looking for you, didn't ask the fellows where you were, because they might think something was up."

"I guess there must be, by the way you talk," replied Qurlett, with a laugh, fire away, come along, we can talk as we go in."

"Hold on now, can't you wait a minute and don't make such a noise?" said Wilson in a loud whisper, "you want all the school to know, better wait till he goes along," casting a side glance at Phil and dropping his voice, "it's some fun."

"O, he's all right, he won't split if he dosn't go into it, come Phil," and the three boys walked slowly along.

"There is a shooting party camping over in the Grove," said Wilson, after looking about him to see if any one was near, "I saw them coming ashore."

"Well what of it," queried Phil.

"What of it? why a good deal, we can have some fun, hey, Fred? do you remember last year, coming down?"

"I'm in," rejoined Qurlett, "what do you say Blair? come along if you like, it's no harm and you will see some fun, come?" as Phil looked irresolute.

"How long will you be gone?"

"We'll be back in an hour easy enough; I suppose the seniors will give an imposition for it, that won't kill a fellow."

"I don't care I'll go; it isn't much," he thought.

"Let us wait until they all get in and then cut," said Wilson, "it's no use having a lot with us."

As soon as the play-ground was quite empty, the trio hurried away in the direction of the grove;—A bright fire that glowed and burnt on some broad flat stones there did duty for a fire-place, served as a beacon for our truants' guidance; on a tripod of sticks over it, hung a camp kettle, that from its exceedingly black exterior gave evidence of a long and useful career; while in a frying pan, sputtered a string of delicious lake trout fulfilling their manifest destiny, and being attended to by one of the party, who was unquestionably cook for the occasion; per force, for as he bent over the fire, his face glowed in a manner that was uncomfortably suggestive of intense heat; now and again he gave vent to a great,—I was going to say sigh—call it that, in lieu of a better name, because it might possibly pass muster with some for a very large sample of that article: now and then he would relieve his overwrought feelings by saying, "it's dreadfully hot work, boys," then subside and mop himself resignedly with a large handkerchief, mentally wishing the cooking was over, or that one of the others had the job.

The rest of the party, four in number, were lying carelessly on the green sward in as many different attitudes, busily engaged over a game of cards; they were surrounded on all sides by fowling pieces, fishing gear, baskets, flasks, and other *et ceteras*, supposed to be necessary for a night under the stars,—vernacular—"camping out."

All were gentlemen; gentlemen by their speech, but rough as raftsmen, in their garb of serviceable grey homespun, great boots, and surmounted by soft slouched wide-awakes, that one could sleep in without injury to hat or head.

As the fire rose and fell, it flung its light about in fitful flashes; now showing the sombre green of the oak leaves and undergrowth, where it waved and flickered until it lost itself away in the distance; again throwing a broad gleam across the dark surface of the river, lighting it up as a mirror, and bringing out in strong relief the huge shadows of the trees that seemed to be swaying as though wrenched by a passing gale.

"Who's there?" exclamed one of the card players, half turning where he lay, with his elbow under him, and peering among the trees as the footsteps of the boys caught his ear; "I'll be hanged! if it's not some of the school-boys," he added, as they stepped into the ring of light.

"What, in the name of all that's festive, do you youngsters want here?" inquired the cook, "we will have the old man down on us sure."

"Let 'em come," interposed another, decidedly fast-looking, "they can't do any harm now," and dropping his voice to a whisper, "we will have some sport. That fat one," meaning Wilson, "will get as tight as a loon if you give him the swipes; I saw him and one of the others when we were here last year; come along boys," he continued raising his voice, and with a mischievous smile on his face, "it's all right."

The boys had stopped abruptly when they were so roughly saluted; after the men ceased speaking Wilson at once went forward, Phil paused an instant to consider, then turned to leave.

"Here youngster!" shouted the fast-looking sportsman, "come back, don't pick up your heels."

But Phil paid no heed and strode on.

Qurlett, knowing that it would never do for one to go leaving the others, bounded after him, and laying his hand on his shoulder stopped and finally persuaded him to return.

"Come boys, as long as you are here sit down and make yourselves comfortable.

Accepting the invitation they sat down, and watched the game with some interest; presently one of the men looked up, and addressing Wilson, inquired if he had not seen him before.

"I don't know, I'm sure, where do you belong," Wilson asked evidently not recognizing the speaker.

"Don't mean that; I think I saw you here last fall."

"Oh!" said Wilson grinning, "I remember, almost in this very spot, and him too," pointing to Qurlett, "the Governor almost caught me that time, he knew I was out though, but that was all."

"I thought I remembered you, but come," he said addressing the others as well, "have a fish and a bit of buscuit?" Wilson readily accepted, he was always willing to attend to anything edible, the others civilly declined.

"Now for a brew of punch, where's the whiskey, Walt?" asked

one of the men after they had finished their meal, "you must have a glass with us boys?"

"Thank you," said the irrepressible Wilson, smacking his lips.

"Speak for yourself, Wilson," said Phil, hastily jumping up, "come along let's go up, Qurlett; ask Wilson to come too," he whispered?

"Ask him yourself; he won't go till he gets that punch though, so you might as well save yourself the trouble, we'll all get up in in a few minutes."

"You're not going to take any?" said Phil, "I'm not."

"Oh no," Qurlett replied, "I'm not such a fool as that; if you want to hear a fellow talk, just wait till Wilson drinks that punch, if you don't laugh."

"Any fun?" whispered Phil, grinning.

"Fun! I should think so, it won't be though, if we be caught."

"Hadn't we better tell him not to take it, it's mean to let a fellow go that way."

Qurlett looked at Phil with a stare of surprise, "just try it and see if you don't get a dig in the ribs; he has a right do as he likes, it's none of my business; much as I can do to look after myself, you better do the same."

"When will you go back? its more than an hour since we came down."

"Don't be in a hurry, it's all right we'll wait for Wilson, now."

While this whispered conversation was being held, the punch was brewed, and one of the men, the fast-looking one, taking the cup off his flask, partly filled it with the hot drink, and handed it to Wilson who swallowed it with scarcely a wink, and looked longingly as it was filled again and offered to Qurlett and Phil, but both declined.

"That's right youngsters, don't touch it, it's hardly fit for men," said the one who was cook.

"O you be hanged! we don't want any temperance lectures from you; if you never took any you might talk," retorted the other; "here," he continued handing the cup to Wilson, "you are man enough for it, I know."

"I guess so," he replied with a solemn grin taking it.

"It's a great shame for you, Steve, to give the boy that stuff," one of the others said.

"I should think so," added Phil, looking indignantly at Steve, "much of a man you are."

"Look a, 'ere you two fellers, yer shut up will yer," said Wilson, trying to look dignified, but he was too drunk; "you! a boy like you, trying to tell me what to do, go away," and he waved his hand, "do yer spose I ain't all right?"

"I spose yer won't have the Governor telling you either, if he catches you?" mimicked Phil, laughing.

But Wilson's courage was equal to any emergency, "jes like to see the old rat touch yer, boys," he said, winking both eyes vigorously in his efforts to be dignified but he only succeeded in looking sleepy;" I'll take care of yer all right I know," and he shook his head wisely; "I always look after them," he added, turning to the men who were laughing.

"O come along!" said Phil, "it's after ten now, come that's a good fellow!" taking Wilson's arm, but he was obstinate and would not budge an inch; "jes let me alone an' I'll go presenly," he said, looking half-defiantly, half-stupidly at Phil; "do yer think I'm a fool?"

"Yes and a beast too, Phil muttered," come along! finally after a great deal of persuasion they succeeded in getting him started, and with one on each side of the half helpless boy, proceeded to the house.

"Hold on," said Qurlett, stopping when they had gone about half way, "let us go to the barn, they will twig Wilson if he goes in this way, we can sleep in the hay first rate."

"They won't see him or us either," replied Phil, "I expect they are all in bed by this, just look at the time will you."

"It's after half past ten rejoined Qurlett," after a long scrutiny of his watch, "I didn't think it was so late, why the house will be shut, we will have to get in the window, unless we go to the barn."

"No," said Phil, "I'd sooner get into the house some way than go to the barn."

"No shir," Wilson broke in, "we–are–goin–to–ther–house, unerstan' that."

"Come along then," said Qurlett, "let us do something, come Wilson."

"Jes' shu mind yer own bisnis," replied Wilson, drawing back obstinately, "yer aint going to lug me round jes where yer like."

"All right," said Qurlett, "where will you go?"

"To ther house, old fellor," Wilson replied, shaking his head and winking, "its all right."

"I think I know where we can get in," said Qurlett as they approached the house, "just stay here a moment and I'll cut on and see."

Leaving them he went forward and cautiously walking to the kitchen tried the windows, but finding them fast, went up the slopes, he next tried a window or hatch of a sort of cellar and store-room just in rear of the kitchen, this he found open, it would answer admirable; with a little care they could easily get in, as the window was quite large, go through the kitchen and up stairs, without being discovered.

"It's all right, we can get in without any trouble," he said as he returned, "the big cellar window is open, come along and walk carefully."

"Come along?" said Wilson, "I know the way better'n you fellers, I'll show yer."

"Shut up, can't you," whispered Qurlett, angrily, "don't make such a row, or you will have the seniors after us; now take your boots off," he added as they came to the window; after each had removed his boots they were all ready to go in, and Qurlett stepped forward to go down first.

"Hold on there," exclaimed Wilson, "I'm agoing first, I know what you are up to, you want to leave me out altogether, no yer don't," and he pushed forward.

"Don't be a fool?" remonstrated Phil, "let him go first, then he can help you down."

"Do you 'spose I can't get down as well as him? go away, I'm going first," he persisted obstinately, trying to push Qurlett, who without heeding Wilson was just getting down, aside.

"Stop! if yer don't let me go first I'll make a row, don't care a darn if we are caught."

"Let him go then, said Phil, it's no use to talk to him."

"Not a bit," Wilson said, solemnly.

"Give us your hand and I'll help you," said Qurlett, as Wilson was about descending.

"Don't want any yer help, know the way better'n you, jes let me alone," he replied stubbornly. He was just in that frame of mind when the only way to get along with him, was to let him have his own way in everything; this they did, and he proceeded gravely and with the utmost deliberation to let himself down through the window.

During the afternoon, the housekeeper had stewed a large quantity of apples for the boys' use, putting them in a huge earthenware pan, and leaving it under the open window to cool, hardly expecting it was to become a thoroughfare.

Wilson let himself carefully down until he hung at full length grasping the window ledge, he then dropped; his feet striking the floor just outside the pan which was behind him, staggering back a little from the shock of the fall, the edge of the pan caught him across the legs, this caused him to lose his balance entirely, and over he went backwards with a cry, then a great splash as he fell into the midst of the soft mass.

Qurlett, who was lying out along the ground with his head to the window trying to pierce the darkness of the cellar, as Wilson dropped, hearing the splash, called out in a loud whisper, "what's the matter, Wilson?"

No answer, save a noise of struggling and grunting, and then something overset.

The boys hastily let themselves down, and Qurlett lighting a match, they discovered poor Wilson sitting in the midst of a great pool of stewed apples, with the big pan more than half empty beside him; he was rubbing his eyes vigorously with both fists, his hair filled and clothes covered with the sticking stuff; his face was smeared with daubs and streaks in all directions, and as the light from the match fell upon him, he looked up to the boys with such an expression of hopeless terror, mixed in about equal proportions with stewed apples, as to set them off in a perfect frenzy of laughter, utterly disregarding the time and place.

"Quiet," said Qurlett, after the first explosion, and fairly putting his hand in his mouth, chuckling and choking in his efforts to be silent.

"What's the matter Wilson," inquired Phil, as well as he could for laughter.

"I'm bust," replied Wilson in a voice of utter despair, "I'm all bust to pieces, jes look round and d'ye think I'll ever get well again?" I struck something when I dropped, and here is all there is of me; Oh dear! let me die easy."

Qurlett and Phil were fairly rolling on the floor as Wilson got this off.

"Oh Fred," Phil muttered, "what shall I do, my mouth is sore laughing?"

"I don't see much to laugh at," Wilson grumbled indistinctly, "you wouldn't if you was here, I know, O dear!"

"Come get up," said Qurlett, "give us your hand, take the other one Phil."

"Easy now," said Wilson as they were lifting him up, "e-e-easy," and he was pulled gradually up, with his legs as stiff and straight as two gun barrels, "I am all to pieces," he repeated confidentially to Phil; "I fell about five hundred feet and hit something."

"Won't there be a precious row in the morning when the housekeeper finds this mess?" said Qurlett, "hope she'll think it was the cats."

"That won't make any difference," returned Phil; "the senior knows we were out, I suppose we're in for it!"

"Never mind that now," said Qurlett, "let us get up stairs as soon as we can, or we'll have him down after such a racket."

"Who cares for him?" put in Wilson forgetting his previous woes, and taking up a position that was strikingly original; "he ain't goin' to interfere with my liberty. Give me liberty, or—" "give—me—lots of stewed apples," Phil interposed. "Look a here," said Wilson gravely, after a pause, "that's not it at all, if yer can't do better'n that shut up, look," he added, waving his hand, "you can't see my hand but you know it's going; give me liberty or give me death! there," he continued triumphantly, "that's the way to say it, it's in the book that way, that's the patriotic way; I'm a patriot, you're a patriot, we are all patriots."

"Stop that rubbish," said Qurlett savagely, coming from the kitchen with a lamp in his hand, "if you don't keep quiet I'll kick you."

"You will, will you, I'd jes like to see yer?"

"Yes," said Phil, "I would like to see him do it, too."

"We'd like to see yer do it all," said Wilson boldly, but a little mixed; "hey Phil? yes'ir, I guess so."

"Come along then!" said Phil, taking Wilson's arm, "we have got that fixed. Qurlett you go ahead with the light."

"What a regular muff you are," replied Qurlett, "as if I got the light to take up stairs, just stay where you are now," he continued after sitting the lamp down, "let us see if we can't scrape him a little; stand still Wilson, and we'll fix you all right, here," breaking a thin strip of wood he had found, and handing one half to Phil, "now," and the two scraped away vigorously at Wilson;

who too astonished to speak, stood with mouth and eyes wide open gazing from one to the other stupidly.

A few minutes steady application of the scraper, served to render him doubtfully respectable; "there," said Qurlett, "that will do, hold on!" as Wilson started to go, "you are in an awful hurry all at once, let us take our socks off, because you see if there is any of this stuff on them, we will make tracks, are you all ready?"

"Yes," and picking up their shoes and socks, they stepped carefully into the kitchen where they left the lamp after putting it out, and from thence went to the dormitories without further mishaps; after helping Wilson to bed, where they left him snoring like the seven sleepers, they went to their own rooms.

Phil, tired and dissatisfied with himself, and more than half afraid of the results of their lark, tossed restlessly about before getting asleep.

(To be continued.)

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## THE ROMANCE OF THE VIOLET.

Joy was in the camp at Rouen for the Frankish king had sworn
By his father Pepin's head, and by Christ, in Judah born,
He would sweep the Lombard land till he left not one to tell
Who had made the country man-less. And 'twas thus that it befell
In the days of Charlemagne.
To drum-tap and cymbals' clang
Flashing knights in phalanxs to their chamfroned destriers sprang.

Bright, from rampart-wall and terrace, with a mingled tear and smile,
Leaned the lithe douzelles of Rouen to behold the hosts defile,—
On that day of long-leave taking, from the arrow-slit above—
To a knight beneath the turret, spoke the lady of his love:
"Take my cousin for a page,
He is a lad of tender age."
"I will,—and as your cousin love him well,—I give my gage."

Then he from his silken surcoat, where it rested on his heart,
Drew a golden violet, carven by some Moorish goldsmith's art,
Saying as he raised the trinket to her on the point of lance,
"I give this flower as gage d'amor to the fairest flower of France:"
"In life and in death," said she,
"I will wear this pledge for thee,
And save where go myself and my love this violet shall never be."

From her head, with housewife shears, severed she a curling bine,
And with fingers white and subtile wove of it a golden twine,
Looped it to the violet, and, as she hid the gift below,
Fair 'neath the unclasped chemise shone her swelling breast of snow.
To his steed her lover sprang
And followed the cymbals' clang,
For golden spur had needs ride fast that rode with Charlemagne.

As Hannibalus, marched the king, and placed his standard on the scalps
(Save to Franks and eagles reachless,) of the ice-enthronëd Alps,
Whence the hosts of Normandie, bold Touraine and fierce La-Manche
Burst amain upon the plain like the loosened avalanche:
Longobards, beware the Franks!
Stand before their rushing ranks
As ye would before the torrent that has burst its shattered banks!

All throughout the Lombard land rode the Frankmen fierce and fast,
City-sacking, battle-giving, sword and fire, nor ceased at last
Till the rivers seaward ebbed, charcoal-mixed, and water-dyed,
Then the king to heaven cried: "tell me, comrades, have I lied!
Done the kingdom of the Goth,
Certes! I have kept my troth,
And blood of Lombardy's last duke drips from my saddle-cloth."

Joy to the men of Charlemagne with glory on their helms
With fiefs and high rewards for fee out of the subjects realms.
When spake he of the Voilet, inspired by flowing grail,
Unto the faithful lissome page that helped unbrace his mail;

"I have done enough for fame,
Now for some Italian dame
To found a line of barons with a haughty Frankish name."

The stripling with a low sad voice said:—"Master, noble lance!
Did you interchange love-gifts with a lorn douzelle of France?"
"I, faith did I,—a violet;—the past is past, *pardie!*
She may be true,—perchance she is,—or may be, false to me."
Swift the stripling's eyes grew wet,
Swift he tore the clasps that met
Across his breast of snow, and there lay shrined the Violet.

"Faitour!" cried the knight in passion, "leman to a faithless drab!
Dar'st thou thus to boast her favours and not fear to brook the stab?"
Swift the poignard, like an adder, sprang full at the opened vest,
And the streaming life-blood dyed the violet on the snowy breast:
"Love! I am thy Violet-maid,—
Love, I love thee," low she said,
And her fainting form falling in his circling arm he stayed.

Soft he from his right arm raised her, gently laid her on his left.
And, with hand that trembled strangely, reached he for his dagger heft,
Sheathed its blade within the bosom that so falsely could forget
The faithful maiden-page that wore the fatal Violet.
Side by side the twain were lying,
Each with arm the other tying,
While the cowled and muttering monks read prayers for the dying.

Their fate was told to Charles the king as he rode into hall,
"By God's Uprising," sputtered he, "but this will not do at all!
Let mine own minstrels rhyme the tale to an air of mournful sound."
The which they did, and sang lament,—while all the knights sate round,
To men's eyes the water sprang—
As the Violet maid they sang,
For the knights were gentle as brave at the court of Charlemagne.

HUNTER DUVAL.

## THE FLOWER.

(Translated from the French of Charles Hubert Millevoye.)

O solitary flower and dying,
Which wast the hônor of the vale,
Thy ruins on the dark earth lying,
Are scattered by the northern gale.
The same scythe cuts us down,
To the same God we yield:
A leaf, all sere and brown,
Drops from thee to the field;
A pleasure bids to us adieu,
Ev'n as a leaf abandons you.

From us Time makes, each day,
A taste, a passion fly;
As the fleet moments glide away
Our fond illusions die.
Man asks himself with grief,
Losing vain fancy's power,
Which is the most ephemeral,
Life or the flower.

JOSHUA CLAWSON.

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## A TALE OF THE FRONTIER.

BY GARRY FOSTER.

IN a pretty valley on the border of Alsace there lived some few years ago, in peace and happiness, a farmer and his wife named Scheller; their only son, Hans, and their adopted daughter, Gretta. When, in early childhood, Gretta had become their's by the death of her mother who left them her child, as a dying legacy to them, and faithfully had they performed the trust. Gretta by her loving ways and childish prattle had wound herself around their hearts; but they had not spoiled her by over indulgence, and now as she was budding into womanhood she was their pride and

blessing. The only near neighbours the Schellers had was a French family named Arllette, who lived but across the hill that formed the boundry line, so that the children of the families were constant companions. In the Arllette family there were three boys, Jean, Leon and Louis; the eldest, Jean, was clever, dark eyed; everybody thought him handsome and he was a favourite with all who knew him. Hans and he were close friends, although quite different in manners and appearance. Hans was light haired and blue eyed, quieter, and less showy than his friend, though more persevering as was shown in the daily routine of the village school, five miles off, which they attended; the walk was long but they were young and healthy, and with an occasional lift from some kind farmer they got along right merrily.

And now where our story commences, Gretta had reached her eighteenth birthday, and the day was to be kept in good old German fashion. How early Gretta rose that Spring morning to peep though the casement and see if the day was fine, and so it was, and joyfully she hurried to meet her father and mother and Hans, who was eager to be first with his congratulations. It had always been promised Gretta, that on this birthday she should have a grander festival than usual; so now the cousins of the Schellers from the village, and other friends with them, were invited; their cousins from the town, ten miles off, and the Arllettes of course, for they shared in all their festivities? indeed, those of a lesser kind than this were kept alternately at each house. What a busy morning it was preparing the great dinner, and when it drew near the hour for the guests to arrive, Gretta donned her most becoming gown and brushed her golden curls, and then came to meet her guests.

The town cousins, consisting of Herr Scheller, his wife and two daughters were the first to arrive, and then the Schellers from the village, two young men, and soon after the remainder of the guests. Very merrily passed the dinner hour, and the fair Gretta's health was drank in home-brewed lager, and wine from their own vintage.

After which the young people went out for a stroll, and the old folks stayed behind to talk about their crops and the gossip from town. Afterwards the party assembled around the well-laden board, to partake of the closing meal for the day. Then the evening passed in merry games and tales, until the departure of the Schellers and their companions for the village, and soon after

the Arllettes. It had been arranged that the town cousins should remain until the morning, as Gretta at their earnest solicitation was to leave home with them for a short visit. After the guests had retired, Christian and his wife talked long and earnestly on their cherished plan of the marriage of Hans and Gretta, who would still live in the old farm house, and be the light and joy of their old age and would smooth their pathway to the grave. At length Christian arose and pointing to the clock, reminded Lisbeth how early they should have to rise to bid farewell to their brother and sister, and then the worthy couple retired. The family was astir at early dawn the next morning, and early as it was Jean Arllette was over to bid Gretta good bye, and he and Hans followed the wagon to the turn of the road, then waving their caps in farewell, they slowly returned home.

It was the second Sabbath of Gretta's absence, and a few days before her return, that Mother Scheller sat in the porch of the homestead. It was a beautiful Spring day, not a sound was heard but the buzz of insect life and the tick of the clock in the old kitchen, her husband was taking his usual Sabbath afternoon nap and Mother Scheller sat waiting with her open Bible on her knee for Hans. He soon came in and threw himself at his mother's feet and rested his head on her knee, just like when he was a boy. His mother stroked his light curls and thought how manly and handsome her Hans was. At length she spoke, "Hans my boy, Gretta will come home next week, art thou glad?" "Yes mother, very glad, but why do you ask me?" "My boy we are getting old, your father and I, and when we are dead and gone, we should like Gretta and you to take our places, though we should like to live a while longer to see you prospering." "Mother, dear mother," said Hans, "you must not talk of leaving us. Why I hope you will live for many years to glad our eyes," and then his voice lowered and he poured into the ears of his mother his love for Gretta, "but" he said "she was too good for him, he was not worthy of her." "Nay Hans, my boy, thou art worthy of the best maiden in Germany, Gretta is a good girl and will be a blessing to you." "Then mother," said Hans (springing to his feet), "Have I your blessing?" "Yes, Hans, and may God bless thee and thy wife Gretta!" "Amen," said Hans, reverently lifting his cap. He then turned and strode quickly away towards the hill at the head of the valley. Dame Scheller soon after went into the house and commenced preparing

the evening meal. That night they arranged that if all went well (as they hoped it would), the bethrothal festival should take place at the first of August. Two days after, Hans set off with the light cart to the market-town to bring Gretta home. He was cordially welcomed by her, and his cousins, and soon after he had partaken of some refreshment, they bade good bye, and Gretta promised to make them another visit that time next year. It may seem strange to our readers that persons living only ten miles apart should meet so seldom, but it must be remembered that the roads were often bad, and especially that these country folk were industrious "keepers at home," and therefore could not find much time for visiting. But to return to our story, Hans and Gretta had reached the hill that overlooked their valley, and there, gleaming in the moonlight, with a light in the window for them, was their home. Hans stopped the sturdy horses, and pointing below, asked Gretta if she were happy in her home. She answered him immediately by telling that she could never be happy anywhere away from her dear father and mother. "Then Gretta, heart's dearest, could you be happy in being my wife, nothing would please my dear father and mother more; and Gretta, Gretta, I cannot tell you how much I love you." For a while she remained silent to all his appeals, until he asked her by some sign to answer him, then she turned and smiled on him and gave him her hand, he covered it with kisses, then seized the reins and hurried on the horses to the farm house. The good couple had heard the approach of the team and were waiting for them at the door. Joyously was Gretta welcomed home, for it had been very lonely without her. As soon as Hans had put up the horses for the night, he joined them. As he stood on the threshold for a moment, looking at Gretta who was standing near the great fireplace, he thought how womanly and beautiful she looked, and felt proud to think she was all his own. Then coming forward, he took the hand of Gretta and led her to his parents saying, "She is mine! father will you bless us?" The old man rose and with tears in his eyes laid his hands on their heads saying, "May God also bless you my own children!" "Amen!" responded Dame Schellar. We must here leave them on this happy evening, and when we next see them the Spring has passed and the Summer has advanced to August, and the betrothal festival has arrived, (that is the time when the betrothal is made known to the relatives). The Arlettes, Herr Scheller (from the

village), his wife and one son were present. The company was not gay, for the cloud of war hung over the land, and Herr Scheller had parted with his eldest son to fight for his country, and they knew not how soon the stalwart youths at their side should have to face death, at the mouth of the deadly mitrailleuse. No games were played, and the conversation very often flagged. There had been a long silence; then old Christian spoke, "Ah, my boys, we do not know how soon we shall have to part with you, and then Jean will have to fight against us; war is a terrible thing. Why is it that the King and the Emperor cannot settle their own quarrels without making our homes desolate?" "But (interposed young Herman who was burning to go and join his brother Peter), war brings glory." "Not," said Christian "the glory that the Angels sang about; that was '*Peace* on earth good will towards men.'" Herman made no reply to this, and soon after Christian Scheller announced to the company, the betrothal of Hans and Gretta, and after the ceremony was over the company brightened up and joined in drinking the health of the bride and groom elect, and then all joined in wishing that soon peace might be restored. The company separated earlier than usual, for now it was dangerous to be late on the roads, and the town relatives did not deem it at all prudent to come.

Several days after the betrothal festival, Hans set off for the market town, not so much to sell now as to hear news from the war. The town presented quite a different scene to the usual market days, for the people loitered around with anxious faces, waiting for the first news of the morning from the war. None seemed to have much business in view save this. Women stood at their doors; some with faces almost stark with anguish. Hans noticed one woman particularly, whose sad expectant face was very beautiful, and great masses of blonde hair were coiled around her head. Hans passed through them all, and having disposed quickly of his produce to his usual customers, he hurried to the inn, put up his horses, and just as he came from doing so, met the carrier with the morning news, followed by a company of the town folks. One paper was put into Hans' hands, and he was requested to read, by some one who knew him, and then he read the account of the battle of Worth, and then the group drew nearer to him while he read the list of killed and wounded, and as he read name after name, exclamations of sorrow were heard in different parts of the crowd as they heard the names of acquaintances, but no one heard yet

of their own until the name of "Christian Müller" was read as killed, and then a wail of anguish burst from some one beside him, and the pretty blonde that he had noticed fell at his feet; he instantly threw the paper to one of his neighbours, took her in his strong arms and carried her into the inn. Some women followed him, and he heard their sympathizing exclamations of "Poor thing, she has only been married to him two months." "So young to have so much sorrow." But she lay now as one dead, and when at length they succeeded in restoring her, she sat up with such a look of strong grief in her fair face that it was terrible to see her; then nothing could persuade her to rest a little where she was, but she rose and said, "I want to go *home*," but the word *home* sounded out with such a desolate wail, that it brought tears to the eyes of those around her. Hans immediately left the room and set out for home, thinking tenderly that his Gretta would feel the same if he were taken from her. As he arrived home much earlier than usual, for the sun was just setting, he thought that he would surprise Gretta as she was taking her usual walk. So, quietly putting up the horses, he took a circuitous way to the arbour by the brook, (he had a short time before made this arbour for Gretta, and it was a favourite resort of hers) so as to reach it at the back, and not to be seen from within. As he drew near, he heard voices, and bending to get a glimpse of the inside, just as he did so a cold chill came over him, and his face changed from curious pleasure to intense excitement, and leaning forward he saw Jean Arlette in French uniform kneeling at his Gretta's feet, and listening, he heard Jean pouring out passionate words of love in strains that no cold-blooded German could utter. Gretta sat pale and motionless, and as Jean raised his head with its great masses of jet curls, even Hans saw how handsome he was, but he listened breathlessly for Gretta's answer; and at last she spoke with tears standing in her eyes, "I am sorry for you, Jean, (Hans bit his lips in rage for her compassion) and I love you as———" but this was enough for Hans, and tearing himself away with a gasp, he hurried to the stable, threw himself on his strongest horse, and galloped away to the town. He hated himself for his folly in thinking that Gretta loved him, and bitterly upbraiding Gretta for making him think so. He felt she loved him not, and if she were to wed him it would only be for gratitude to them, as they were her benefactors. It was in this storm of human passion, that

Hans reached the town, and the Department of War that was there, and going to the officer he stated his desire to enlist as a soldier; the officer looked pleased to see such a robust young fellow offer himself, and the business was soon arranged, and permission granted for a farewell visit home, on conditions of his return the following evening. Hans dressed himself in his uniform, and borrowing a horse at his uncle's (for his own was now too tired to attempt another journey with it that night), he strapped his own suit to the saddle, and set out for home.

He rode slowly along the road, and now in the cool night air, he had time for reflection, and sad were his thoughts. For himself, he cared not if he were killed in the war, but for his father and mother whose only stay he was, how would they feel towards this rash step that he had taken; but he resolved to spare their feelings from knowing that the act was voluntary. And of Gretta; but here his loss came back with renewed force, and burying his face in the mane of old Fritz, he gave way to his sorrow, until his pride came to the rescue, and crushing his weakness, he hurried the horse, with all speed homewards. The sun was rising just as he came within sight of the farm, and he checked his horse to view the glorious sight, as it rose over his home. There lay the farm, looking so beautiful, with its well kept vineyards and fields of waving grain; and nestling in the midst, the dear old farm house, with its gay flower garden and rustic porch, laden with vines; the sun seeming to cast a halo over the scene. Hans eagerly drank in the prospect, thinking that perhaps it were the last time he should ever gaze on a sunrise in his dear native valley. Then, with a deep sigh, he descended the hill to his home.

Perhaps some of our readers, may think Hans cowardly; but whatever were his faults, this was not one of them, for no youth in Germany loved his country more ardently then he did: not with that frantic fitful passion, which when aroused to action can throw life heedlessly away, but with steady manly affection, and courage that can *endure* and calmly die for the Fatherland. When Hans arrived at the farm house, the family were just about to breakfast, and his mother was placing his before the fire to keep warm against his return; for he always, if he stayed away over night, came home to this meal. Hans did not want to startle them too much by the sight of his uniform, so he had borrowed the smock-frock of his father's herdsman, as he came in, and had drawn it over his gay

dress. Hans stood at the threshold, looking in just as he had done on the night that Gretta had promised to be his wife, and it just happened that Gretta was standing in the same position; and, just as the bitter regret came up, Gretta turned and saw him. She sprang eagerly forward, but drew back alarmed when she saw the strange look in his face. He passed her and went to the side of his mother, and took her tenderly in his arms, she looked up to smile a welcome, but instantly the smile faded and she asked anxiously, "Hans, my boy, what has happened!" He did not answer her directly, but asked in a low tone, "Could my mother spare me for the sake of her country." She burst into tears and cried, "Oh, do not leave me, you are our only son, Hans," but he answered her only by throwing off the smock, and displaying his uniform, and then tried to sooth her by tender words.

Meanwhile old Christian had heard it all, and bent forward and covered his face with his hands. Gretta stood as one struck dumb, and then turned towards the window but looking as if she saw nothing, Peter had told his fellow-servant the news, and he and she now stood in the porch with sympathizing looks in their honest faces. Hans informed them all, as soon as they were calmer that he was to leave home that evening. Very sorrowfully passed that day, and Hans stayed continually near his mother while she was making preparations for his departure. At last the hour drew near when Hans must say good bye to all. He had avoided Gretta all day, and he intended the good bye to her, to be a very cool, calm one, but after embracing his father and mother, he went to take Gretta's hand, but as he did so he forgot all his resolutions, and clasped her passionately in his arms; then remembering himself, he lingered no longer but sprang on his horse, and accompanied by Peter, his father's herdsman, rode away, and the two were soon seen disappearing over the hill-top. * * * * * *

The months dragged wearily on at the farm, with occasional news from Hans; sometimes directly, and at other times through his cousin Herman, who was enthusiastic in his praise of Hans' bravery in the war; when such lines were read no one looked more pleased than Gretta, but she said nothing. But now the terrible tide of war was drawing near to them. Their relatives in the town tried to pursuade Christian and his wife to come and stay with them saying, "it would be safer in the town, than out in the open country." But Christian was unwilling to do this, and he continued his daily

work, with the help of Peter, the same as usual, *until he, too, left for the war.* And now no farm produce went to the town, but all was stored up in the cellars. One day Christian came in at an unsual hour and asked for his wife. Finding that she was in the cellar, he went down stairs to her immediately. Dame Scheller looked anxiously towards him, (when she saw him coming at such an unwonted hour,) and asked if anything had happened; he smiled to re-assure her, and then, looking around the cellar, said, "Good wife, you think this is a great store of provision?" "Yes indeed, not many farm houses could boast of so goodly a one." "Wife," said he, "all this would be destroyed by a French rabble in a very short time. Let me tell you a plan that I have, I want to take to the hill cave, back of our house, all this store, excepting a little for our own use, and then when the war is over we will not be without something, for if the armies come this way our fields will be desolated, and it will be many a day before they will be as they are now. What say you, my frauleen?"

Very soon Christian and his wife decided that it would be the best thing that they could do, and that Christian should take the first load there that evening, after dark. Christian knew the way to it well, for Gretta had found it several years before, and he had often been with her there since. It was a beautiful spot, all around was carpeted with the green grass and delicate forms, some rearing their heads so high as to hide, almost completely, the entrance to the cave; the cave itself was lofty and the floor of fine gravel, as if it had been the bed of some ancient river. It was to this spot that Christian for several nights came and went, until one day he came in from the vineyard, and with an anxious face, told them that he heard firing, and that, having secured the cattle in the barn he would now stay in the house with them, for fear of danger. He then closed all the windows, fastened the door, and tried to give the house an uninhabited look; hoping that this might deter the French from invading it. All day long the firing continued until nightfall; then it gradually died away, and they knew that the battle was over. The Germans were victorious; no danger had as yet befallen the Schellers. Several nights after the battle, they were startled by a loud knock at the door. Dame Scheller was very much alarmed, and said the door must not be opened, but Christian tried to quiet her fears, and told her that it were better for them not to resist, even if it were any of the enemy. As soon

as he opened the door, a tall German soldier presented himself, and asked, "Is this Christian Scheller's house?" being informed that it was, he immediately produced a slip of paper, on which was written, "Dear uncle, please let Gretta come to me, it is the dying wish of your nephew, Herman Scheller." The writing was as if a tremulous hand had written it, but Christian knew it to be Herman's. As soon as Christian had read it, the soldier immediately related, "that he was the comrade of Herman, that they had become great friends, and that his friend had been wounded and was too far gone to be taken to Saabruck, for he was dying, (here the poor fellow dashed the tears from his eyes), and seemed to have something on his mind, and had begged him to come and bring his cousin Gretta to him." Christian feared to let Gretta go on so perilous an errand, and spoke very strongly against it to his wife. The soldier informed them that, "their nephew was only three miles distant, at a house that had remained standing in the village, and that if they would only entrust their daughter to his care, he would pledge his word to bring her back in safety in a few hours." At last Christian consented, for the mother had urged that it might be to tell news of Hans. A few minutes after, Gretta enveloped in a large warm cloak, and in company with the stranger guide, was wending her way to the village. The night was dark, and the darkness only relieved by the German camp fires in the distance, and the remains of burning homesteads. When they reached the village they were obliged to thread their way through the debris of broken carriages, cannons, and what had been so short a time before, the happy homes of many. As Gretta saw all this by the murky light of the smouldering ruins, her heart was saddened within her, and she shudderingly kept closer to her companion until they reached the house where the wounded were lying, until they should be conveyed to Saabruck. The soldier gave the pass-word, and led the way in, and through the rows of wounded men unto the farther end of the room, where lay Herman. Gretta was startled to see him so changed and worn. He greeted her with a smile, as if it relieved him much to see her; then a look of sadness came over his face, and when Gretta bent down and told him with tears in her eyes how sorry she was to find him so ill, he said "Oh Gretta! I do not deserve your sympathy, and you will hate me when I tell you how I have injured you." "No, Herman, I know you never did or wished me any harm; but will you not

take these grapes that have grown in our vintage," and Gretta laid them beside him and held one to his lips; he took it but told her to give the others to this comrades, as he would soon be without need of them. Herman then said, "I have brought you here to tell you I have killed your lover and to beg your forgiveness." Gretta became ghastly pale when he said this and gasped, "When, tell me quick." "Some weeks ago (he returned), I was one of those in charge of a provision convoy, and we were attacked, I fought hard, Gretta, and just as I in close combat with a Frenchman struck him to the heart, I saw that he was Jean Arlette: can you forgive me, Gretta?" A strange, amazed look, came into Gretta's face and she said, "Why Herman, what do you mean? I am very sorry for the loss of so near a friend, and am grieved for his mother's sake; but I do not understand you. Tell me what you mean. You know it is other than you say." Herman now looked amazed in his turn, and then told her, that, nearer the first of the war, Hans and he had been close comrades, and that Hans had confided to him all his trouble, and had told him how he came to enlist. Gretta listened eagerly to the tale all through, and when he ended by telling her of the interview between her and Jean that Hans had overheard, she buried her face in her hands and burst into tears. When she was a little calm she said, "Oh Herman, if Hans had only listened a few minutes longer, he would not have brought this trouble between us. I did say, I love you, Jean, *as a brother*, and Hans must only have heard the first part of the sentence, and not have waited longer. Oh Herman, you know I never liked Jean as I did Hans. Oh why did Hans think so of me. How long is it since you have seen Hans?" "Not for a long time, as he had been slightly wounded, and had to be left behind, but he would be well, it was thought, in a few days. He had been fighting desperately, and was always in the thickest of the battle, as if he had nothing to live for." This long conversation was too much for poor Herman, and he sank back exhausted. His comrade who had been Gretta's companion to the cottage, now sprang forward, and held a cordial to his lips. He revived again, but Gretta saw that he was sinking fast, and, leaning forward, Gretta assured him of her perfect forgiveness of whatever pain he had caused her, and asked him if he felt forgiveness from God for all his sins, and spoke to him of his Saviour's love. He answered her with a happy smile, and sank back again on his pillow,—dead. His comrade

dashed the tears from his eyes, and touched Gretta to show that all was over, and that she must go. Gretta rose mechanically and left the cottage, just as the sun was rising. Only a few hours had elapsed since she had entered it, but with what different feelings to now. Hans thought her unfaithful, and then came the thought that she would never see him again, and perhaps, he was even now dead. What agony that thought brought to her.

Several days had passed since Gretta's visit to the cottage. It was evening; the doors were closed, and they were about retiring to rest, when they were startled by a noise like horses hoofs outside, and immediately after, there came a loud knock at the door. Christian opened it, and a French dragoon officer strode in, and ordered them to give him provision for his men. Christian very politely asked them in, and several weary men followed their officer. Christian ordered Catherine, the maid, to help them; but, seeing how frightened the poor thing was, he attended to them himself, and placed a well loaded table for them. When they had satisfied themselves, and had given as much trouble in doing so as possible, they went out, and Christian was just feeling thankful that they had behaved so well when one of the men returned, and ordered him to deliver up an old piece of fire-arms that was hanging over the fireplace, and he gave the order in his officer's name. Christian was very indignant that after they had eaten his food and wasted what they could not eat or carry away, they should come and order *him* to give up what was his own, and he refused to do so. The officer then ordered the soldiers to fire the house, and as soon as they had done so, they mounted their horses and galloped away. All efforts to save the house were unsuccessful for it was burning in different places, but the family worked energetically to save their furniture, until Christian declared it no longer safe to enter the house; then they stood in the vintage with their goods around them, and watched the burning of their home. The flames were lulled for an instant, then burst out with renewed force and showed in brilliant relief the dear old vine-clad porch where they had so often sat a united family in the happy days gone by. When Christian saw this, his indignation burst forth. "The *cowards*, they cannot conquer in the field and they revenge themselves by destroying the homes of defenceless women, but they will not have a chance for much more of such work, they had better look to their own borders." Then seeing

that his wife was leaning against Gretta and quietly crying, he went to her and said. "We are not without shelter, heart's dearest, come lean on me and I will help you to the hill-grotto where our stores are." Then taking up some wraps in his other arm, and bidding Gretta and the maid follow, they set out for the cave. All that night Christian worked, carrying in a wagon the rescued goods, and making his family comfortable in their strange dwelling. * * * * * Many weary months had rolled away, months of anxious waiting, and of hope deferred until peace had been proclaimed, and yet no news of Hans had reached them. His mother was now ill, this anxiety was telling upon her, and Christian ceased to speak of his son, and had grown very grave. He was now commencing his new house, but he seemed to do but little, and oftentimes lost heart in the work; until, seeing his drooping wife, he began again more earnestly, knowing that the cave was not comfortable enough for an invalid. And Gretta, how hard she strove to be cheerful, and to try and make mother Scheller look more on the sunny side, while her own heart was dying within her, and sometimes the burden became too heavy to be borne in silence any longer; then she would break away from all restraint, and go to some lonely spot to give way to her grief, and to seek renewed strength in prayer.

One fine evening, the work of the day was over, and Gretta was resting at the door of the cave, Christian was attending to the cattle for the night, and the farm maid was with him, and mother Scheller had fallen asleep. There was a Sabbath-like stillness all around, only disturbed by an occasional bird warbling his evening song, and the pleasing notes were wafted on the breeze towards her. Gretta leaned her head against the wall and her thoughts floated back to the time when her life was so happy, and she knew naught of the heart rending sorrow and desolation that war brought; how short the time really was, and yet it seemed a lifetime, and now she felt as if she were so old, and then came thoughts of Hans being in that terrible war, and of his dying without the knowledge of her faithfulness in her love: but here the air seemed to be oppressive, she could no longer bear its stillness, and seeing that Catherine was coming in, she stifled a sob, and, signing for her to take her post by mother's side, she rushed away, and she stopped not until reaching the arbour by the brook, she threw herself down and burst into a passionate fit of weeping, and cried out, "Hans,

Hans! why did you leave me, I cannot live without you." * *
Let us leave poor Gretta for a moment, for we see two figures coming over the hill. One man is tall and rather emaciated looking, as if he had just recovered from a severe illness; the other man is of a rougher cast, and looking hale and hearty, and the first is leaning on his arm. They stop for a moment, as they view the valley, as if something, or the want of something in the landscape, struck them as strange; then a few words from one seems to explain all, and they walk on; as they near the place where the farm house had been, the delicate looking one says: "Go to the hill cave Peter, I think you will probably find them there, you can go faster than I, and I know you are anxious to see Catherine, I will go to the arbour and rest a little, and will shortly follow you."

The other remonstrated but little, and sped rapidly on, towards the cave. The other proceeded more slowly to the arbour and arrived just in time to hear Gretta's last words; she was so much absorbed in her grief, as to be unconcious of any one's approach; as he heard these last words, he sprang eagerly forward, saying, "Here is Hans," (for it was he,) and took her tenderly in his arms.

But after so much endurance of sorrow, this sudden joy was too much for her, and, strong mountain maiden though she was, she fainted.

When she recovered, she was still in the arbour, but resting against Hans, him, whom she had never expected to see again.

Very soon mutual explanations were made, and Hans told of his lonely life in the war, after he had parted with Herman, then the long weary illness from which he was only now recovering, and that Peter, his father's herdsman, had found him and had tended him, like a woman, and he had come home, hoping to find health in his native valley, but not expecting to find the happiness that he now enjoyed. And then they left the arbour, for it seemed selfish to remain long away from father and mother Scheller.

Need we tell how joyfully Hans was welcomed; and how beaming Catherine's face was with smiles, as she stood beside Peter.

Till late that night the now united family sat comparing their mutual experiences until Christian rose and said, "How much we have to praise our Heavenly Father for, whose hand has so kindly dealt with us while so many homes are desolate to-night," and then with what fervour did they bow, and thank the Giver of all good.

# AUSTRALIAN SPORTS.

[From Anthony Trollope's "Australia and New Zealand."]

## HORSE RACING.

THE English passion for the amusements, which are technically called "Sports," is as strong in these colonies as it is at home. Why the taste should have transported itself to Australia and not to the United States I am not prepared to explain,—but I think any one who has observed the two countries will acknowledge that it is so. Trotting matches and yacht-racing are no doubt in vogue in the States, and there are men, few in number, who take kindly to shooting,—especially they who live near the Chesapeake and have canvas-back ducks within their reach. There is a set of betting-men at New York, who probably are beaten by none in the ferocity of their gambling. But "sport" is not a national necessity with the Americans, whereas with the Australians it is almost as much so as at home. Cricket, athletics, rowing matches, shooting, hunting, flat-racing, and steeple-chasing are dear to them. There is hardly a town to be called a town which has not its race-course, and there are many race-courses where there are no towns. As I was never either a cricketer nor an athlete, and know nothing of shooting or of racing, I am not qualified to describe the fashion in which our Australian cousins fulfil their ambition in these respects; but I can say that they are ambitious and are successful. In Queensland I saw kangaroos, wallybies and iguanas shot down with precision. In Gipp's Land I was witness to a great slaughter of wild ducks and black swans. At Hobart Town, in Tasmania, there came off while I was in the neighbourhood a regatta, for not being present at which I was much abused. And I know that I was wrong, for the scene must have been very lovely. No spot could be better arranged for boat-racing than the mouth of the Derwent, with the open public park rising high and close above the water. I was inspecting a lunatic asylum at the time, and think that the regatta would have been more amusing. Horse-racing I hate. As the horses run I never can distinguish the colours; I generally lose sundry small bets; and I don't like champagne. But I did go to the Launceston races in Tasmania, in reference to which I can only remark that the number of betting-men who came over from Melbourne to make money out of the small performances on that occasion surprised me very much. When the meeting was over I went back to Melbourne with a ship-load of them, and was lost in speculation how so many carrion birds could live on so small an amount of prey. As to the professional activity of the confraternity, the diligence with which they worked at their trade, the unremitting attention which they paid to the smallest chances, I had no doubt. They all looked as

though they would eat each other on board the boat, and I thought that some such unsatisfactory meals were made. Though the night was very cold I slept upon the deck, as the banquet was going on below. The songs of triumph and the wailings of despair at such festivals do not make pleasant music for an outsider.

I went also to see some hurdle-racing and steeple-chasing at the Melbourne race-course—partly because I had been told that the course itself was especially worth seeing, and partly as having been invited to join a pleasant party. It had been impressed upon me as a duty that I should see at least one day's racing at Melbourne, in order that I might report on the aspect of the race-course, the skill of the riders, and especially on the manners of the people. The course itself is something under two miles round. The courses run can, here as elsewhere, be arranged to any distance. The races I saw were described as being about three and two miles, and were all leap-races. I can only say of the fences prepared that I never before saw any which appeared to me so dangerous. They consisted chiefly of timber built up so stiffly that no horse and rider could break them, and were about four feet eight inches high. There was also a wall or two in the distant part of the course;—but I regard walls as very much less dangerous to men and horses than timber. The riding appeared to me bold to a fault, men being utterly reckless in riding beaten horses at barriers of built-up timber. The fashion and traditions of the place require that men shall so ride, and they certainly keep up the fashion and traditions. Consequently, on the occasion to which I allude there were almost innumerable falls. I think seven men and horses were down in one race, and four in another. I heard afterwards that the sports of the day were considered to have gone off with very harmless success. One jockey was a good deal crushed, and another had his collar-bone broken. Why half-a-dozen were not killed I cannot explain. Some of the horses jumped with admirable precision, taking just all the labour that was necessary and no more; but, as I afterwards learned, these horses will jump almost any amount of timber, but know nothing of fences, which are less dangerous, but more complicated and requiring greater skill. From the steward's stand, and from the top of the great stand,—and indeed from the seats below,—every part of the course can be seen, so that with a good field-glass the working of any horse or any jockey may be watched throughout the whole race.

But perhaps the most remarkable feature of the performance was the demeanor of the people. From the beginning to the end of the day, I saw no one drunk; I heard no word that could shock any lady; I found no one rough, uncourteous, or displeasing. There was no thimble-rigging and no throwing of sticks. All the world was decent and decently dressed. Within a certain enclosure,—if it was enclosed,—ladies walked about with gentlemen; and outside of it, the world amused itself with orderly

propriety. The meeting was not by any means the largest of the year, but I was assured by those who were qualified to give an opinion,—among others by the Governor of the colony,—that the conduct of the crowd was the same even when the crowd was the greatest. It should be understood at home that the people of these colonies are almost invariably decent in their behaviour when gathered together, decent in their dress, and decent in their language. There certainly was no reason why ladies should not be present at the races I saw,—unless ladies dislike to see jockeys falling over high railings.

There was indeed a betting-ring in which the usual applications were being made to some outside and invisible world to accept lavish offers of complicated bets. Men where walking about making unintelligible appeals apparently to each other,—which nobody ever seemed to accept. I am bound to say that the Melbourne ring looked to be as villainous as any other ring that I ever saw. The men wore the same objectionable clothing, were conspicious in the same manner for indescribably abominable hats, and talked in that tone which to ordinary ears seems to be in itself evidence of rascality sufficient to hang a man. There were present, perhaps, two or three dozen of them ready to pick out any man's eyes; but I could not discern the prey. There is prey no doubt, as the profession thrives and wears jewelry. But the betting-ring on the Melbourne race-course will hurt no one who does not expressely seek its precincts.

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## GAS-LIGHTING.

THE Very Rev. Dr. Clayton, Dean of Kildare, having experimentally ascertained that a permanently elastic and *inflammable* aëriform fluid is evolved from pit-coal, described the same in a letter to the Hon. Robert Boyle, who died in 1691; though the discovery was not published in the *Philosophical Transactions* till the year 1739. Hughes, in his *Treatise on Gas-Works*, 1853, says:—"To the celebrated Dr. Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, we are indebted for the first notice of the important fact, that coal-gas retained its inflammability after passing through water into which it was allowed to ascend through curved tubes;" but there is evidence in the *Miscellanea Curiosa*, 1705–6–7, vol. iii. p. 281, to show that Dr. Clayton also discovered that gas retains its inflammability after passing through water.

Although the Chinese have, for ages, employed natural Coal-Gas for lighting their streets and houses, only within the present century has Gas superseded in London the dim oil-lights and crystal-glass lamps of the preceding century. Dr. Johnson is said to have

had a prevision of this change; when, one evening, from the window of his house in Bolt-court, he observed the parish lamplighter ascend a ladder to light one of the glimmering oil-lamps; he had scarcely descended the ladder halfway when the flame expired; quickly returning, he lifted the cover partially, and thursting the end of his torch beneath it, the flame was instantly communicated to the wick by the thick vapour which issued from it. "Ah!" exclaimed the Doctor, "one of these days the streets of London will be *lighted by smoke!*"

Coal-Gas had been used for lighting by William Murdock, in Cornwall, Birmingham, and Manchester as early as 1792, when F. A. Winsor, a German, after several experiments, lighted the old Lyceum Theatre in 1803-1804; he also established a New Light and Heat Company, with £50,000 for further experiments; in 1807 he lighted one side of Pall Mall, and on the King's birthday (June 4,) brilliantly illuminated the wall between Pall Mall and St. James' Park; and next exhibited Gas-light at the Golden-lane Brewery, August 16, 1807.

In 1809 Winsor applied to Parliament for a charter, when the testimony of Accum, the chemist, was bitterly ridiculed by the Committee. In 1810-12 was established the Gas-Light and Coke Company, in Cannon-row, Westminster; removed to Peter-street, or Horseferry-road, then the site of a market-garden, populars, and a tea-garden. In 1814 Westminster Bridge was lighted with gas; and the old oil-lamps were removed from St. Margaret's parish, and gas lanterns substituted; and on Christmas day, 1814, commenced the general lighting of London with gas. Yet the scheme had been so ridiculed, that Sir Humphry Davy, F. R. S., asked "if it were intended to take the dome of St. Paul's for a gasometer." Dr. Arnott has truly said, with respect to the mistakes about gas-lighting, that "such scientific men as Davy, Wollaston, and Watt, at first gave an opinion that coal-gas could never be safely applied to the purposes of street lighting."

"Winsor's patent Gas" first illumined (Jan. 28, 1807,) the Carleton House side of Pall Mall; the second, Bishopsgate street. The writer attended a lecture given by the inventor; the charge of admittance was three shillings, but, as the inventor was about to apply to Parliament, members of both houses were admitted gratis. The writer and a fellow-jester assumed the parts of senators at a short notice. "Members of Parliament!" was their important ejaculation at the door of entrance, "What places, gentlemen?" "Old Sarum and Bridgewater." "Walk in, gentlemen." Luckily, the real Simon Pures did not attend. This Pall Mall illumination was further noticed in *Horace in London*:—

> "And Winsor lights, with flame of gas,
> Home to King's-place, his mother."

In the Peace Rejoicings of 1814, the Chinese bridge and pagoda on the canal, in St. James's Park, were lighted with gas. Mr. Jerdan, in his *Autobiography*, relates:—

"My friend, David Pollock, who was about the earliest promoter of the introduction of gas from the invention of Mr. Winsor—the first successful experimentalist with it in his own dwelling—and for 30 years Governor of the Chartered Gas-Light and Coke Company, was so concerned in the application, that he hastened to London from the Circuit to be present at the lighting of the bridge and pagoda with this new flame. Mortifying to relate, it will be remembered that the pagoda caught fire: the gas was put out, happily without explosion, and every part thrown into smouldering darkness."

In 1814, a Committee of Members of the Royal Society was appointed to inquire into the causes which led to an explosion of the Gas-works in Westminster, which had only just been established. The Committee consisted of Sir Joseph Banks, Sir C. Blagden, Col. Congreve, Mr. Lawson, Mr. Rennie, Dr. Wallaston, and Dr. Young. They met several times at the Gas-works, for the purpose of examining the apparatus, and made a very elaborate Report. They were strongly of opinion that if gas-lighting was to become prevalent, the Gas-works ought to be placed at a considerable distance from all buildings, and that the reservoirs, or gasometers, should be small and numerous; and always separated from each other by mounds of earth, or strong party-walls.

In 1822, St. James's Park was first lighted with gas; and the last important locality to adopt gas-lighting was Grosvenor-square in 1842.

Theatres were first lighted in 1817–18; church clock-dials in 1827. The Haymarket was the last of the London theatres into which gas was introduced, in consequence of some absurd prejudice of the proprietor of that theatre, who bound the lessee to adhere to the old-fashioned method of lighting with oil. The change took place April 15, 1853.

Coal-gas is made from coal enclosed in red-hot cast-iron or clay cylinders, or retorts; when hydro-carbon gases are evolved, and coke left behind; the gas being carried away by wide tubes, is next cooled and washed with water, and then exposed to lime in close purifiers. It is then stored in sheet-iron gas-holders, miscalled gasometers: some of which hold 700,000 cubic feet of gas; and the several London Companies have storage for millions of cubic feet of gas. Thence it is driven by the weight of the gas-holders through cast-iron mains or pipes under the streets, and from them by wrought-iron service-pipes to the lamps and burners.

The London Gas Company's works, Vauxhall, are the most powerful and complete in the world; from this point, their mains pass across Vauxhall-bridge to western London; and by Westminster and Waterloo Bridges to Hamstead and Highgate, seven miles distant, where they supply gas with the same precision and abundence as at Vauxhall.

Gas made from oil and resin is too costly for street-lighting, but has been used for large public establishments. Covent-garden Theatre was formerly lighted with oil-gas, made on the premises; and the London Institution, with resin-gas, first made by Mr.

Daniell. The lime-ball, Bude, Boccius, and electric lights have been exhibited experimentally for street-lighting, but are too expensive. Upon the Patent Air-light (from the vapour of hydrocarbon, mixed with atmospheric air), proposed in 1838, upwards of £30,000 were expended unsuccessfuly.

An ordinary candle consumes as much air while burning as a man in health while breathing; the same may be said with regard to gas, oil-lamps, etc., bearing a proportion to the amount of light evolved. One hour after the gas of London is lighted, the air is deoxydized as much as if 500,000 people had been added to its population. During the combustion of oil, tallow, gas, etc., water is produced. In cold weather we see it condensed on the windows of ill-ventilated shops. By the burning of gas in London during twenty-four hours, more water is produced than would supply a ship laden with emigrants on a voyage from London to Adelaide.

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## THE FORMS OF WATER.

### *No. 5. Architecture of Snow.*

WE now resemble persons who have climbed a difficult peak, and thereby earned the enjoyment of a wide prospect, made ourselves masters of the conditions necessary to the production of mountain snow, we are able to take a comprehensive and intelligent view of the phenomena of glaciers.

A few words are necessary as to the formation of snow. The molecules and atoms of all substances, when allowed free play, build themselves into definite and, for the most part, beautiful forms called crystals. Iron, copper, gold, silver, lead, sulphur, when melted and permitted to cool gradually, all show this crystallizing power. The metal bismuth shows it in a particularly striking manner, and when properly fused and solidified, self-built crystals of great size and beauty are formed of this metal.

If you dissolve saltpetre in water, and allow the solution to evaporate slowly, you may obtain large crystals, for no portion of the salt is converted into vapour. The water of our atmosphere is fresh though it is derived from the salt sea. Sugar dissolved in water, and permitted to evaporate, yields crystals of sugar-candy. Alum readily crystallizes in the same way. Flints dissolved, as they sometimes are in nature, and permitted to crystallize, yield the prisms and pyramids of rock crystal. Chalk dissolved and crystallized yields Iceland spar. The diamond is crystallized carbon. All our precious stones, the ruby, the sapphire, beryl, topaz, emerald, are all examples of this crystallizing power.

You have heard of the force of gravitation, and you know that it consists of an attraction of every particle of matter for every other particle. You know that planets and moons are held in their orbits by this attraction. But gravitation is a very simple affair compared to the force, or rather forces, of crystallization. For here the ultimate particles of matter, inconceivably small as they are, show themselves possessed of attractive and repellent poles, by the mutual action of which the shape and structure of the crystal are determined. In the solid condition the attracting poles are rigidly locked together; but if sufficient heat be applied the bond of union is dissolved, and in the state of fusion the poles are pushed so far asunder as to be practically out of each other's range. The natural tendency of the molecules to build themselves together is thus neutralized.

This is the case with water, which as a liquid is to all appearance formless. When sufficiently cooled the molecules are brought within the play of the crystallizing force, and they then arrange themselves in forms of indescribable beauty. When snow is produced in calm air, the icy particles build themselves into beautiful stellar shapes, each star possessing six rays. There is no deviation from this type, though in other respects the appearances of the snow-stars are infinitely various.

It is worth pausing to think what wonderful work is going on in the atmosphere during the formation and descent of every snow-shower: what building power is brought into play! and how imperfect seem the productions of human minds when compared with those formed by the blind forces of nature!

But who ventures to call the forces of nature blind? In reality, when we speak thus we are describing our own condition. The blindness is ours; and what we really ought to say, and to confess, is that our powers are absolutely unable to comprehend either the origin or the end of the operations of nature.

But while we thus acknowledge our limits, there is also reason for wonder at the extent to which science has mastered the system of nature. From age to age, and from generation to generation, fact has been added to fact, and law to law, the true method and order of the Universe being thereby more and more revealed. In doing this science has encountered and overthrown various forms of superstition and deceit, of credulity and imposture. But the world continually produces weak and wicked persons; and as long as they continue to exist side by side, as they do in this our day, very debasing beliefs will also continue to infest the world.

## SCIENCE WITHOUT GOD.

TO talk of development and evolution teaches nothing, except the bare and very patent fact of gradual progress, unless you teach also whence the evolution proceeds; from God, says the Hebrew; from λόγος or Reason, says the Greek; and what say you, the wise men of mighty Britain in the third quarter of this nineteenth century? If you say that all this magnificently organised Something comes from a mighty inorganic Nothing, then you say something even less than I learned from the old Bœotian theologer, who taught that Night was the mother of Light; and I am entitled to hold your wisdom very cheap. If, to avoid this impotency, you are willing to go farther, and say that the ultimate cause of all things is not nothing, but what practically to us is as good as nothing, only a vast unknown and unknowable, then, I ask, what thing is there within the range of your curious analysis of which you can say that you have penetrated into its essence by direct cognition? Do you know me, do you know yourself, do you know anybody or anything except by outward manifestation? And why should you imagine that you should be able to lay your finger directly on the Supreme Reason, when you cannot directly handle any finite reason? This unreasonable ignorance which you profess in order to justify your practical atheism is, no doubt, just that old sophism of Hume, that the world is a product so utterly diverse from any work of human art, that nothing, however truly predicated, of the latter can with any safety be transferred to the former. But there is a chink in this logic through which any man may put his finger. A thing may be essentially different from another in one respect, and essentially like it in another. The shaping force of a Phidias or a Cenova, moulding the rude marble into beautiful stone figures, is in one respect removed from the shaping force of the Supreme Reason moulding inorganic matter into bodies of wonderful living creatures, by all the difference that separates death from life; but it is closely akin to it, in fact identical with this Divine force, in so far as both are thoughts, both effluences of one and the same universal cosmic Reason. In virtue of this thought-projecting reason, whose essential function it is, by a plastic unifying energy, to realise its inherent ideals, man is much more closely allied to the God above him than to the monkey below; and the first chapter of Genesis, when it says that 'God created man in his own image,' pronounces a profound metaphysical truth, compared to which the wisdom of our modern induction-mongers and minute analytic fingerers sounds to a sane ear like the babblement of children, the gibbering of ghosts, or the maundering of Bedlamites. The real fact seems to be that John Bull, inflated and made giddy by the wonderful material and mechanical discoveries, in reference to the forces of the external world, which he has recently made

through the persistent application of the Baconian method of research, has got himself possessed with the fixed idea that there is no such thing as internal truth at all, and that all knowledge must be picked up by the fingers, submitted to the microscope, and weighed in the balance. A material philosophy of this kind, if persevered in, can end only in the intellectual degradation of the people that is deluded by it; for it is no more possible to construct a philosophy of this essentially reasoned world, by mere sensuous induction, than it is possible to build up the propositions of Euclid without the metaphysical postulate that two and two makes four. And in fact we must acknowledge that there is just as good reason for denying that two and two make four, as for doubting the existence of the Primal Self-existent Reason which we call God; and, accordingly, one of the most reputable of the school of sophistical externalism, which is now filling the air with big, swelling words of vanity, has put it on record that, in his sober judgment, in some possible world two and two may make five!

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

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## MODES OF SEPULTURE.

THE Chinese modes of sepulture (writes Medhurst) are various. Wealthy families purchase plots of ground, which they enclose and plant with pine, firs, cypress, and other evergreens, and furnish with temples, in which the ancestral tablets are preserved, and the perodical sacrifices to the shades of the departed performed These burial-places are reverentially cherished for generations, and are often most picturesque and romantic spots. The tomb is generally composed of one or more chambers constructed of brick, laid with mortar or peculiarly prepared with the admixture of rice and sugar so as to harden it into a marble, and defy the ravages of centuries. Over this is placed a respectable mound, either covered with plain sod and surmounted by some umbrageous evergreen, or cased with mortar. This mound is encircled, except in front, by a low, substantial wall, which turns off to either side at the entrance, and so describes as near as possible the form of the Greek letter *omega*.

Fronting the entrance is the headstone, which always bears a plain inscription, of which the following is a fair translated specimen:—"The tomb of A. B., of Ningpo, of the reign of Tungchih, of the Tatsing Dynasty; erected on a propituous day in a vernal month of such and such a year."

The age, condition, or history of the deceased is never given; neither do the inscriptions ever indulge in eulogistic comments or pathetic quotations so common to epitaphs in Western countries. In cases where the deceased was a person of eminence, or a high

public functionary, it is customary to front the grave with an avenue formed of several pairs of gigantic stone figures of men and animals, which, although but rude specimens of works of art, always combine to give the scene an imposing and solemn character. This must, however, have been a practise more common in ancient times than now, for I cannot remember ever having observed any such monuments about the country but what were hoary and ruinous with age. The ancestor of the family and his spouse always occupy the most commanding spot in the enclosure facing the supposed "Feng Shuy," and the other branches of the family are assigned places on either side, the graves advancing towards the main gate as the generations descend. I have seen them arranged in one or two instances with all the order and exactitude of a genealogical tree.

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## CURRENT EVENTS.

THE universal condemnation by the English Press of the Canadian Pacific Railway scandal must be very annoying to the partizans of the Canadian Ministry. The chief attempt to lessen the value of their verdict, and so restore calm to the troubled consciences of those who have such a thing, is the attribution of ignorance to the writers. Ignorance is indeed a sufficient plea in abatement of a judgment. But ignorance of what? Of some unimportant incidents? No surely. It should be ignorance of the main facts. But here the main facts are known to every one. There is no need to know more than what Sir Hugh Allen, and Sir J. A. MacDonald say of their own actions, together with the telegrams and letters. Every one who knows these things no matter what may be his unacquaintedness with incidents, or persons immaterial to the case, is capable of pronouncing as certainly upon the nature of the transaction as though he had read and digested all that has ever been said or written on the subject.

In defiance of this public condemnation by a disinterested Press; in defiance of the plainest dictates of conscience, it is yet said Sir John A. McDonald will be sustained by a considerable majority. We need not look to the debate which will take place as a means of conversion. In a truly popular assembly the exposition of truth might do something, but in a house like that at Ottawa, nothing. Men have taken sides, and are determined to stick by their party. We may make up our minds to see the ministry whitewashed, and Canada disgraced.

The speech of his Excellency the Governor General is moderate, and in good taste. He has called Parliament according to promise, to inquire after certain matters connected with the Pacific Railway;

says that the evidence taken by the Commission deserves careful consideration; that the charter for making the Pacific Railway has been surrendered, and that it will devolve upon the legislature to take measures for construction of that important work. Various other measures are foreshadowed to which we need not refer. While we write, Parliament has retired to read and digest messages from his Excellency regarding the disallowance of the Oaths' Bill, the appointment of the Commission and the Imperial Government's endorsation of the Governor General's action in the proroguing the Paliament. In these papers the members are expected to find much satisfaction while they read them, and such good and substantial reasons for the several acts therein referred to, that the great crime to which they relate will withdraw as a dark and impalpable figure into the back-ground, hardly visible save to keen and searching eyes. It will not, however, be suffered to remain in the obscurity with which these documents invest it. We may expect, after short skirmishing on the merits of the Commission, and the act of the Governor General, the great battle, which, however delayed, cannot be avoided. We can fancy the Government coming off well after a brilliant brush with their opponents upon the constitutional questions, but we cannot, by any aid of imagination fancy the possibility of victory on the side of Sir J. A. MacDonald in regard to the main question, if that were once brought up fairly before the house. Indeed if the *true* issue were placed before the Premier, we should expect him to vote his own condemnation. His evidence in exculpation was of the nature of a palliative confession of the whole crime charged upon him by Huntington.

Should the Government succeed in getting sufficient majorities to support them at the present, they may, by prudence, continue to rule the country for some time. If there were an opposition party to which the country could look up, it would be very different. The great difficulty now is the same with the procuring of servants in respectable houses. Turn off Biddy who, without doubt, stole several nice things, and converted several others to her private use, and what will you be the better with Mary—not a whit more honest, and a much less handy maid of all work, who seeks to supply the vacant place. Such is the argument by which you are plied, when you demand that the present Government be dismissed as unworthy of the confidence of the country. "The opposition is not a whit better, and then they are a poor incapable set." And so we are advised that it is better to bear the ills we have than fly to others which we know not of. We might add, our own bad conscience makes cowards of us all.

One of the most remarkable events of the month is the election of Riel, the murderer of Scott, in the room of the late Sir G. Cartier, as member of the Dominion Parliament for Provencher. With a price set upon his head the ex-rebel has dared to enter Ottawa—not openly it is true, nor, if we knew all, perhaps, boldly.

There is some strange secret understanding, we suspect, between Riel and Sir John A. MacDonald. Here is a constitutency which one day, at the beck of the Government, supplies a seat to a defeated member, and on a not very distant one elects Riel by acclamation. Is the election made in the latter instance in favour of Government as was the former one? or is the amnesty to Riel to be the price of the late Sir George's seat? We are lost in conjectures, but time will unravel these as well as other tangled secrets.

The Prince Edward Island members have all taken their seats on the Government side. This was long anticipated. The Island expects to get more out of the MacDonald ministry, than they could out of any new ministry.

We need not quote the members from P. E. I. as the only men selfish and dishonourable enough to prefer advantage to right. Unfortunately the public conscience is so utterly debauched that it will bear to tolerate and smile at such reasons for the condonation of the gravest offences. Bribery itself is but a symptom of this terrible depravation. It is only a right and fitting climax which, commencing with the bribery of the elector for his vote, ends by selling the vote of the member for some grand consideration on behalf of the constituency. Whether honesty would not be, in the end, the best policy does not seem to whisper a doubt as to the prudence of politicians in their present career.

Sir Hugh Allen and his associates having resigned their Charter through inabilty to carry on the work, English Capitalists refusing to supply the funds needed to a party who had procured the right to negotiate by such wholesale bribery, it becomes a very important question, how is the Railway to be built? After what has transpired it would be difficult to organize a company to do the work. What remains but for the Government to undertake it? The country which is to pay for, and be benefited by it, should by its responsible advisers build it. At present a strong agitation goes forward to induce the English Government to purchase the Irish Railways, and run them in the interest of the country. Comparisons are made showing the greater order, comfort and convenience, with less expense of the Continental Railways under the supervision of the Governments of the various countries through which they pass. It appears that the fares are not the half on some of the Continental Railways compared with the charges for similar accommodation in Ireland; and it is argued that the Government should take the Railways and reduce the fares, by which travel would be encouraged and the resources of the country would be developed. From Brussels to Namur is sixty-eight English miles; from Belfast to Portadown is twenty-five. The railway fares from Brussels to Namur (*via* Charleroy) are—First class, 6f. 58c. (say 5s); second-class, 5f. 15c. (3s 11d); and third-class, 5f. 40c. (2s 7d). For the twenty-five miles to

Portadown almost the same prices are charged—namely, 4s 7d, 3s 4d, and 2s 1½d respectively. From Belfast to Omagh is sixty-six miles, not so far as from Brussels to Namur. The fares are considerably more than double—viz., 11s 8d, 8s 8d, and 5s 6d respectively. Throughout Belgium, in fact, it may be taken as a fact that the passengers fares are considerably less than half the fares in Ireland. But this is not all. There are trains running more frequently, and the second-class carriages are at the least as good as the very best first-class carriages in Ireland. In the third-class there is more room, better seats, and, as a rule, a shelf or rest of some kind for parcels. The speed is not so good as in England, but it is at least as good as in Ireland; and, as a rule, the utmost punctuality is observed. It is true the English Parliament rejected a proposition for the purchase of the English railways, but this arose from the enormous amount required and the complexity of the machinery required for such a net work. It would require from five to six hundred millions of pounds sterling, to purchase the English Railways—while about twenty-five million pounds would purchase all the Irish Railways—which being only a few great lines, could be operated in connexion to a much greater advantage than separately. With regard to our Canada Pacific, the expense has to be borne by the Government and the country, and there appears to be no good reason why it should not be constructed by those who are to pay for it, and reap the benefit of it. It would indeed increase the work devolving upon the government, but this difficulty could be obviated by an additional *bureau*. One advantage to be derived would be (passing by the monetary), that at any time the ministry could be called to account for the mode of management, while a company would be entirely irresponsible.

The affairs of Spain assume an aspect more favourable to the Central Government at Madrid. The Carlist rebellion seems drawing to an end. The insurgent vessels have been beaten, and the leaders of the intransigentes are seeking for some asylum to which they may retire. So far, success seems to be on the side of republicans in Spain. We hope soon to see that country taking a high place among the nations, and that the orator Castelar will not be found a mere phrasemonger, but a man of action, and origination.

What a few weeks or months may unfold in France, no one can tell—a monarchy or a revolution. It is useless to speculate.

The failure of Jay Cooke & Company to implement their engagements in connection with the Northern Pacific, has had widely extended effects, raising for a time the price of gold, making greenbacks scarce and dear, bringing down the price of stocks, and entailing ruin on larger speculators. Even Jay Gould and Vanderbilt, have been brought low, if not entirely ruined. It is satisfactory to know that large numbers of the citizens of the

United States have, taking advantage of the low figure of good stocks, added considerably to their fortunes. Generally those of large means who operate by margins are able so to control the prices of stocks that they come out winners, but Nemesis sometimes cuts the thread which they are spinning, and their vast wealth collapses in the fall. It is also satisfactory to see that the trade of the country is sound and that all things are now proceeding as usual. A large number, indeed, of those who, allured by the high rate of interest paid by the Northern Pacific, invested their savings in that concern will be great losers, even though it should ultimately recover from the shock which it has received. What amount, from the operations of this railway, and the granted lands, may in the end be realized, it is impossible to say, though it is clear that, for many years there will be no interest paid on the bonds. Those who had invested with the hope of getting large annual interest will be greatly disappointed.

We cannot but congratulate ourselves, that the firm of Jay Cooke were prevented from having anything to do with the Dominion Pacific. Bad as the Pacific Scandal is, we have the satisfaction of knowing that it might have been worse.

We are sorry to see that our anticipation, regarding the effect of the Northern Pacific collapse and the ensuing panic, are too sanguine — many large milling establishments being already closed, and others being likely to follow the example. Many thousands will thus be thrown out of employment, and great distress will be entailed. How far manufacturers may be affected by the panic, no one can tell. The consequences of such stringency in the money market as has prevailed, may be very serious to many men who have to pay large per centages for accommodation. The natural result of every panic is to make all, who can, reduce their expenditures. With reduced consumption manufacturers must reduce production. We hope, however, soon to see trade resume its regular course. With an abundant harvest, the financial trouble will soon abate and prosperity return.

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No. 6. Vol. II.

THE

# MARITIME MONTHLY,

## A MAGAZINE

OF

## Literature, Science, and Art.

DECEMBER, 1873.

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# MARITIME MONTHLY.

*A Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art.*

VOL. II. DECEMBER, 1873. No. 6.

## SALMON FISHING IN THE RESTIGOUCHE.

BY SCOTO-CANADENSIS.

THE hilly country in the eastern part of the Province of Quebec will probably in the future be one of the great summer play-grounds of the people of North America. At present, however, it is but little known, and tourists and visitors are sparse: a few of them, Americans, conscientiously "doing the Provinces," a few, denizens of the cities of the interior—mostly Montrealese—who rush to the sea side for cooler air; and a larger proportion, devotees of the Gentle Art, whom the observer identifies by their stacks of fishing-rods, bales of waterproof gear, and grey habiliments. For this last class of visitors these regions have special fascinations; and why? Because in a hilly country where the annual rain-fall is so great, every mountain-gorge has its brook, and every glen has its river; and the rivers here, unlike the tepid, oozy streams of lowland regions, are clear with a crystaline transparency, and cool with the coolness of the hills where they were born; now breaking into tempestuous arrowy rapids, and again creeping noiselessly through deep pools as if afraid to break the stillness of the forest. These are the favorite haunts of the aristocratic species of the Salmonidæ, and the scenes of the exploits and hazards of the sportsman.

A short account of an eight days' excursion on one of the best of these streams, the Restigouche, may not be without interest, especially to the lovers of salmon-fishing.

The river Restigouche has its sources far away in the scarcely explored depths of the New Brunswick forests, and through a large part of its course forms the boundary between that Province and the Province of Quebec. At six miles from the tidal waters, it is joined by the Matapedia from the north, an affluent nearly as large as itself. At this point there is just now a magnificent railway bridge in course of construction, for the Intercolonial Railway crosses here and continues up the valley of the Matapedia. The united stream falls into the Bay of Chaleur, so named, as some say, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, while others contend that the Bay shores are perceptibly warmer than the adjacent coasts. Our party numbered eight, its central figures being the Chief and the Doctor, the eighth being the warden of the river. The Doctor was appointed First Officer of the Commissariat, a post he was singularly qualified to fill, and the duties of which he ably administered throughout the expedition; and as we intended to go a long way up the river, and thus would be for several days far from our base, another of the party was told off to follow with provisional supplies. Our conveyance was a large barge or "scow," kindly lent to our Chief and party by the other lessee of the river. It was about forty feet long by ten or twelve in breath, carried in the middle of it a flat-roofed house, and, seen from without, looked like a gigantic Child's Noah's Ark; within we had drawing-room, dining-room and kitchen, and sofa-couches for eight persons, with their appropriate furniture. Mosquito curtains gave to the carpeted interior a suggestion of luxury, which was fully realized when the subject of eatables and drinkables came on the *tapis*. The "scow" was an epitome of material comforts and itself the greatest of them all. The appliances of a Pullman car, of an ocean steamer, of a first-class hotel disappeared into the impalpable, compared with the comforts of our "scow." The river-warden took the captaincy. Our crew consisted of four white men and four Indians. On the morning of the 18th of July, all hands were piped at Matapedia, and taken aboard: four canoes were attached to the "scow" behind; a motive power of three horses was hitched on in front; and the whole system of us, thus composed, moved off up stream, amid the cheers of the Railway employès, which we exerted ourselves to reciprocate.

The scenery of the Restigouche will compare favourably with

that of most rivers. The writer has seen some of the most picturesque, as well as productive, of the rivers of the Scottish Highlands. He has wandered by the banks of Tay; he has explored the Dee; he has thrown no unsuccessful fly on the Spey, the best of Scottish salmon streams; he has hunted the grilse and the huge sea trout (salmo salar) in the cool waters of the Avon under the shadow of the snowy-browed precipices of the Cairngorm hills; but for scenery—and that is a large part of the sportsman's joy, if he have any soul in him—he gives the preference to the Restigouche. We travelled fifty miles up the river without encountering a tame or uninteresting landscape. At almost every turn, there was some bosky little nook for the photographer, or some larger and bolder scene for the artist of the pencil and brush. If the tourist finds not here the stern and ample grandeur of the panorama, as he comes "Down by the Tummel and banks o' the Garry," or the vastness of hill and forest beauty which he was awed and pleased with in the Pass of Killiecrankie; or the solemn savagery of the upper reaches of the Dee, as he pursues his way past Balmoral and Castleton to the wilderness of the Linn, sentinelled on the one side by the "steep frowning glories of dark Lochnagar," and on the other by the pitiless heights of Brae-riach and Ben Muicdhui; or the wondrous green valleys of the Spean and the Shin with their foregrounds of birch forest and background of fantastic hills choking up the horizon, and giving one a vague sense of wild pibrochs in minor keys floating through the air. If the tourist misses all this, he ought in fairness to remember that, mixed up with even the best of highland river scenery at home, there is much that is "stale, flat and unprofitable." The peculiarity of the Restigouche scenery is, that it is almost without a break, interesting, never overpowering, seldom majestic; always grand and beautiful. The river flows through a great ravine flanked by hills rising steep from its bed to the height of from three hundred to eight hundred or nine hundred feet. These are almost all wooded to the top, and cleft and separated by deep gorges, each with its impetuous brook, where the sunlight has scarcely a chance. Forests of hardwood and the graceful cedar stretch along the lower slopes, while hardier coniferous trees have established themselves on the heights. At intervals, one sees a scaur too bare of soil to give foothold to anything but the neediest and most frugal grasses and shrubs; and here and there, where the river turns a

sharper curve and bowls itself against the opposing rocky wall with the force of a hundred battering rams, we have, as if smoothed out by the backwaters of thousands of years, a glorious amphitheatre of green; where you feel as if you would like to rest for ever and dream to the music of the winds and the waters. River-banks in the proper sense, there are none: for in the spring and the fall of the year the ravine is in most places filled from side to side with the stream; and all debris, and whatever water can undermine and tear away, is hurried down to the sea: and now, when the stream has shrunk to its summer size, it flows well within the limits of its pebbly and rocky bed. The exposures of rock in sections almost verticla, so frequent along the river, would interest the geologist. Having puzzled himself over the rock formations of Gaspe, he would do well to look here. The variety of stratification is not great, chiefly sandstone and a dark bluish-grey slate; but it has been heaved into all imaginable positions and angles, from the level up to the "perpendicular and more," and twisted into wisps and curves of distracting curvature. There must have been hot and heavy work here in prehistoric and plutonic times.

We travelled up the river at the rate of from ten to fifteen miles a day, doing our journey in the warm time of the day, and fishing in the mornings and evenings. From the roof of our scow-house, we could enjoy the scenery and do a good deal of fictitious fishing. For it is the privilege of the angler to ply his vocation and accomplish some of his most successful exploits in the realm of imagination. As he travels with a stream of the right kind under his eye, he notes the rocks behind which the fish are likely to lie, he drops his hypothetical fly into the feasible eddies and ripples, enjoys vivid conceptions of nibbles and plunges and races up and down stream, and beaches visionary monsters on probable landing places. In no other case that we know, do the pleasures of sport or recreation extend so much beyond mere matter-of-fact. Hence perhaps, the tendency to "romancing" so deeply seated in the angling breast. Let psychologists look to it, and explain for us this phenomenon, and show why it is that, let a man be ever so estimable and exemplary in all the relations of life, inflexibly upright and scrupulously true, yet, when he narrates you a tale of his fishing triumphs and losses, you mentally reduce each of his several statements about forty per cent. Our present narrative—*exceptio firmat regulam*—is for obvious reasons an exception to this rule.

We started with great expectations. Some weeks before we came on the scene, men who never in their lives before had hooked a salmon, had killed an average of five or six fish a day, for a week on end. A skilled fisherman who was in camp at "Indian house," about thirty miles above Matapedia—and whom the Indians in admiration of his prowess called Chikkigeleegit, (which is by interpretation, "king-fisher")—had in about three weeks captured over one hundred and eighty salmon. And we—some of us indeed were novices, but some had killed grilse with midges and horse-hair gut—judging from these reported facts, had great expectations. Several things, however, were against us as the sequel proved. The water was unusually low and clear. The first great run of fish was over: and though there were "transient brutes" fresh from the sea, by far the greater number had been in the fresh water for two or three weeks, and were shy and dainty. We were all new to the river, and had equipped ourselves with flies and other gear, partly by the light of nature, and partly by the advice of the vendors of fishing-tackle; so that most of our flies were worthless. We had come a fortnight too late, and soon saw that we could have no such success as our predecessors.

The first evening we spent at ten miles from Matapedia, where a lovely stream, the Upsalquitch, about the size of the Cape Breton Margarie, pours itself into the Restigouche. If an *a priori* judgment is worth anything, one would, for fishing purposes, prefer this tributary to the main river. In the pool at the junction we saw some large fish "rising to themselves:" but the evening was chilly, the sky almost of a wintry hue, and we could establish relations with none of them. Here however, we met, encamped for the night, a party of three—two being an English Clergyman and his wife. We afterwards saw the lady using the rod, and certes she could lay down a fly very prettily. The recent history of this party seemed to be, that for two years, they had been "doing" certain out-o-the-way parts of the Dominion, on sport intent; and that they had lately canoed up the St. John river, and portaged to one of the upper tributaries of the Restigouche. They were now "canoeing it" down the river, and purposed further adventures. The weapons of warfare employed by the minister of the gospel, struck us as having a dash of the carnal about them, being a "six-shooter," "tommy hawk," and hunting-knife or dagger stuck in his belt, besides unknown rifles which he did not

carry when he came in the evening to visit us. He was a whole storming party in himself, but he spared all our lives and chatted very agreeably far into the night.

Next day some of us were atop of the scow, our favourite drawing-room, when the captain, who had tooled us through some stiff rapids into a long reach of still water, suddenly threw up his hands, made an involuntary jump of astonishment and assumed a general resemblance to a St. Andrew's cross as he cried, "Look at them, look at them! great Cæsar, look at them! was there ever the like o' that? Queen o' Scotland, look at them!" and we looked and beheld. It is not often one sees a *shoal* of salmon in a river, so far as we have ever heard; but here they were by dozens and by scores. Some gliding up stream in front of the scow, some scudding athwart into the deep water, but most lying heedless of us on the other side of the current, which was here very gentle, and darkening the bottom of the river. No doubt after this there was abundance of fish in the river; but when they congregate thus, they are evidently waiting a rise of the water, and are in no humour to make their greetings to the sportsman. We passed on to a more hopeful place—a long pool, deep and sluggish on one side where it may be fished from the overhanging rocks; on the other, swift, rough, and comparatively shallow. The captain and the Indians agreed on the best spot, one however that none of us would have selected. Against this spot canoe No. 1 was launched, and in less than ten minutes were greeted with a splash and a spring, and a demand for eighty yards of line. The fish was evidently a twenty pounder at least. The battle was in no wise remarkable. In less than an hour, and after an ineffectual attempt on his part to sulk, the gaff brought him ashore. We cheered and weighed him on the spot—twenty-six pounds. Canoe No. 2, as soon as No. 1 had cleared away, entered the pool at the same place, and had hardly buckled to their work when, presto, the whirr of the ratchet-reel and three splendid leaps that would have made the fortune of a circus gymnast, told that a battle royal had commenced. There is no aquatic adversary like a twelve or fifteen pound salmon, fresh from the sea: and such was the foe in this case. But—and here we speak for ourself—we have always felt that a man with a ratchet-reel was unfairly handicapped in such a fight. *Punica fides* is a light description of the treachery of these instruments: and the event proved it so. After executing as many of the usual

dodges as could be well condensed into a quarter of an hour, our fish, now well nigh exhausted, made a last desperate rush down stream, the ratchet hitched, and the Doctor—for he was the central figure in canoe No. 2—came into the undisputed possession of his line with some residuary gut. Re-armed in a few minutes, he again offered battle at the same spot, and—*cur memorem?*—with the same result, though the duel was shorter. No wonder he used strong expressions in contemplation of these results. Moses was a meek man, and Job was a patient one; but how either would have conducted himself, had he, through a vile ratchet, lost two salmon within half an hour, is not known. For ourself, we were not altogether dissatisfied with the event; for we had long ago suffered similarly, and have prophecied against the ratchet for years: and now we found in the Doctor an enthusiastic and denunciatory convert.

Canoe No. 3 now tried their fortune, hooked a fish, and immediately lost their gear: and, the spot seeming inexhaustible, there entered canoe No. 4, but by this time the finny monsters must have become suspicious. Our fly however was seized, and we swept down the pool *en rapport* with our fish; but after half an hour's play, the game ended in a "draw," for the fish lay behind a stone, and took to shaking his head in that peculiar manner which is the sportsman's terror, and the salmon's last card, and he shook himself into freedom.

Thus the net result of this day's sport was fairly against us. At the same time we had got a very exalted notion of the resources of the river: for here we had fished only about an hour and a half, and within an area of a few square yards, five fish had been hooked. Making the best of our ill luck, we moved up stream to our Sunday's resting place, and next day faithfully observed the Sunday truce.

On Monday, matters mended somewhat. Two canoes "poled" off up stream before sunrise, and at the ten o'clock breakfast, three salmon and several grilse were exhibited, with the usual distressful tale of fish that had been *lost*, notwithstanding Isaac Walton's admirable criticism on this word, "You never *lost*, sir, what you never had." Evidently the river was too low and too clear, and our flies were not of the right kind. We could get help, however, in the matter of flies from the already mentioned Chikkigeleegit; and by a forced march we reached "Indian house," his camping place, in the middle of a magnificent panorama.

The report of "Chikky's" success had not been exaggerated. The shore was redolent of decomposing offal, which showed that his fourteen barrels were filled with acephalous and invertebrate salmon. He had killed between the 25th of June and the 18th of July one hundred and eighty fish, averging from nineteen to twenty pounds, his greatest catch in one day having been 13! His record was thus between three and four tons of fish—such a record as no sportsman we have heard of in Scotland, Ireland, or "Gemle Norge" itself, has equalled in the time. Clearly "Chikky" and the Restigouche together, carry off the belt from all streams and fishers whatsoever that we have heard of.

He shook his head sadly over our flies, dressed a few small hooks for us—he is a most admirable composer of flies—and sent us forth with fresh armament and new hope, at the same time confirming us in the belief that we had come too late for any great success. From this time to the end of our expedition—which was purely of a tentative and exploratory character—our daily tale of fish improved. We found that the smallest flies attracted the largest fish; and that a fish was never so surely hooked as when he seized the fly *under* water. This latter is a peculiarity none of us had witnessed before. Generally, the salmon we had seen had come on with a rush, breaking water a yard or two below the fly, and exhibiting his length from stem to stern; but, on the Restigouche, so surely as the fish behaved thus, he either missed, or at the last instant declined the fly. In explanation of this, it was "Chikky," if we remember, who said, "In fact the salmon of the Restigouche are not yet fully educated up to the fly. There are rivers in the districts of the lower St. Lawrence full of fish, but where the ignorant brutes, like their relatives in the rivers of British Columbia, don't rise to the fly at all. In these, civilization has not yet begun; in the Restigouche it has made some progress, and more may be expected with the growth and expansion of the Dominion. Return here three hundred years hence, and—no doubt of it—your fly will be grabbed as beautifully as you could wish."

If you ask us what was the net result of our expedition, estimated in salmon? we have first to give an explanation, without which the answer would be misleading, and then to give the answer itself. During the seven days on which we fished, two canoes were steadily at work, and two others were employed about half time. We tried fishing from the shore, but never got any-

thing bigger than sea-trout, and very few of them: and ultimately abandoned this form of activity as useless. Our effective operations being thus reckoned equal to the work of three canoes, the total catch was about forty salmon, averaging fifteen pounds, and fifty grilse, averaging five pounds; a very small result, but the causes of its smallness have been already indictated.

Those who know salmon-fishing in other regions, will compare this result with their own experience. For ourself, we can only compare it with what we know of Scotch rivers.

An average of two salmon a day used to be considered good sport on the Spey; for though on very good days, a skilled sportsman might kill four or five, yet on other days his basket would be empty. Our average was nearly equal to this in salmon, and exceeded it, if grilse be taken into account; and ours was the poorest fishing this year on the Restigouche. Since we left the river, we have come to know, that during one afternoon, in a favourite pool, our captain hooked eighteen fish, of which he landed eight.

If the Restigouche be taken as a specimen of the Canadian rivers—and we believe it is, though a favourable one—it is clear, that for a certain season, a greater weight of fish may be taken in a given time in them than in the best rivers in the old country. But the season is short. In the Margarie of Cape Breton, for instance, it lasts only two or three weeks. In the Restigouche it covers, with slight breaks, upwards of two months, from about the 20th of June to about the end of August. In the best Scotch stream, the season extends, with perhaps a lull in the dry weather of May or June, from March to September: and there are pools in which, those who ought to know declare, there are clean fish every day of the year. The comparative dryness of the Canadian summer, and the want of snow-deposits in the hills, all the year round, to supply cool water to the rivers, may help to explain this contrast.

It may be doubted, however, whether a moderate take of fish, such as ours was, is not more in the nature of sport than Chikkigeleegit's long roll of success. Ten or twelve salmon a day! That must mean pauseless battle, a fish hooked as soon as the last is killed. It means also tackle of the strongest and therefore not of the finest kind. It means, further,—if we allow each fish the average of an hour from hooking to gaffing, and count nothing for run-

aways—ten or twelve hours of the very hardest work. But we hold that, as in philosophy, so in fishing. Search after truth is, according to illustrious philosphers, better than truth itself; which would be valueless without the discipline involved in the search. Thus with the salmon: it is the hunting for them that gives zest to the battle and glory to the victory. If you are no sooner "off with the old love" than "on with the new," we care not for the sport:—nay, we deny that it is sport: it is an aquatic *battle*. So, for our part, we desire no discoloured water, no undiscriminating hungry brutes competing for gigantic flies, no codfish line with treble gut, that ploughs up the water as it falls, to haul our fish ashore by main strength. Give us clear water, strong light line, and single gut that will bear a strain of four or five pounds, and fall gently on the water: and give us time and room to seek and tempt our adversary. Our battles may be fewer; but they will be more eventful: we shall have what we came for—not the greatest possible tale of fish, (if you want that, you can purchase them from the fishers at six cents a pound,) but, cheerful hope in the pursuit and that exhilaration which, when the battle comes on, arises from the exercise of skill: and we shall have more to remember in the future.

The great charm of salmon-fishing undoubtedly lies in the seeming disparity between the means used and the end achieved, the triumph of skill *simpliciter* over mere force. A paltry little hook ¼ of an inch long with a barb that requires good eyesight to perceive it, stuck round with a few glittering colours; a line not much thicker, though much stronger than packthread; a rod so attenuated that it bends before the faintest puff of wind: this is the armament with which you have vanquished that silvery giant, who now lies palpitating on the shore and who, a little ago, in his own wonderful, beautiful, dreadful element, had the strength of a buffalo and the speed of a race horse. You could never conquer him except by tempting the fool to destroy himself; you have first cheated him, and then goaded him on to despair and suicide. But with what suavity you treated him all through the struggle! How liberal you were of line at his first rush, deferring to his airiest caprices. How you lowered your rod to him, as if in obeisance, when he made that compound spring into the upper air. With what keen observance you waited for him, as you saw him gathering up his faculties for another bolt, ending in a triplet

of leaps, a heavy plunge and silence deep. How you craved permission, as he lay still to recruit after his exercises, to take back the line you gave him and cautiously closed up with him, and put slowly on him more and more pressure, till by and by, from having all the field to himself, his brute intelligence came to know the force of the words "Est quâdam prodire tenus sed non datur ultra," in other phrase, that you were now his master and could control his motions; till, after further brilliant darts and sallies with intermitted flashes of repose, he came rolling to the shore where you received him with exultation. Doesn't the charm of the little drama depend much on the lightness of the tackle employed, *i. e.* on the disparity of means and results? and would not the certainty which the heavy gear goes a long way to ensure, destroy much of this? We think so: let every one judge for himself.

Light tackle, we admit, sometimes has its drawbacks. Contests present themselves which the prudent fisher will decline. One evening there rolled up *de profundis* to look at our fly a fish for which a harpoon would have been a juster weapon of attack than our puny gear which was known to break with a three pound strain. He was the largest salmon we ever saw in the water, though we think we have seen bigger on shore, and would have made short work with us. Whether he intended to seize the hook or to play, we do not know, but we took his appearence as a friendly hint to be off his ground: and our detrectation of battle was owing to the lightness of our tackle. On another occasion, one of our party experienced a sudden call for unlimited line: one hundred and fifty yards were run out in a few seconds,—he had no more to give, then a bright gleam in the air, and the fish was gone. There had been no time granted to put pressure on the brute; but a heavier line by its greater weight and friction might have arrested him before the last turn of the reel was paid out.

As life, save to the most fortunate, is not all beer and skittles, so fishing on the Restigouche and such rivers has its disadvantages. One of these is that you cannot fish satisfactorily from the shore or even with safe wading. The canoe with a pair of Indians becomes a necessity; and though it is possible to *sit* in your canoe as you ply the rod (our Chief, who was still encumbered with the effects of a sprained ankle, had to fight his battles from this posture),

still, to throw a fly well and far needs that you stand to your work. "Impossible," several people have said to us. "Not at all," say we. Some of our party that had never been in a canoe before, stood as easily at the first trial as if they had been fishing from the shore. Of course accidents will happen. The sad upset in the Gaspe, ending in the death of Mr. Macfarlane and his nephew Mr. Thompson, and two or three narrow escapes from the same fate, one on the Matapedia and the others on the Restigouche, this summer, prove that they do happen. But light clothing, mocassins on the feet, the power of swimming and *prudence*—that above all—bring you as near to safety as seems compatible with the notion of sport: and always, *in taking rapids, be guided by the advice of your Indians.* Without an upset, however, no fishing excursion can be considered complete. One morning three of our party were tumbled out of their canoe; but they were well within their depth, and the only grave disaster was the extinction of a pipe.

A greater drawback than the canoe difficulty, amounting in fact to a terror, is the pest of sand-flies. They are the guardians of the streams, the foes of the sportsman—compared with which the black-fly is modestly playful, and the mosquito not unfriendly—sent forth by the powers of darkness, which thereby prove their continued interest in mundane affairs. Their assults set in shortly before sunset and end shortly after sunrise. In a damp and sultry night, they attain their most infernal development. You "smudge" them in vain. Horses and Indians crowd around the camp fires, and compete for a position to leeward if there is a leeward. Inside the "scow" the darkness is cimmerian by reason of the injected smoke: the human countenance is vaguely discerned in various degrees of distortion with coughing, and apoplectic phenomena present themselves: the cure is nearly as bad as the disease. You court repose in veil and gloves: but unless you are a pachyderm, you will agonize through the night with these microscopic foes. To some persons the punishment is very exquisite. We know the enemy of old. Long ago when fishing on the Cape Breton Margarie, with our friend, we remember with a feeling approaching to awe, their effects on him. He is a gently-spoken, kind-hearted man, who would with Uncle Toby open the window to liberate a blue bottle; but, on the occasion referred to, he put a strain on the English language to supply him with words expres-

sive of maledictory emotion, and in fact swore oaths enough to last a ship's crew for a month. On the Restigouche, the pest was worse than any of our party had ever experienced. One morning—the night had been one of torture—we sprang from bed to plunge into the river for the mitigation of our troubles, and stepped on a heap of blankets from which to our astonishment the Doctor unrolled himself. He had taken refuge from the enemy on the floor. "How are you off for flies," said we. "Oh!" was the reply, "I can't stand it: I'll go home: what have I done to be punished like this?" and springing up, he threw back his shirt, revealing a chest on which the flies had evidently expended much careful work; "look what the cusses have done. All the devils on the river have been down on me. I'm a martyr: write me in the noble army. I ought to get to heaven on the strength of that chest alone:" and he slapped himself in serio-comic despair. A thorough wash with soap, however, soon brought him up to the level of his usual equanimity; and at breakfast he proved to be, in every sense, himself again.

N. B.—After a night with the sand-flies, wash all over with soap, and rub it well in; it's a charm to make you forget your troubles.

We have mentioned these inconvenient concomitants of the Restigouche fishing, because we understand them to be common to the Canadian rivers, and general. They are specially interesting to the salmon-fisher, as showing him what he has to expect. We cannot close our narrative without a word about our Indian assistants. They were excellent fellows, cheerful, obliging, trustworthy: ready to "pole" or "paddle" you off at a moment's notice, by day or night, ready to do you any service on land or in water, never obtruding their good offices on your recognition, careful of your property as if it had been their own. "A man's a man for a' that," though he have straight black hair and tawny skin. With such men as Larry and his nephew, and the two Peters, one felt he could have "gone anywhere and done anything." A few men like these, we believe, would have saved Sodom: such is our estimate of the *morale* of these Restigouche Indians (Micmacs). Their skill in handling the gaff is astonishing, but the gaff is brother to the spear, their ancestral weapon. We saw old Larry gaff a salmon in the following case. The fish had fought nearly an hour, and the strain upon him being slight, was far from exhausted. He had taken the canoe down the best part of a mile to a deep pool, and

was sailing quietly about, preparatory to another rush. A few yards below, was a tumbling rapid, which he would certainly make for, and, where he would certainly have been lost; and where, had the canoe ventured to follow, it must have been a case of *sauve qui peut.* Larry leant over the bow, with left hand waving instructions to his nephew, who was paddling in the other end, and in the right grasping a gaff, six or seven feet long. This was the state of things for two or three minutes. At length the canoe, which had been moving slowly, halted: closer down to the water went Larry's head: slowly swung he round his armed hand, thrusting the gaff forwards and downwards until the butt reached no further than his elbow; then there was a short pause, during which we held our breath, till Larry rose erect and held out his gaff with a twenty-four pounder, as it turned out to be, struggling on the iron. The fish had been gaffed securely, and at least four feet below the surface of the water:—a prodigious feat, as the salmon-fisher will recognize. Larry has, however, done a greater thing than this; but we restrict our narrative to what we saw.

We left the Restigouche, on our way to meet the "Gulf Steamer" at Dalhousie, casting some "longing, lingering, looks behind," and feeling that a pleasant recollection is an imperishable good. Before the breaking up of our party, however—some of them were old and experienced hands—we made some enquiry into the past history of the salmon-fishings, both in the river proper, and in the tidal waters; of which, in conclusion, we offer a summary for the consideration of all to whom these presents may come.

Forty or forty-five years ago, when net-fishing had not well begun, and the spear was almost the only weapon used by the few white men and the Indians alike, the fish were more abundant in the river than now. It is about thirty-seven years since net-fishing may be said to have commenced. At that time the legal season for killing salmon extended from the beginning of May till the middle of August; and the Quebec Fisheries Act prescribed a weekly "open time" (during which no fish might be caught) of thirty-six hours. For New Brunswick there was no corresponding prescription. The two sides of the river were under different laws. The consequence was that that law was not much regarded; fish were captured in season and out of season with defiant assiduity. By the year 1858, *i. e.* in twenty-two years, this method of lawless

capture had reduced the annual supply of fish to a minimum, where it stood till the year 1865. Ten or fifteen years ago, we were told by more than one brother of the rod, you might fish from the upper waters to the sea "without seeing a fin, or getting a rise."

In 1865, a system of protection was instituted, a warden was appointed for the upper portion of the river, and so early as the second year of his administration, the fish gave signs of increase. In 1868, the New Fishery Act came in force; the weekly "open" time of thirty-six hours was prescribed for both sides of the river: and, by as strict a surveillance as the circumstances permitted, the law has since been enforced.

The result has been a rapid increase in the annual take of fish in the nets. Probably, it is this year three times as great as it was five years ago, and equal to what it was in the first years of the net-fishing; only, it must be remembered, *there are now more nets*. The average annual take between the years '55 and '68 may be set down as not over one hundred thousand pounds. This year, including the estuary fishings below Dalhousie, it must be at least five hundred thousand pounds. This year, however, is evidently so good as to have far exceeded the expectation of the fish-curers; for the season was not half gone when they found their tins for the preserved fish (which have to be prepared beforehand) all filled, and were driven to the less profitable expedient of *salting* the remainder of their catch. These facts surely testify to the advantages of river preservation.

If the salmon were a mere fancy of the sportsman, the plaything of a few people of leisure, river preservation could not be a subject of general interest. But such is not the case. The salmon is as truly a source of national wealth as our timber, our soil, or our coal-fields. Whatever influences tend to extirpate this wonderful fish from our rivers, tends, *pro tanto*, to lessen the resources of the country, and to make it less attractive to the emigrant choosing his future home. With the progress of our country in population and wealth, and with the increased accessibility of markets, the value of our fisheries, under a wise system of preservation, will assuredly rise. Let our legislators consider this, and let them not permit such streams as the Restigouche to be made sterile by short-sighted and lawless cupidity. In Nova Scotia, the goose that laid the golden egg is expiring; the same may be said of

some parts of New Brunswick. Thus—legislation, neglect, and sawdust have done the work. Shall this be allowed to go on?

The fisheries at the mouth of the Restigouche are already very valuable. The steamers leaving Dalhousie for Quebec and Montreal are weighed down with endless boxes of preserved salmon. The trade is very large and must be very profitable already; and its growth and increasing gains are due to the preservation of the river.

In any other country the fishermen would pay handsomely for the privileges of netting. These must be worth many thousand pounds annually. Would it be believed that the *annual rental of all the net-fishings amounts to only a few hundred dollars!* while public money pays the salaries of the river wardens. It just comes to this, that the Government make a present of a good many thousand dollars annually to the happy fishermen of the Restigouche. In other words, the public are taxed to maintain one set of men in order that a set entirely different, who give no equivalent, may have the opportunity of speedily enriching themselves! The only admissible extenuation of this abuse of public money is, that legislation is now only feeling its way and that the present is a temporary arrangement.

While this indefensible boon has been conferred on the fishermen that happen to be whites, what of the poor Indian? The rights of aborigines, which British legislation has been wont to lay a gentle hand on—have received irreverent treatment. By a law passed in 1868, spearing salmon (the Indian's method of capture) was made illegal: but a special permission to the Indians of the Restigouche, about three hundred in number, was granted by the Minister of Marine and Fisheries. They were allowed to spear for their own use, but not for sale, over about sixty miles of the river. The restriction seemed reasonable; but year after year the ground over which their privilege extended has been lessened, till in 1871 they were restricted to the waters below Matapedia. In 1873 the privilege has altogether been taken away! And now, for an Indian to be found with a speared salmon, though the fish are swimming past his wigwam or cottage in thousands, is a punishable offence. White men, his neighbours, take them by the hundred in their nets. It is hard for the "untutored mind" to see the justice and beneficence of this arrangement.

But let us do the Government justice. If we wish to "extenu-

ate nothing," neither would we "set down ought in malice." This year, when the fishing privileges were withdrawn from the Indians of the Restigouche, the "Indian Department" gave five hundred dollars for the purchase of nets, to be used in the Indians' behalf. The salmon taken in them were to be sold, and the proceeds divided among the Indians. Two good spots were selected for placing the nets, the stakes were planted, and the nets were to have been superadded, free of cost, when one night in June the stakes were cut down. Can one wonder at the poor fellows expressing their resentment against the treatment they had received at the hands of the Government, and doing so in this simple way? Economically, it was to their disadvantage: for the chances of the first run of fish, which is usually the best, were over, before the stakes were restored and the nets spread: but anger and prudence are often dissociated. The Indians, as our men told us, didn't care for the paltry dollar or two that would come to them from the sale of the fish: they wanted the salmon and loved *their* sport as dearly as the white man prizes *his*. We sympathize with them. If the instinct of sport, which the *savans* say is the inheritance from our savage state, has not died out of civilised man with centuries of culture, how strong may we suppose it still to be in the children of the forest! You cannot drive out nature with a fork or with an Act of Parliament. We have written at greater length than we intended, and have given these facts on trustworthy authority. In some of the details of our figures, we may be subject to correction: the general drift of them cannot be impugned. We will further only say that we expect to see the time when the interests and rights of all parties will be fairly consulted; when the "open" time of our Canadian rivers shall be extended from thirty-six to forty-eight hours per week; when the net-fishing will yield an appreciable revenue to the country, while the fisherman prospers; when the Indian will, under reasonable restriction, rejoice in his traditional sport, and supply his simple wants by the use of the time-hallowed spear; and when in our summer tours, we shall meet many more brethren of the rod than we are wont now to encounter. We believe that the rivers of Canada, properly cared for, can meet all these requirements, and still preserve, for the sportsman's delight, and the people's boast and enjoyment, in the shape of cheap and exquisite fish dinners, the character of being in the very front rank of the salmon-rivers of the world.

# A PLOT WITHIN A PLOT;

OR,

THE MYSTERIES OF THE DOG'S NOSE.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

WE will venture to intrude on another conference, shorter and more guarded than the one we have just detailed :— one that took place between Delaval and his sister, while the former was in progress.

We have noted Marie's abrupt departure from the room when the words were uttered,—"The child found still alive is Madeline, your true niece." Words cannot describe the wrath, the concentrated passion that burned luridly in the blazing eye, and hissed through the set teeth of the baffled and detected adventuress.

She stood there in the dim light of the corridor with her beautiful but evil face all convulsed, and her lithe, superb figure thrown into an attitude, graceful always, but speaking in every line the rigidity of rage.

For her counterpart, picture to yourself Athaliah, the Israelitish queen, when confronted by the child Joash,—escaped alone of all the murdered seed-royal,—with the nation around him, shouting, "God save the King!"

Was not this too a dethroned queen? Were it not for very pride, she too would have rent to tatters her silken robes, and shrieked out into the startled night, "Treason! treason!"

Delaval came upon her in her rage. She turned raving upon him; even lifted her hand to smite him. The raised hand was caught firmly! Coldly, almost contemptuously, he looked down upon her.

"Ah! no need to ask if you have failed!" said he, dragging her after him to her own apartment, flinging her down, almost with violence, on a lounge, and then closing and double-locking the door in the face of the inquisitive house-keeper, who had just been in time to catch the latter part of this scene.

"No need to tell me you have failed!" he repeated savagely. "All your pretty little finessing trickery, what is it worth now? Paf! It is gone, like that cobweb."

He was striding up and down the carpet now, gesticulating, foaming, furious.

The sight of that fury calmed, but did not alarm the girl. On the contrary, it seemed but to nerve her courage. She rose, and quietly extending her hand, said:

"Stay, Adolphe. *That* has failed, but *all* has not failed."

"What now?" said he rudely. She continued quietly:

"All is not lost. On the contrary, there is a gain. The game is simplified. It is now definitively a combat *à l'outrance*. It is now a war of extermination. They or we are to be destroyed."

"Yes: I like that better:" said the Frenchman. "'War to the knife'—that is my motto."

"This night then; barely two hours hence—you remember what I told you?—battle will be delivered; and it *must* be decisive; do you mark me?"

"I do: but I scarcely understand:" replied he. "*If* these people come, we may do something. But there is another *If*:—*if* the prisoners will consent to escape."

"*Bah, mon ami!* I have changed all that. We will make them very glad to escape, if they can; but we will no longer assist them. On the contrary, *not one* must be suffered to escape. Look to it, Adolphe. I have need of them all for my revenge."

"But, Marie, still I do not understand. That would only ensure the *exposé* we wish to avoid."

"You are obtuse, *bel ami;*" and she fixed on him a Lady Macbeth stare.

"I tell you, I do not comprehend your drift in the least;" and his eyes shifted uneasily beneath her sinister gaze. "I—in short, I fling my tongue to the dogs. What is it you mean, Marie?"

The girl bent towards him, and with the cruel gleam of a tigress' flashing eyes, and bared teeth, she hissed behind her hand one word into his ear.

Hardened as he was, even *he* recoiled.

"No; No! That is too horrible. Besides, it is altogether too uncertain."

"You must make it certain;" she insisted. "The same fortunate conjunction of circumstances will never occur again. We are shut up to this, or to ruin,—death."

"Be it so: I accept;" said Delaval, after long pondering, and looking up gloomily.

"And now:" resumed he, "where is that precious grandfather of yours? He has blundered all through the piece. I will shoot him like a mangy hound, if he fail me now."

A few seconds later, and the two conspirators had parted on their several missions of mischief.

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You and I, courteous reader, may as well make our rounds whilst we are about it.

We are divided in opinion, though, which way we will direct our footsteps.

The sounds of roystering merriment ascend from the Hall, where the soldiers, not on active duty, their prisoner Barney, and his whilom judge, McWhirter, are fraternally carousing together.

Doubtless the unlucky Scot has been elevated into a convenient target for the exercise of Barney's coarse wit. For the factor's voice is raised high in querulous and nasal dissonance: whilst the rollicking hoarse laugh of the red-coats, and the rich, rolling brogue of the Irishman, together with the clinking and clattering of glasses and pewters form a pleasant accompaniment and a ready chorus.

But we will resist the temptation to linger awhile and hear the joke; for is not that the voice of sobbing that sounds from Madeline's apartment?

We are told on high authority, "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting:" and none would ever think of neglecting the charge of the preacher, could he always set before us such charming illustrations of the abandonment of grief as that which we now descry on opening the door in question.

What has happened? To use the vernacular,—Has there been a *spat* between the brother and sister?

Surely nothing so vulgar. Only it looks very like it. Here is Maddie shaking like a reed before a storm, with gusty sighs, and showery sorrow, and clinging with white arms and caressing cheek round her big brother's neck,—whilst a torrent of disclaimers, and excuses, and repentance, and caresses is surging over her helpless victim. And he, it is plain, has yielded to his fate with commendable resignation.

"Oh, Reginald! What *will* they think of me? That horrid, horrid creature,—to put such a notion in the old gentleman's head, as if *I* wanted his son. And Oh! Isn't he a dear, to stand up for me as he does? But I won't stay here another minute,—*that* I won't."

"You wouldn't like to leave Calvert without bidding him good bye, would you?" said her brother mischievously.

"There now, don't laugh at me, please. But, O Reginald, you dear old fellow! you are worth forty thousand of them any day; and I love you beyond all the world beside"—

"Beside Calvert, you mean;" interjected Harvey.

"Oh, I'm so sorry I let you find that out! And it's too bad, you should be anyway disappointed in me. But, you see, you've always been my dear, dear brother; and that's nicer than to think of you as anything else. Isn't it now?"

This last, with a pretty appealing air, which there was no gainsaying nor resisting. At least so Harvey seemed to think. For, though it cost him an effort to gulp down the rising in his throat, he acquitted himself very creditably of his *rôle* of the good genius by replying, as he wiped away the fast-falling tears of the little witch beside him:

"There now; there now! Of course it will be a thousand times nicer; and I'll not grudge you to him one single bit. But who in the world will play mad with me when you become Madam la Comtesse?"

"Don't break my heart, Regie; you know you never can leave me;" etc.

All which fragmentary, and somewhat enigmatical observations we consign to our fair readers, to spell out the meaning of as they alone can.

The entrance of their young host at this juncture, and a precipitate rush of Maddie to her own chamber to bathe her tear-stained and swollen face, put an end to the conversation.

A long and anxious discussion ensued between the two gentlemen, as to the best course to pursue in the present emergency. Into this, however, we propose not to enter; especially as their enemies' prompt action rendered all their schemes nugatory.

## CHAPTER XXV.

APPARENTLY there is a fascination for Delaval in the Dog's Nose. He has business there again to-night, it would seem.

At least one of two figures we can faintly see dodging one another in the gloom, seems strangely like him, and his voice soon settles the doubt.

He is in a villainous humor, to judge by his muttered ejaculations:

"The dolt! The idiot! He will spoil all by his cursed nonsense! What is he afraid of? Whom does he take me for? Hist; holloa there! It is I:" he calls out in a suppressed voice. "Stop, I say, Barillot! The ass! He is afraid of his own shadow."

It is true. "The wicked fleeth when no man pursueth." The wretched fugitive, alone with his terrors, hears in every rustle of a leaf, much more in this stealthy fall of a human foot, the avenger of blood on his track.

At last he is brought to bay. His back is to the surging billow, his foot is on the last verge of the rock at the extreme southern point of the promontory.

Delaval, advancing, hears through the darkness the ominous click of a gun-hammer being cocked.

The case is imminent. An instant more, and the fool will fire on his friend. He pulls out and waves his white handkerchief, and utters in a louder tone:

"It is I; Delaval."

At last he thinks he may venture to advance. But the moment he is near enough to discern clearly, he experiences an involuntary shiver.

In the eyes of Barillot, there is the sombre hostility of flight, and all the menace which there is in fear. They are the eyes of a hunted wolf that glare at him over the gaping gun-barrel.

Bristly, tattered and skulking, restless and shivering, this man is dangerous to encounter.

Desperation does not discriminate. It is more to be dreaded than hostility itself.

Hostility pauses to pick out its foe. Despair strikes at the first comer.

Delaval realized all this in a breath. In that breath the gun-hammer fell; the cap snapped: he might safely break within the guard now.

Fear and cowardice are akin. Both are merciless.

Was this the reason that, as he rushed in upon and grappled with the wretch, Delaval was not content with merely throwing him down, but he must also kick and stamp upon him?

The wretch had frightened him; and a coward cannot forgive a fright.

Probably also, Delaval reasoned just as does the keeper of a

menagerie, who castigates without mercy the brute that has ventured to turn on him.

You see it is necessary that the brute be kept well under, if he is to be useful.

"Get up, you beast!" says Delaval roughly, when he finds the poor macerated wretch lying unresistingly under his blows.

"Get up, and eat;" he repeats, and pulling some broken victuals out of his pocket, he throws them to the miserable being, as to a dog.

And like a dog,—grovelling like a whipped hound, Barillot crept to the feet of his master, and snapped voraciously at the fragments, all the while growling and muttering to himself unintelligibly.

"I verily believe the old fool is getting crazy;" said Delaval, looking attentively at him.

"See. Here is drink, you brute!" and a flask was held out to Barillot. "You shall have enough to make you drunk when your work is done."

The flask was greedily drained to the last drop.

At length some latent manhood was brought to the surface. The ruffian started up and faced the intruder.

"What, more work! I know, Monseigneur, what *your* work means: more blood, more death, more murder!"

"Pshaw! after all, what have you ever done? Why, your old brigand of a wife did more. She made *one* corpse at least. The pretty affair! And I am to make your *fillette* the Comtesse de Courtenaye at my own sole risk and trouble? No, no, Jacques. You must make it worth my while to make a lady of her."

"Ah! If it is to help *la fillette*, that is another affair. She can bind me with one of her silken eyelashes. Poor Lisette! If you would only come back and see La Petite a *Grande dame* now."

"That is just it!" said the cunning tempter to his tool; "Lisette will never come back. They killed her; and they have brought back that other child to chase out Marie, and take her place."

With glaring eye and claws clutching vaguely about him, the half-frenzied wretch strove to take in the idea. At last, as he grasped it, he leaped, flung up his hands, and gave a roar like a wild beast.

"We will soon stop all that!" said he, and off he rushed with his gun at the trail.

With difficulty Delaval kept up with him.

They had need for all their speed too. Others besides themselves had held their *rendezvous* at the Dog's Nose that night. Barillot's inconsiderate cry had drawn attention; and though no counter-challenge had been heard, Delaval had the vague sensation of one who is being followed.

He stopped an instant to listen. Yes, there they come! That is the rapid beat of many rushing footsteps; and those are the audible pantings of labouring respiration.

Away, away! No time for lingering now!

"They are after us!" he hisses in the ear of his confederate.

A few furlongs more; and at last Delaval's horse is reached.

In an instant he is in the saddle; his companion seizes hold of the mane; and they are off with redoubled speed.

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Marie's sagacity has not failed her. Eleven has scarcely struck, when she hears in rapid succession the clatter of a horse's hoofs, the hoarse challenge of the sentry, and the wild response in her brother's voice:

"To arms! They are upon us!"

All the inmates of the dwelling have retired. Only from the roisterers in the Hall, are heard at intervals, occasional bursts of revelry.

At the first challenge, the men half-sobered, spring for their weapons. Delaval, bursting in, cries:

"Look to your prisoners, men. In five minutes they will be here."

With the steadiness of men on dress-parade, the sergeant marshals his little troop. Two are told off to guard against any attempt at escape from the interior. The rest issue forth and line the terrace, whose parapet forms an admirable breast-work round three sides of the house. The outlying pickets are called in and stationed to guard the stables and out-buildings, thus completing the *cordon* round the dwelling.

Not a moment too soon are these arrangements accomplished. An approaching clamor, momently growing more distinct, is heard. The domestics, pale and frightened, rushed forth from their apartments into the common hall. Harvey and Calvert amongst them, make for the door; but the troopers on guard crossed their weapons, barring the exit. In a respectful tone they answer to

Calvert's angry remonstrance that they are acting under orders; and moreover they request the gentlemen to retire to their own rooms, where they will be secure. After a moment's hesitation, the two friends turn on their heels, Calvert to make his way to the side of his exhausted and slumbering parent, and Harvey to pace up and down the long corridor, and from time to time to peer through the window at its end.

Poor McWhirter, more than half fuddled by this time, and thus unpleasantly disturbed in his cups, was weakly wringing his hands and bewailing himself.

"Wae's me, wae's me! what's this o't? We'se a' be harried, an' brunt, an' slain. What set ye, Saunders McWhirter, to mak or mell wi' ither fowk's bizness?"

Barney, who had been sitting quietly in his original position at the board, ever since the alarm, here essayed a word of consolation; but it must be confessed, somewhat after the fashion of Job's comforters.

"Thrue for yer haner; ye'd best have kept yer spoon for yer own stirabout. Ye're like to get it scaldin' hot now, I'll be bound."

"Oh, Maister Bralligan, ye winna let them shoot me, will ye?"

"Niver a ha'porth o' fear, man!" was the consoling reply. The boys wouldn't waste shot on the likes av yez. Ye'll nivir lave the wurruld till ye get a lift in it, me sowl. It's the yard av himp, an' the lape from the lafeless tree that's to fit ye out for your long home. But maybe the boys wouldn't be again accommodhatin yez wid a bit av divarshin that way, whin wanst the fight's over."

"Losh! man; it's no hangin' ye mean, is it?" said the trembling Scot with every particular red hair of him standing on end like the "quills of the fretful porcupine."

Barney's meditated reply was cut short without ceremony.

A burst of ferocious cries shook the windows of the room, and a crash of musketry so near and so loud that all its inmates rushed behind the heavy oaken stair-case for protection.

Only Barney sat impassible to outward seeming, but eagerly listening nevertheless.

His practised ear distinguished with accuracy the more distant and scattered pattering of the assailants from the regulars' steady and measured volleys.

A rush had evidently been made and repelled: for he heard the sergeant's hoarse call.

"Well done, boys! Give it to the cowardly rebels. Give it 'em again!"

A hearty cheer from the men responded. But at the instant a wild shriek in a woman's voice rung out clear and distinct above the din.

Who had uttered it? None in the Hall, it was evident. The bevy of women, grouped together in affright, looked round on each other with glances startled anew.

There was a sound of hasty footsteps running along the upstairs hall, and immediately a voice in manly tones shouted,

"Fire, fire! Help for the women!"

What has occurred?

Madeline in her night-robe was kneeling at her evening prayer. Her golden veil of hair half hid her face, and shrouded her alabaster shoulders. A noise behind her made her half turn. An evil face glared at her from the window embrasure. It was Marie. With one hand she held the casement half open. Her voice was husky and hissing.

"Ah!" said she, "Doubtless you are very fair; but I will spoil your beauty for you!"

Then from her free hand came flying in an object that, missing the girl but by a hair's breadth, crashed with the shiver of breaking glass against the bedpost. A mocking laugh, and the casement was shut down; then the fiendish visage was gone. Paralyzed with terror, the child still knelt in the same attitude; till stifling fumes and then flames breaking out all around her, and a sudden intolerable agony of burning round her naked knees made her start up with that shriek of anguish that had startled the dwelling.

Beyond this she new nothing.

Nitro-glycerine would have been more suddenly destructive in its effects. Probably vitriol was preferred, because of its slower action, and its inextinguishable tortures.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

HARVEY, through the painted window of the corridor, had been absorbed in watching the struggle outside. Not until roused by the voice of his sister was he conscious of a growing heat and a stifling in the air. As he rushed to the door of her suite of rooms he found it locked. He called; a stifled cry was his only answer.

Another door and another he tried: all were fast. A second time his alarm-shout sounded:

"Help, help! For God's sake, quick, men! Help me break open the doors. They are all locked."

A crash, and then the ominous crackle of fire, and a volley of smoke rolling downwards emphasized the summons.

"Come lads!" shouted Barney to the two soldiers, who, as they saw him starting up had covered him with their pieces,—"You're not the men to stand by and let women burn in their beds, are ye?"

And he started up the broad staircase at a run, closely followed by the two brave fellows, to whose hearts his appeal had come straight home.

They were but half way up, when suddenly with a roar like a volcano, the house seemed torn from its foundations.

First it lifted, and then it settled amid horrible grindings and crashings, and after swaying some instants, it collapsed into a very crater of fire, and of belching, thunderous discharges.

Fortunately for them the appalled domestics had rushed for the door the instant it was left unguarded. But what of the other ill-fated ones amid this Gehenna of ruin?

Booming explosions resounded at intervals from beneath, and blast after blast of bursting flame and flashing fire-clouds soared aloft to the skies.

The combatants with one accord had dropped their arms, and in presence of this awful catastrophe, friends and foes mingled side by side.

The frieze-coated rebels, and the red-coat supporters of law and order stood in mute, pale horror, gazing upwards at the dread spectacle, without thought of further strife.

There is life still there somewhere, nevertheless. Hoarse cries and a woman's shrieks are faintly heard.

There is a rush round to the rear of the building.

"Help, help, for the love of Heaven!" shouts a voice from above.

All eyes are raised, and there, hanging by the blistering balcony, the lurid glare shews a man clasping to his bosom, a female form swathed in white night-robes.

Her shower of golden hair is streaming on the fiery breath of the conflagration like a sheet of living flame; and the forked

tongues are plucking at them, and the billowing gusts of smoke are wreathing them round, as if they feared to lose so precious a prey.

"Haste, haste; they are falling! Will no one break the shock?" cry voices in the crowd.

"Well done, Sergeant! They are all right now!" shout the multitude.

The ready-witted soldier has dragged a sturdy peasant directly under the pair, has bid him "hold hard ahead;" while with iron gripe he himself holds by the tail the long-skirted garment of tough frieze.

And so they are let gently to the ground, with no broken bones—thank God! although both are sadly scorched; and the poor child Madeline, half-naked, and more dead than alive, is borne off in tender women's arms. Hurrah, hurrah! Two saved, at least! But the rest? Ah!

What is here, though? A flaming, frizzled-up mass, shapeless, horrible,—but with a groan in it still—rolls out of this lower window to their feet. Work, men, work; there's life in him yet! Heavy coats are torn off by merciful hands, and swathed round and round the charring lump of humanity, that some red rags mark out as once a foe. But no matter for that. Misfortune makes the whole world kin. Another saved: Hurrah! But the rest—the rest! What of them?

"The master, the master! Oh wirra, wirra!—an' the handsome boy wid the angel-face!"—wail the women.

Ah! What is that moving on the ridge-pole of the Conservatory yonder? A wild shout from fifty throats hails the sight.

It is the gallant boy staggering along under the burden of his wounded, fever-spent and helpless parent; like Æneas of old, bearing off the feeble Anchises from the ruins of burning Troy.

God knows how he had got there. Probably it was the only path of safety within reach of the window to which he had dragged his father.

Steady, boy, steady!—and be quick too; for the fierce heat is fusing the iron girder, and the frail support is bending beneath the pair.

Ah! Is he down? No: only a slip. He drags out his lacerated limb from the cruel, cutting glass, and continues painfully to crawl along towards the further end of the hot-house, where they

are nearing a ladder, and gallant men are mounting to lend him a helping hand with his precious load.

But ha! What cry is that?—a scream as of a wounded panther; an inarticulate cry, full of horror, of warning, of menace, of despair?

A shot! And the youth in turn echoes the piercing shriek, reels, and falls: only on his knees and elbows though! But the figure, hitherto motionless on his back, flings up its hands wildly to the fiery heavens.

Good God! Is murder abroad too, mingling with the horrors of the night?

"Help! help! Seize the murderer!"

It is Harvey's voice that rings out anew; and it is Harvey's fire-scathed form that crashes through the crystal walls at a bound. And there follow the whirl and the rush of men in a hand-to-hand conflict, a storm of imprecations, demon-forms glancing to and fro, and closing in the death-grapple.

Hell seems broken loose beneath the affrighted youth, who can do no more now but cling on to his frail swaying support. The hot breath of the fire is a few yards only behind him. The hot blood from the lifeless form above him is trickling down his neck, and mingling in a purple stream with his own. Murder is leaping at him from below. A vertigo seizes him. Everything is whirling round. But he still instinctively keeps his hold. He must hang on for life,—dear life,—a life dearer than his own!

A roar of rage from the multitude rouses his fainting senses. What has happened?

The struggle is over beneath his feet. It has lasted probably only a few seconds: it seems a lifetime to him. He marks a stream of dim figures dashing off into the darkness, and two flying phantoms ahead.

And yonder is a female form sweeping onwards on a white horse, like Death in the Revelations; and she catches up the foremost fugitive, and in an instant the vision is swallowed up in the darkness.

So he rallies once more, and recommences his weary labour. Ah, happy if it be not all useless now!

They were kind hands that seized hold of the spent stripling, and the precious burden he had borne so well. Gently they lower them down, both alike helpless now.

The youth has fainted; and the father,—Is there life in him yet? They cannot tell. So they bear them lovingly side by side to the nearest shelter, the gate-keeper's Lodge,—where Madeline has been carried before them.

Into the next room another sad procession has wended; and there rises the wild wail of a woman's sorrow.

It is no other than poor Biddy weeping over the blistered and disfigured form of her bold but unfortunate Barney.

He had run the gauntlet of the burning mass, "to win at the master," as he touchingly observes; but had been borne down into the whirling Mäelström of fire.

How it was, he knew not. But it seemed as if he had waded through a very ocean of clinging flame, that gnawed wherever it touched the quivering flesh; till at last he had blundered on a cellar-way that opened upwards into the conservatory.

It all came on him in a flash. The murderous wretches had used this means of ingress to fire the spirit-cellar, and blow up the house.

Yes: as he crawled through this only avenue of escape, his first glance shewed him one of two masked assassins taking deliberate aim at his victims on the roof.

His was the cry averting them of their danger; and it was his writhing form that Harvey saw, charred, seared and scarred out of all semblance of humanity, ramping like a half-crushed worm, and clenching his teeth in the leg of one howling ruffian, whilst the American with naked hands engaged the other.

The villains were too quick for them though, disabled as they were; and before help could come they had got clear off. Not so quickly though but what their unsuccessful assailants made them out to be none other than Delaval, and his murderous tool, Barillot.

(To be continued.)

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# THE LIFE AND WORK OF THOMAS BRASSEY.

BY REV. M. HARVEY, ST. JOHN'S, N. F.

ONE of the most instructive and pleasant biographies which it has been my fortune to peruse for a length of time, is "The Life of Thomas Brassey." I have been so impressed with its contents that I should like to make such of the readers of "THE

MARITIME MONTHLY" as may not have met with the book sharers in the pleasure I have felt in reading it. The writer is Sir Arthur Helps, Secretary to Her Majesty's Privy Council, the well known author of "Friends in Council," and numerous other works which have taken rank among the standards of English literature. "By permission," Sir Arthur dedicated his Life of Thomas Brassey to Her Majesty, Queen Victoria. In the dedication he says, "I desire so to dedicate it, because I do not know any one who has a deeper sympathy with the labouring classes than your Majesty, or any one who takes a more heartfelt interest in every thing that concerns their habits, their education, and their general welfare." This is no empty compliment from Sir Arthur Helps, but the statement of a simple truth regarding our good Queen. The author adds, "Your Majesty will find that the late Mr. Brassey was an employer of labour after your Majesty's own heart: always solicitous for the well-being of those who served under him; never keeping aloof from them, but using the powerful position of a master in such a manner as to win their affections, and to diminish the distance, which is often far too great, between the employer and the employed."

We may be sure that the man of whom Sir Arthur Helps could write to the Queen, in such terms, must have been no common man. And in truth, if a man is to be estimated by the amount of useful work he does in the world—work which subserves the best interests of mankind—then we must form a very high estimate of Thomas Brassey, and number him among the world's benefactors. He led the way in those vast industrial enterprises which have now covered much of the civilized world with a network of railways, and have done more than anything else to transform the face of modern society, and advance the cause of civilization. The great pioneer in these gigantic undertakings,—the man whose skill, energy and enterprise carried to completion many of the most extensive and important lines of railway, over which thousands are now whirled every hour, with speed and safety, was Thomas Brassey. From 1834, when the establishment of railways, on an extensive scale, first commenced in England, till 1870, Mr. Brassey was engaged, in conjunction with others, in the construction of railways in various countries; and the amount of work thus accomplished by him was enormous. Six closely printed pages of his biography are occupied with a list which contains

merely the names of the lines he constructed, either single-handed, or in partnership with others. On summing up, I find that the total number of miles of railway which he thus laid down was 6,478. When one tries to imagine the enormous amount of work involved in such an extent of railways—the tunnels, the viaducts, the bridges—the quantities of wood and iron required—the station-houses and locomotives—we can at least see that the man who organized the labour and guided the operations of the workmen, and brought the whole to a successful issue, must have been one of the greatest "Captains of Industry" which the nineteenth century has produced. His monument is the vast iron roads in England, France, Italy, Austria, Denmark, India, Australia, Canada, and South America, which were constructed by his energy, ability, and perseverance. No king or conqueror can boast of such a memorial of a laborious, useful life, spent in the construction of great works which have already greatly advanced the civilization of the world, and the ultimate result of which no one can predict. I look upon Thomas Brassey as a typical or representative man of the great toiling, earth-subduing race to which he belonged—the mighty Saxon workers, whose indomitable industry has brought the British Isles from the condition of forest and swamp into that of a fair garden, covered with cities and palaces, overspread with iron roads, along which fire-breathing steeds career, and telegraphs which flash intelligence on the lightning's pinion—the race which have formed an Indian Empire in the East, and thrown off an American Republic, and a semi-independent Dominion in the West, dotted the globe with colonies, bridged the roaring Atlantic with steamboats, and stretched along its bed a gigantic coil through which thought speeds between the Old World and the New. If we honour the wondrous industry which has done all this—the faculty which has grappled with the great forces of nature, and chained them to the car of progress, and transformed them into obedient servants,—the patient energy which has pierced the mountain and enabled man to defy the tempest-tossed ocean, then we must admire in Thomas Brassey the finest living embodiment of this Anglo-Saxon energy and genius for labour. Work was the very atmosphere in which he lived and breathed. He cared absolutely nothing about rank or title or social position. To the ordinary ambitions of life he was completely indifferent. "His great ambition" says Sir Arthur Helps, "his ruling passion,

if I may so express it, was to win a high reputation for skill, integrity and success in the difficult vocation of a contractor for public works: to give large employment to his fellow-countrymen, and by means of British labour and British skill to knit together foreign countries, and to promote civilization, according to his view of it, throughout the world." Such was the high aim of this great leader of industry, according to his biographer; and his whole life furnished ample proof of the truth of the statement. Count Cavour, the great Italian statesman, a man possessed of rare insight into character, and a consummate master in the management of affairs, had much intercourse with Mr. Brassey, in connection with the introduction of railways into Italy; and on one occasion, at a grand dinner given in his honour, he said, "Mr. Brassey is one of the most remarkable men I know, clear-headed, cautious, yet most enterprising, and fulfilling his engagements faithfully. We never have a difficulty with him. He would make a splendid Minister of Public Works; and he added, laughing, if report be true, he understands the Finance Department equally well." This was high praise from such a quarter. But other testimonies regarding his worth were not wanting. The late Emperor of the French, whose shrewdness in estimating character was so remarkable, presented the English Captain of Industry with the Cross of the Legion of Honour, as a mark of his high appreciation of his services in connection with French railways; and the Emperor of Austria, for a similar reason, sent him the Cross of the Iron Crown.

The laughing remark of Count Cavour, about his financial abilities, had reference, no doubt, to the immense fortune which Mr. Brassey accumulated in the course of his lifetime. It is very striking to find that a man who cared very little for money in itself, who was most liberal in all his dealings, and never made it an object of his life to become a millionaire, should, almost in spite of himself, accumulate six millions sterling. Few people have a definite idea of what a million of money means. Suppose a man were set down before a pile containing one million of sovereigns, and were told that the whole should be his provided he counted the sum before he slept, what frantic efforts he would make to keep awake and win the prize! But it would be all in vain. Supposing him to go right on, counting at the rate of a sovereign each second, for three days and three nights, he would

find, at the end of that time, that he had only got as far as £259,000, or somewhat over a quarter of the pile, and that he must keep awake eleven days and three hours altogether, to complete the work. To count the six millions accumulated by Mr. Brassey a man would have to spend about five months counting sovereigns, at the rate of one per second, and devote twelve hours each day to the task—an employment which would probably give him a "scunner" at gold for the remainder of his life. After all, money is a great power, in its way. Some one has forcibly remarked that "though poverty is no disgrace it is confoundedly inconvenient at times." It is easy to scoff at the millionaires, or to commiserate their unhappy lot: but, at the bottom of our hearts, we cannot help respecting them, and if we only got a chance, we would not mind incurring the odium which all men must encounter who get rich, and we would try to bear it patiently. After all, it is difficult to see how men could spend their time more harmlessly than in the accumulation of wealth. However selfish they may be, they cannot do so without benefiting others, for capital is one of the great moving powers of the world; and in due time, the largest accumulations are sure to be distributed.

The world would be a very different place, if all men who become rich acquired their wealth in such an honourable way as Thomas Brassey, and accomplished so much good in the process. Sir Arthur Helps attributes his immense accumulation of wealth to two causes. One was the small extent of his personal expenses. "He was a man who hated all show, luxury and ostentation. He kept but a moderate establishment, which the increase of his means never induced him to extend." This, however, was comparatively an unimportant matter; the immense extent of his business was the chief source of his wealth. "That extent," says his biographer, "was gained not only by his intellectual qualities, but by his moral qualifications. Other men were very desirous of dealing with a man who was not only of known skill in his work, but who was of good repute for uprightness, for promptitude, and for going through thoroughly with anything which he had once begun. He never haggled or disputed, or sought by delay to weary people into his terms. His transactions were frank, distinct and rapid; and there was no man who could less abide any loss of time, in the completion of any of his enterprises. The success of such a person is almost inevitable. As one of his enthusiastic admirers,

who had been employed by him from the first, and who knew him well, was wont to say, "If he'd been a parson he'd have been a bishop; if a prize-fighter he'd have had the belt." It is surprising to learn that his fortune was not made by lucky speculations, or excessive gains on any one or two transactions. Taken as a whole, the per centage of profit which accrued to him on all his enterprises was but the moderate amount of three per cent. He laid out about seventy-eight millions of other people's money; and upon that outlay retained about two millions and a half. The rest of his gigantic fortune arose from accumulations. His operations were chiefly but by no means wholly limited to the construction of railways. He interested himself and took prominent part in various other vast projects, such as steamships, mines, engine-factories, marine telegraphs; and, in many cases, he became the main support and the largest proprietor of these costly undertakings. Mr. Brassey therefore may be said to have been a man of almost universal utility, in the civilized world; and the results of his long industrious career have not been merely the accumulation of a colossal fortune, but great services rendered to mankind. His habitual liberality may be judged of by the fact that during his lifetime he gave away the immense sum of £200,000.

The life of our Captain of Industry was by no means an eventful one, and furnishes very few remarkable incidents; but it does suggest many important lessons. An outline of it may be given in a few words. Thomas Brassey was born November 7th, 1805, at Buerton, in the parish of Oldford, in Cheshire. His family was an ancient one, his ancestors having come over with William the Conqueror. For nearly six centuries they resided on a small landed property of three or four hundred acres, at Bulkely, in Cheshire. Thus he came of a good sound stock, of the middle class of English people, having a certain amount of culture and knowledge, but which had not been enervated by luxury, nor yet, as Sir Arthur Helps puts it, "had thought itself out." It is remarkable how few descendants of eminent men of former days are now to be found among the living. Like a slowly developing plant, a family seems sometimes, after long ages, to produce its best flower, and then dies off. The infusion of fresh blood, of minds unwearied by mental labour, and bodies not exhausted by luxury, is necessary, if a family is to go on producing remarkable men.

After receiving a good education at school, in Chester, young Brassey was, at the age of sixteen, articled to Mr. Lawton, a land surveyor and agent. With Mr. Lawton he soon became a great favourite, and, at the age of twenty-one, was taken into partnership, and went to reside at Birkenhead. On Mr. Lawton's death, young Brassey succeeded him as agent and representative of Mr. Price, who owned the whole of the land on which the populous and thriving town of Birkenhead now stands. Here he resided for eight years, and acquired great experience in directing the progress of that thriving place. The bent of a man's whole life is often determined by what we call accident,—the mere turning of a straw. So it was with the young land agent at Birkenhead. One day Mr. George Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive, called on Mr. Brassey, for the purpose of inquiring after some stone for a viaduct on the Manchester and Liverpool Railway—the first railway for passenger traffic ever constructed. They went out together to examine a certain quarry of which Brassey had the management. Stephenson must have divined something of the high qualities of his young companion, during their walk, for he soon after sought to engage him in railway making. Under his advice, Mr. Brassey tendered for the construction of a viaduct between Stafford and Wolverhampton, and also for ten miles of the railway. He obtained the contract, and completed the work most successfully. This was the turning-point in his career, and the beginning of those great railway operations in which the remainder of his life was spent, and which extended over a large part of Europe, India and the British possessions in America. Step by step he advanced, gradually widening his operations, gaining the confidence of engineers and others interested in railways, by his faithfulness, his determination to do his work efficiently, whether at a gain or loss to himself, and his resolution to avoid all petty subjects of dispute, and never to make difficulties or contingencies an excuse for delay, or for demanding an alteration in the terms of the contract. Engineers and capitalists soon found what a comfort it was to have such a man to deal with,—one whose word was as good as his bond, and who never failed to fulfil an engagement. It is related of him that, on one occasion, when a great viaduct for which he had contracted, gave way, entailing an immense loss, some friends urged him to represent the case to the company, so as to obtain some mitigation of his

losses. His reply was characteristic of the man: "No," he said, "I have contracted to make and maintain the road, and nothing shall prevent Thomas Brassey from being as good as his word."

Like all sensible men, who hope to do any good in the world, Mr. Brassey got married, and in the matrimonial line, as in his railway lines, he proved to be most fortunate and successful. His wife was, in the best sense, a "helpmeet;" and it was in a great measure owing to her advice, that he determined to leave Birkenhead, where he had a large and increasing business, and throw in his fortunes with the small band of men who had then taken in hand the construction of railways. Mrs. Brassey's spirit and sound judgment convinced her that, in this new career, her husband would find a far more important sphere for the exercise of his great abilities. And be it remembered, that when Mrs. Brassey was courageous enough to form this opinion, railways were everywhere decried; and the bulk even of the intelligent classes regarded the project of carrying passengers on them, with speed or safety, as an absurdity. Influenced then by his wife's advice, he entered on a career which proved to be most brilliant and successful, and one of great service to the world. Her advice, too, was most disinterested as far as her own domestic comfort was concerned. The life of a railway contractor necessitated constant change of residence. In thirteen years she changed her residence eleven times, some of those changes being to the continent of Europe. This, however, was not the greatest of Mrs. Brassey's trials. The nature of her husband's employments made constant absence from home inevitable: and even when at home, his family saw little of him from nine in the morning till ten at night. Like a true woman, Mrs. Brassey bore all this without a murmur; devoted herself to the education of her three sons; gloried in her husband's public career; and in her he ever found a wise, sympathetic counsellor, in all the weightier matters of business in which he was concerned.

In a brief article like this, it would be of course impossible to follow Mr. Brassey throughout his busy career of thirty-six years, till his death in 1870. I shall only dwell on some incidents in his career illustrative of the character of the man, and the principles which led to his great success. First of all—a word or two about his occupation—that of a contractor of public works. With the commencement of the railway system began an age of great

works, during which undertakings of far more colossal dimensions than formerly were projected, and required to be rapidly carried into execution. The extension of the railway system called for larger docks and harbours, and enormous buildings of all descriptions. This opened a new field for the contractor, who is an inevitable product of civilization and its consequent division of labour. It is very easy to see how great advantages arise from doing work by contract, and through the agency of a practised contractor; because you thus command the knowledge and experience of a trained body of men fitted for special work, and you have the services of a Captain of Industry, whose specialty is the organization of labour, and the direction of such works. The great contractor finds it to his advantage to sub-let portions of his contract, which are further sub-let to smaller men; by which means individual skill and exertion are gradually developed to the uttermost. The system of doing work by contract is sure to increase extensively in the future; and it is well that it should be so. The great contractor who undertakes to execute an extensive work, in any country, carries thither bands of skilled workmen who gradually instruct the natives of those countries in methods of skilled labour, and make them more useful citizens than they were before. An amusing instance of this is related in connection with the construction of a railway in Jamaica. The Negro labourers were supplied with wheel-barrows from Britain, for the purpose of removing earth. Poor Sambo, however, had no idea of the mechanical advantages of the wheel-barrow, and having filled it with earth, he hoisted it to the crown of his woolly head. The intense astonishment of the English foreman may be imagined, when he saw a score of darkies marching in single file, each bearing a barrow on the top of his head. It was not without great difficulty that he induced them to try the effect of placing the barrow on a plank, and wheeling instead of carrying the load. But then a few trials convinced even Sambo of the advantage, and he would know better ever afterwards.

When in any new country a railway is contracted for, the first thing is the arrival of a small army of navvies—men with such thews and sinews, such brawny arms and broad chests, and such powers of work and endurance that the natives stare in astonishment as they gaze on their stalwart forms. The very sight of such men, with their hands hairy and brown, every one with his

shirt front open as in dead silence their muscular arms pile up the waggon loads of earth, every movement regulated by the gangers like clock-work,—the very sight of such earth-subduers is a lesson for life, and gives better ideas of how work should be done. But, then, along with the navvies comes a band of skilled mechanics of all kinds, with new and wonderful tools, new modes of working, new methods of payment; and to say nothing at all about the public benefit of the railway, the execution of that particular work permanently raises the condition of the whole labouring population, by the enlarged ideas and better methods it introduces. This is just what Mr. Brassey did in France, in Italy, in India and many other places to which he sent his gangs of English navvies. The result was, the improvement of the labouring classes in many portions of these countries, and the introduction of an element of vigour and prosperity, which could not have been so well introduced in any other way. Of course vast numbers of the natives were employed on the works, in addition to the imported navvies; and while immense sums were distributed among them, in the shape of wages, they were trained to skilled labour.

An amusing instance is related by Sir Arthur Helps of the way in which the English navvies, at first, instructed the Frenchmen working under them. Of course they could not speak French; but they pointed to the earth to be removed, or the waggon to be filled, stamped with their feet and uttered emphatically the word d——n. The utterance of this monosyllable, which is unhappily too common among the English toilers wherever they go, had somehow a magical effect upon the Frenchmen, and in some way or other the work was done. It is worth knowing that though drinking prevailed a good deal among the navvies, yet some of the most powerful among them were tee-totallers. On the Great Northern Railway there was a celebrated gang of navvies who did more work in a day than any other gang on the line, and always left off work an hour or an hour and a half earlier than any other men. Every navvy in this powerful gang was a tee-totaller. A full day's work for an ordinary navvy was to lift twenty tons weight of earth on a shovel, over his head, on a waggon. The height of the lifting is about six feet. No labourers in the world can compare with the English navvy. It is worth knowing that they got this name from having first been employed on the cut-

tings and embankments required for canals; hence they were called "navigators," which was abbreviated into "navvies." Though rather rough in manners, they were not, on the whole, bad fellows at bottom. Under Mr. Brassey many of them rose to comfort and independence, and some became employers of labour. Of course they belonged to various nationalities; and on the same line of railway it was nothing uncommon to hear English, Irish, Gaelic and Welsh spoken.

These navvies then were the privates in the great army of workers of which Mr. Brassey was commander-in-chief; and to guide their operations aright required almost as high talent as to direct the movements of an army in the tented field. It was no uncommon thing for Mr. Brassey to have ten or a dozen contracts on hand at the same time. The number of men he employed was enormous. On a single railway—the Great Northern—he had, at one time, between five and six thousand men employed, and of course, many thousands elsewhere at the same time. No employer ever dealt more liberally with labour; and he was quite above the meanness of screwing down wages. Probably there never was a man who made so much money, caring so little for the money itself. The great secret of his success was that he chose his agents with great care and with consummate judgment; and after he had chosen them he placed implicit confidence in them,—merely looking to results, not details, and never wearying them with minute criticism, never worrying them with fault-finding. When his operations became very extensive, he ceased to pay much attention to details and looked only to results, reserving his force of thought for larger matters, or intricate questions. This is where so many men fail who rise from small to large transactions —they still pay too much attention to details, and so waste their energies on things which others could do as well as they. Mr. Brassey did not fall into this error; but skilfully used the powers and intelligence of subordinates, reserving his energies for high resolves. His powers of calculation and memory were wonderful, and his sagacity, in railway construction, hardly ever at fault. His equanimity under losses, his ingenuity and courage in meeting a sudden emergency, were hardly surpassed by the first Napoleon, who boasted that in "two o'clock in the morning courage"—that is, presence of mind on the announcement of unexpected danger or difficulty,—he had few equals. The men in his employment

appreciated and loved him thoroughly, and his coming among them was looked forward to as a joyous and festive occasion. He was a man most courteous and kind to all, ever blaming, where blame was requisite, gently and lightly and with great reluctance. He was never known to take a questionable advantage of any man, and would rather submit to be taken advantage of. The consequence of all this was that he was loved and served as few employers have ever been. One prominent feature in his character was a hatred of contention. In all his life he had but one law-suit, and that he was forced into.

It is now generally seen and admitted that the modern locomotive railway system has done more to advance the civilization of the age than all other causes put together, and that with the single exception of the art of printing, no other invention can be compared with it, as affecting the destinies of the whole human race. In the railway locomotive a new power was born into the world; and the most wonderful proof was furnished of the creative might of human genius. We can all see how it is destined to unite nation with nation, and bring together the very ends of the earth. But there is one development of the locomotive railway which has not yet received much attention. I refer to its connection with colonization, especially on this side the Atlantic. Here are vasts tracks of fertile land, without a human inhabitant. In the Old World are over-crowded hordes of human beings, jostling and choking one another. Emigration has done much to relieve the pressure, and, when thoroughly organized and carried out on a gigantic scale, will do far more. More than two hundred and fifty thousand human beings each year leave the shores of the British Isles for other lands. The problem is, how best to conduct them to fresh lands where their energies will find a proper field. Men are just beginning to learn the value of the locomotive railway in settling new territories. Instead of waiting till a country is settled and then constructing a railway, the right plan is found to be to run a railway through the territory to be settled, thus making it precede colonization and pioneer the way. The projected Canadian Pacific Railway, the Intercolonial, the American Pacific are all illustrations of this new mode of colonizing. Concessions of land on each side of such a railway, go far to pay the expenses of its construction. Emigrants eagerly settle on the borders of a railway, which secures them a good market for their

produce, and enables them, while occupying cheap land, remote from cities, to enjoy all the comforts and advantages of civilization. The difficulties attending settlement in uncleared lands are thus, to a great extent abolished; and there can be little doubt that this mode of conducting colonization is destined to play an important part in the history of the future, and to accelerate vastly the great westward human march. The all-conquering wave of civilization is destined soon to invade those solitudes where now the bear, the wolf and the fox reign supreme. Away beyond the Mississippi, beyond the Rocky Mountains, where sound of axe and gun has never yet been heard, the scream of the locomotive will ere long awake the echoes; and man, the king, the conqueror, borne on his iron fire-breathing chariot, will rule supreme over his rightful domains. His outposts are advancing daily from the Atlantic's shore. The distant hills and vales await him; the forests bend their tremulous tops to listen for him; for all that is in the compass of the land is given him to possess; and aided by his all-conquering steam-power, he is destined to appropriate its treasures and scatter the refuse as the dust beneath his feet.

In summing up his account of Mr. Brassey's labours, Sir Arthur Helps devotes a chapter to the leading features in the character of this remarkable man. He remarks how in early life he had mastered the details of nearly every kind of labour which it was necessary to understand for the accomplishment of great works of construction. But he did not stop there. "He attained that most valuable art which belongs to the master rather than the man,—namely, that of dealing with details in masses: of leaving minutiæ to those whose business it is to attend to such things; and of directing and supervising work instead of doing it all himself: this great change of occupation is not often easily accomplished by men after their youth has passed, it being then a somewhat difficult matter to transform a subordinate into a principal." Trustfulness was one of the most remarkable features of Mr. Brassey's character; and in his case, appears to have been one of the principal elements in his success. The judicious master always confides largely in his agents, and moreover is able to abstain from unwise interference and needless criticism, and to be content with allowing his work to be done by other people in their own way, so that it be well done. Regarding this confidence in

subordinates, his biographer remarks, "Where most men fail in governing is in not entrusting enough to those who have to act under them. Most human beings intend well, and try to do their best as agents and subordinates; and he is the great man who succeeds, with the least possible change of agents and subordinates, in making the most of the ability which he has to direct and supervise. Besides, men must act according to their characters; and he who is prone to confide largely in others will mostly gain an advantage in the general result of this confidence, which will far more than counteract any evil arising from that part of the confidence which is misplaced." "From what I have seen of Mr. Brassey's conduct as a principal, I am convinced that he was one of the most judicious masters as well as one of the kindest; and that looking ever to results, he thoroughly understood the art of leaving his agents to do their work in their own way, when minute interference was needless—all interference, as he well knew, having a tendency to check an agent's energy and his power of reasonable assumption of responsible authority."

Most men have some ruling passion, Mr. Brassey's was "to execute great works which he believed to be of the highest utility to mankind; to become a celebrated man in doing so;-- celebrated for faithfulness, punctuality and completeness in the execution of his work." He possessed, in an eminent degree, that innate refinement of mind which no education can impart, and which we can only say is born with the man. One who knew him well, remarked that "his people seemed to enter into a higher atmosphere when they were in his presence." Conscious, no doubt, of the intense dislike which he had of everything that was mean, petty, or contentious. His native refinment, tact and courtesy greatly assisted him in all his important enterprises. It was one of his characteristics that he admired good work done in any capacity, or directed to any worthy end. "Good speaking, good acting, good reading, good painting, even good dressing and judicious entertainment, were all delights to him. If a thing was to be done at all he wished it to be well done; and when it was well done, he rejoiced in the well doing, and admired the doers."

Mr. Brassey's laborious and useful life was now drawing to a close. He had a stroke of paralysis which, in 1868, was followed by a second; but even this did not prevent him from continuing his labours with the same assiduity as ever. At length, towards

the close of 1870, it became evident that the end was near. During his last illness it was very touching to find that many of those who had served him in foreign countries and at home, came from great distances solely for the chance of seeing, once more, their old master whom they loved so much; and they would linger for hours about the hall in the hope of seeing him borne to his carriage or obtaining from him a shake of the hand or the slightest sign of friendly recognition. "The world," says his biographer, "is after all not so ungrateful as it is sometimes supposed to be; those who deserve to be loved generally are loved, having elicited the faculty of loving, which exists, to a great extent, in all of us." Mr. Brassey was sustained during the progress of his fatal illness by the bright hopes which religion alone can impart, and he was watched over with the tenderest solicitude which human affection could prompt. "He had ever been a religious man. His religion was of that kind which most of us would desire for ourselves—utterly undisturbed by doubts of any sort, entirely tolerant, not built upon small or even upon great differences of belief. He clung resolutely and with entire hopefulness to that creed, and abode by that form of worship in which he had been brought up as a child." He breathed his last, surrounded by his family, on December 8th, 1870. He left a widow and three sons, two of whom are now members of the British House of Commons.

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# PHILIP BLAIR;

OR,

## School Days in the Dominion.

BY E. LAWSON FENERTY, ESQ., HALIFAX, N. S.

### CHAPTER XII.

DESPITE the fatigue of the previous night he was up in the morning long before the rest of the scholars and out walking in the fresh air; he had returned from his ramble and was thoughtfully going up to his room, 'the first bell having only just rang,' when he met Qurlett on the stairs coming down, looking anything but cheerful.

"Hilloa, Phil! where have you been? the Governor has been

looking for you, he just went down stairs, it's all up; he came into our dormitory awhile ago, and made a general search; he knew we were out after prayers; I suppose the Senior reported us; he found out about the apples before he came up, at least I think so, for he walked straight to Wilson's bed; I was awake when he came up, so I laid quiet, with one eye open to see the fun; you should have seen the old Gent grin when Wilson sat up in bed, after he called him; you see we forgot all about his hair, and it was full of the stuff, so when he laid down, his head stuck to the pillow, and when he sat up, there was the pillow like a big waterfall; his eyes were pretty well bunged up, and his face—wasn't it dirty? he was a nice looking sample."

"What did the Governor say?"

"Pitched into him like the mischief; asked him what he meant by staying out after lock-up, and then get in through the cellar? Wilson didn't seem to remember, and looked as stupefied as you please, said he didn't know anything about it; do you know the Governor told him he had been drunk? you know he caught him once before, and let him off; before he left him found out everything; he came over to me then, and of course I had to say I had been out and with the men."

"Did he ask what I did?"

"No, just wanted to know where you were, and if you came in; he must have been to your bed first; I suppose Wilson will be expelled, I am pretty sure he will, perhaps I will too; you will be all right though; I mean I don't think you will be shoved out;" seeing Phil's look of surprise, "you will get a big licking though, and think yourself lucky to get off with that."

"Do you think so? I hope you won't be expelled, it will be hard on your people, that is what I'd mind the most."

"I don't care much for that part of it, don't care much anyway; my Governor lets me have lots of tin and clothes, but don't seem to care much how I get along, so long as I don't bother him; it would cut him up awfully though, if I was expelled: my Mother," the boy's voice took a tender tone, and his eyes moistened, "my Mother would care very much, but," he added softly, "she's dead. Sis, that's my sister, she is too much of a young lady, her dresses and parties take her time too much for her to trouble herself about me; it makes a fellow feel lonesome and as if he didn't care, when no one else does."

"Poor old fellow," said Phil, sympathetically, for to him Qurlett's confession sounded very shocking, when he remembered his own home.

"I say;" he exclaimed in the pride and fulness of his heart, "you must come up and spend the Christmas holidays with me, we have jolly old times, I suppose it isn't so swell as your house; but then there is good fun and bully little parties and some pretty girls too," Phil added with an expressive wink; "what dy'e say, and I'll write to tell 'em?"

"I would like to first rate," he returned with a pleased smile, "but I couldn't do it Christmas; I am ever so much obliged, but you see my sister expects me home then to help her, and then my Governor is awfully particular about us being home; why he wanted my brother to come from England to spend his Christmas."

"You're right," said Phil, "my folks are the same way, but perhaps you can come next summer?"

"That's a long way off," rejoined Qurlett, with a smile, "but I would like to go though."

"All right, remember!" and Phil went on his way up stairs.

On being informed of the absence of the boys, the Principal merely noted their names, leaving it until morning to ascertain further particulars; he was up very early as usual and out in his garden, when he was accosted by the housekeeper, a decided bustling little—I mean short woman; she would turn the scale at two hundred neat; stature about four feet eleven, with a fondness for big words and sentiment if anything went wrong, also a slight tendency to tears with her superiors, and *vice versa* with others. She rejoiced in the name of Adeliza, always rendered Lizer "for short;" an exceedingly red face usually was hers, but very much redder than usual it was at the particular moment she spoke to the Principal,—cause—the towering passion she was evidently in; "I do declare Mr. Chauncy!" she exploded with a snort, as soon as he came fairly within range, "it's too bad, so it is, them there boys is wuss, they're wusser than wuss," she continued with increasing emphasis, "sich goin's on, I'm nearly druv erstracted," followed by a half sob.

"What is the difficulty this time?" he inquired, looking up surprised at the emotion displayed by the worthy woman, and the abruptness of the salutation.

"Differculty, if he would just step down to the kitchen, he could

just see," and grumbling and muttering, she led the way to the scene of Wilson's disaster.

"There!" she exclaimed, as opening the cellar door impressively, she stood with both arms akimbo, and wagging her head with an "I told you so" expression on her face, looking at the Principal as though she expected him to be horror-stricken at the atrocious outrage.

"Now sir, I axes you," she broke forth after a moment's pause, "if it isn't alamost too bad that I should be tried that there way by a parsel 'o boys, as if my reglar dooties ain't jest a killin of me by inches?"

"Yes there is some truth in that last remark," he rejoined, surveying her with a twinkle in his eyes; whereat there was a sound of a suppressed giggle from one of the servants who was in the kitchen. As "Lizer" heard it she looked at the girl ferociously and shook her fist at her behind Mr. Chauncy's back, almost instantly resuming the look of injured innocence when she continued, "havn't I been a faithful servant, and do I deserve such treatment?"

"My good woman," he replied, "you must expect such things; perhaps it was the cats?"

"Cats indeed!" she blurted out with a contemptuous toss of her head at such palpable ignorance, "as if cats wore handkerchers and caps like these;" at the same time producing the designated articles from beneath her apron with a flourish that was dramatic.

"Ah, this looks bad! where did you find them?" taking them in his hand and examining the corners of the handkerchief.

"In there sir."

"Are you quite sure they were not there last night?"

She turned and eyed the Principal with a reproachful glance at his implied want of belief in her orderly qualities and followed it by—"I hopes I does my work more carefuller than to oversee them there articles sir;" murmured in tones of such heart broken endurance as to bring a broad smile to the Principal's face.

"You are right," he said, "and I must compliment you on your great penetration in this matter."

Lizer curtsied deeply at the praise bestowed, and listened greedily to catch any long words he might use, for they often proved useful in overawing her sometimes refractory subjects in the kitchen; whether used and pronounced correctly or not, mattered

but little to her or them, so long as there was plenty of sound and they could not understand them: the small boys knowing her weakness in this particular, would load themselves to the muzzle with words of the heaviest calibre the dictionary could furnish, and fire them at her at short range with such effect as to seriously impair her efficiency in the culinary arrangements for that day, as her thoughts would be fully engaged in endeavouring (I might add hopelessly, for the terminations were usually so hopelessly involved, or the words placed in such outrageously ludicrous positions as to out-Partington Partington) to master them, to use with effect on some future occasion.

"Thank you sir," Lizer replied, rising from her obeisance, "and I trusts if I might be so bold," here she became animated with a desire to try what effect some choice selections from her dictionary words, as she termed them, would produce on the benighted mind of the Principal.

"I trusts that for the sake of the rising generalogies,"—"generation," mildly suggested the Principal, "you will," she continued, ignoring the interruption, for was not the eyes of the housemaid, and her own deputy assistant fixed upon them? "you will conflict the most tremulous-er-er-er wolloping;" at last relapsing helplessly into the vernacular thoroughly mortified: "on those juvelines," she concluded, looking triumphantly at Betty and the deputy assistant.

Mr. Chauncy, repressing an inclination to laugh, gravely assured her they should be suitably cared for, went away examining as he did so the handkerchief, which he discovered belonged to Phil, the name being on the corner; going first to Phil's bed and not finding him, he next went to Wilson's, as before related, and obtained all the information he desired.

"I say, Phil," shouted Crawford, as the former was crossing the playground about half an hour before school that morning, "you're in a nice mess now; I told you so."

"Oh! stop that!" said Phil, stamping his foot impatiently, "I told you so! I told you so! I hate that sort of thing; it's bad enough to be regularly in a fix, without 'I told you so, the first thing; just expected you would have a shy at me though from what you said the other day; pretty near right about Wilson, he's a beast, but Qurlett's a staving good fellow."

"Wilson was pretty well sprung, I heard; how was it?"

Phil proceeded to give a detailed account of their adventures.

"And didn't Qurlett take any?" Crawford asked, after he got over the laughter occasioned by Phil's recital.

"No, or I guess we'd never got up stairs, it was bad enough with Wilson that way."

"What did you say about me?"

The boys looked around with a start, discovering Wilson and Qurlett just behind them.

"Nothing," Phil replied, "only about last night."

"I dare say you have told every one, I don't see why you can't hold your tongue."

"But all the fellows know," Phil said, defending himself, "so what's the difference."

"Yes, *you* needn't talk, Wilson," said Qurlett, "you split the whole concern this morning, and we are all in for it; you must be easily pumped, that's all, what kind of a fellow are you?"

"What's the use talking that way; you know well enough how it was; come out before I thought, I wouldn't have done it for anything."

"Of course not," Qurlett replied, half contemptuously, think what you like, but don't try to stow such rubbish as that; there is one comfort though, you will get the most of what's going."

"Don't fret Qurlett, my boy," retorted Wilson, "you will get your share, the Governor knows you like a brick."

"I know that well enough, and all because you have to swill," said Qurlett, warmly.

"What's the good of rowing about it now?" interposed Crawford, "it won't make it any better for you, I don't see the sense of pitching into each other that way."

"It's enough to make a fellow cross, as if he couldn't have said where he was, without telling about the swipes, that is what will be hardest on us."

"I told him that I was the only one," said Wilson, eagerly.

"And you think that he believes it; how precious green you are all at once, I suppose you said nothing about us getting Blair to go."

"N–no," stammered Wilson, colouring, "just said we asked him,"—"in a very persuasive manner," Qurlett added with a grim smile; "of course that will help us wonderfully, getting a new fellow to go."

"You are like a bear with a sore head this morning, growling at every one," said Crawford, good humouredly.

But Qurlett turned away making no reply, Wilson shortly following his example.

"Do you think what Qurlett said about me will make any difference?" Phil asked of Crawford after the others had left.

"Well there is no use saying it won't, because it will," he replied after a short pause, "you see the Governor is very particular about 'leading new boys astray' as he calls it."

"They didn't do that, I would not have gone unless I wanted to."

"That doesn't make any difference so long as he thinks they did; there is the bell."

An intense silence of expectation settled over the scholars as the Principal made his appearance in the schoolroom that morning, looking unusually grave; most of the boys knew that some of their fellows were up for expulsion.

Directly after prayers he stood up in his place at the great desk! "Boys," he began, "it has not often fallen to my lot since I have had charge of this school, to perform perhaps the most painful of my many duties, that of expulsion from the school; three boys, all of considerable ability, have flragrantly violated some of the best known rules of the school, what my duty is in one case where the affair has been aggravated by an offence of which I hardly believe any of my boys capable, is plain; even here it is with genuine sorrow, and the greatest reluctance, that I inflict the extreme penalty; could I avoid it I would, but my duty to the rest prevents;" so saying he left the room, and that afternoon as the delinquents did not make their appearance in the schoolroom, it was rumored that all were gone, but towards evening, Qurlett and Phil put in an appearance as usual, and when questioned as to their experience, generally replied with a grin, "that it was all right;" which was the substance of their information. Wilson, the scholars never saw again as a pupil, and he rapidly faded from their memories as the time slipped by.

## BE STILL.

As the lily all the livelong night
Shades her white breast, waiting for the sun,
As the lotus to the moonbeams bright
Opes her full heart when the day is done;
Night and day I turn me to the spot,
Night and day I seek but thou art not,
O weary heart,
O weary heart, be still.

As the bulbul pineth for the rose
When her carmine blossoms all are shed,
When her dewy eyes no more unclose,
And he mourneth "Ah! my rose is dead,"
The hue of sadness wraps my life forlorn,
For thou, not here, art dead, and so I mourn,
O weary heart,
O weary heart, be still.

As the sea-shell moaneth for the sea
That ripples on the Caspian's golden sand,
When that the hymning waters ebbing be,
And leaves it all athirst upon the land,
So sighs my soul to hear thy music, sweet!
So thirsts my lips to kiss thy foam-white feet,
O weary heart,
O weary heart, be still.

As the lily opes when morning rises,
As blooms the lotus when the moon is full,
As sea-shell when the tide its lip surprises,
As joys the bulbul when revives the ghul,
So floods my life with joy, for thou art here
My sun, my moon, rose, sea, my Nouradheer,—
O joyous heart,
O joyous heart, be still.

HUNTER DUVAR.

# THE FOLK-LORE OF BRITISH PLANTS.

## ARTICLE I.

BY JAMES MASON.

In Dublin University Magazine.

THERE are two ways of looking at plants. First of all, we may view them in relation to their structure, the peculiarities of their modes of existence and reproduction, and the places, in an orderly classification, to which they belong. Or they may be regarded in relation to their associations, for almost every plant, if one but took the trouble to find it out, is surrounded by a halo of human thought. When this halo is properly discerned, the commonest flowers and shrubs and trees assume new aspects, and become full of new interest. Fairies reside in them, they influence good fortune, they reveal the secrets of the future, they scare away witches, they preserve from evil, they are red with the blood of loving hearts, or bright with weird light from another world.

Now, it is this second mode of observing them that I propose to dwell on in this and the following articles. We shall look on the vegetable world, not as furnishing subjects to be dissected and peered at through microscopes, but as affording objects round which cluster the strange beliefs and practices of an almost bygone age. Our subject, you observe by the title, is the Folk-lore of *British* Plants. Now, you ask, what, exactly, is Folk-lore? The word has not been long enough in use in this country for its meaning to have become very clearly defined, and it is as well, before going farther, to have a right understanding about it. Well, it means, generally, just such superstitious notions as those alluded to. But, to be more precise, let me quote a satisfactory definition given by Mr. Harland in his work on the superstitions of Lancashire. "Folk-lore," he says, "in its present signification . . . means the notions of the folk or people, from childhood upwards, especially their superstitious beliefs and practices, as these have been handed down from generation to generation, in popular tradition and tale, rhyme, proverb, or saying, and it is well termed Folk-lore, in contradistinction to book-lore or scholastic learning. It is the unlearned people's inheritance of tradition from their ancestors—the modern reflection of ancient faith and usage." This, then, is what we are to consider here, in connection however, solely with plants.

Of all times when the study of Folk-lore might be engaged in with profit, the present is, perhaps, the best. Our age is so practical, so utilitarian, so unbelieving, as a rule, that the mind, for health's sake, is the better for taking refuge, now and again, in the

consideration of the idle dreams of the past. Matter-of-fact things are very good in their way, but all our life should not be given to them, and a small portion of our time and a nook in our memory may well be devoted to the ethereal fancies of our forefathers. How much poetry, it has been said, has left the earth since Oberon and Titania—

"Danced full oft in many a grene mead,"

and the cowslips were the pensioners of the fairy queen! But we may do something to recall, in a new form, that happy time. We may unite, in our own minds, the poetry of mystery and the poetry of progress. The elfin world may again open to our view as awe-inspiring as ever, and, by contrast with our own material advancement, far more wonderful.

There is one pleasant circumstance connected with the treatment of plants, that it leads us into the sweetest corners of nature, and amidst the fairest of her productions. By three famous English writers, if not by more, flowers have been called the stars of earth. It is a natural as well as a beautiful comparison. Flowers enliven the face of earth just as the stars enliven that of heaven, and I know not which are the sweeter or the more lovable. And as the stars by their movements indicated the progress of the circling year, so do the flowers by their appearances, one gaily succeeding another till winter has changed to summer, and summer back to frost and snow.

Man seems always to entertain a kindly feeling towards plants and flowers. He seems unable to divest himself of the feeling that in some strange way their life is bound up with his own. He finds himself, or at least something akin to himself, in them. He has life, so have they; but, if anything, their existence is more mysterious than his own. Their life, perhaps, even excites his envy, for they enjoy it without hurry or bustle; they have food without work, perpetual holiday, and total exemption from harassing care. The plant world he sees to be always the same—all in it is now as in the days of yore. It contains no learning, no arts to make the rising generation better than their fathers. Happy world! always standing still, yet ever beautiful and ever contented. Amongst plants, too, man discovers, or fancies that he discovers, an approach to human expression. He credits them with the possession of pride, modesty, boldness, delicacy, joy, sorrow, ambition, and a thousand other attributes of a like nature. Can we wonder, then, that, taking this view of the vegetable creation, man should, in time, have come to possess a folk-lore of plants as extensive as it is interesting?

My object in the series of articles of which this forms the first, is to go over the whole field of the folk-lore of British plants in a more thorough manner than has ever yet been attempted. The idea of grouping together all the superstitions connected with the vegetable kingdom is not a new one, however; it seems to have

occurred to several different writers, though none, up to this time, have acted upon it. Mr. Mill, for example, in his "History of Chivalry," published many years ago, says:—"A very amusing little volume might be made on the romance of flowers—on the tales which poetry and fancy have invented to associate the affections and the minds with plants, thus wedding the pleasure of the feelings and the imagination to those of the eye," etc.

Though we shall concern ourselves only with British plants, we shall by no means confine our attention to British superstitions. Were we to do so, a very narrow view indeed would be taken of the great subject of folk-lore. It is true that British superstitions alone are worthy of notice, but they are doubly so, when taken in connection with those of kindred nations. By extending our survey in this fashion, we shall obtain many new ideas concerning the common origin of the human race. Our observations may land us in the conclusion that the world is much smaller than we supposed; but it cannot fail to inspire in us a deeper and more enlightened interest in other nations, who, speaking a different language, have yet the same curious notions and odd practices as ourselves.

It is possible that to some the following notices of different plants may appear incomplete. It may seem to them that a great deal more might have been said, that more superstitions might have been given, that more speculation might have been ventured upon, that the writer has, in short, in many cases presented only the cream of the matter. To these objectors I reply with the maxim of La Fontaine—

> "Loin d'épuiser une matière,
> On n'en doit prendre que la fleur."

There is much, you must know, connected with every subject that is not worth preserving, and a subject thoroughly exhausted is often uncommonly exhausting to every one who has anything to do with it. Such a result as that of weariness ought to be avoided at any hazard. Were this made a rule what large and tedious works would the world be spared, and how much easier would it be to compass all necessary learning! My aim at the present moment—I avow it, and hope never to have a worse one—is to be interesting, and I should utterly fail in being so were I to rake together everything that has been written or said in connection with the business on hand.

But, whilst bent on securing attention by presenting the subject in its most engaging features, I trust it will not be found that I have sacrificed truth and accuracy for the sake of effect. It is a sacred duty, laid on every one who deals with such topics as the ancient superstitions and the old customs of a country, to deal honestly by his materials, and to present them to the public just as they come to his hand. Truthful writing, so far as it goes, is essential; without it the discussion is altogether valueless. To

alter a superstitious practice, to suppress any part of it, or to invent one, as has been sometimes done, for the sake either of dramatic effect or of artistic propriety, these are crimes of a grave nature, to be guarded against by all who take any real interest in the subject.

It was for some time a question with me by what arrangement of materials the folk-lore of British plants could best be exhibited. Several methods suggested themselves, but at last it appeared pretty plain that the best one was what might be called no arrangement at all. Had a regular plan been carried out, and all the superstitious and other practices been grouped together in separate classes, the scientific reader might have been gratified, but the general reader would have found very sorry entertainment. For liveliness there is nothing so good as the gossiping method. Suppose, for example, I had treated first of love divination, then of harvest ceremonies, then of dreams, then of witchcraft, and afterwards, in order, of May-day customs, midsummer practices, medicinal charms, and so on, each of these heads would, likely enough, have been found interesting for a little, but they would soon have proved sadly lacking in variety.

Before proceeding farther, perhaps it is well to say that I shall not deal with celebrated individual plants, those, that is to say, to which historical events have given notoriety. It will prove a temptation, now and again, to speak of such, but I shall try to avoid it. How many interesting plants there have been in the world, from the "Cuckoo Bush" at Gotham to the "Oak of Reformation," under which Kett held his court in the Norfolk Rebellion, and the miraculous "Glastonbury Thorn," which used to blow regularly on Christmas-day.

Having said this much in a general way, I shall turn to particulars. And if the result of our discussion of the subject be that you are induced to look on the vegetable kingdom with a new feeling of liking and interest, my labour will be much more than repaid.

It is right that we should give the first place to our national emblems, the Rose, Thistle, Shamrock, and Leek. At the mention of these plants we should be, if we are not, inspired with patriotic enthusiasm, and invigorated by noble recollections. From our present point of view, however, these national plants are not all of equal interest: the fact is the Folk-lore of the rose is more beautiful and entertaining than that of all the other three put together. This is as it should be: the emblem of England is the Queen of Flowers, and as a queen has a right to be richly adorned with all the charms of popular legend and strange superstition.

THE ROSE has been extolled in all countries and by every poet, and would-be poet, from the very earliest times. In our own land what poetic enthusiasm has it excited: how have the changes been

rung on the high-sounding titles, Queen of Flowers, Daughter of the Sky, Glory of Spring, Ornament of Earth, &c., and yet, strange to say, not one of us has wearied of hearing its praises sung, or would feel anything but miserable were our present rose-trees blotted out of the catalogue. It is the old story: the commonest things are oftentimes the dearest. But our business is not particularly with the poets just now—at any rate, not with poets by profession. Let us begin at the very beginning, and take note that according to an old Greek superstition, the rose sprang from the bath of Aphrodite. But there were not, at first, both white and red roses, as there are now: the only ones were white. How the others came into existence has been told by Herrick:—

> "'Tis said as Cupid danced among the gods, he down the nectar flung.
> Which, on the white rose being shed, made it for ever after red."

The superstitions connected with the rose may be divided, roughly, into two classes, melancholy and the reverse: the first dealing with pestilence, death, and burial, the second with love-divination, and good luck. It may seem strange that the same plant should be at one time ominous of evil, and, at another, a harbinger of pleasant fortune; but we shall see before we have gone far in the field of plant folk-lore, that that is no uncommon thing. The vegetable world is like the world of human life—good and evil are strangely mingled together. To speak of the cheerful first, there is a species of love-divination practiced by means of roses in the west of England. A girl walks backwards into a garden on Midsummer-eve, and gathers a rose. She then cautiously sews it up in a paper bag and lays it aside in a dark drawer till Christmas Day. She is now in possession of an infallible clue to her future husband. On the morning of the Nativity she carefully opens the bag in silence, and places the rose in her bosom. Off she goes then to church, where some young man, destined to be the fortunate lover, will either ask for the rose or take it without asking. A species of divination by rosebuds, on Valentine's day, is alluded to by Herrick, but of its exact nature we are unacquainted. When a girl is once married, he says:—

> "She must no more a-maying;
> Or by rose-buds divine
> Who'll be her valentine."

The romance of her life is past then, it appears. In Thuringia, if a maiden has several lovers, she takes an equal number of rose-leaves and names them after her suitors. She then scatters them on the surface of a basin of water, and the leaf that sinks last is that of her sincerest lover, or of her predestined husband. Alas, for love! it appears that these are always the same person. If a red rose blooms in autumn, it is held to foreshadow an early marriage. In Posen, girls carry "rose-apples" in their bosoms to ensure the fidelity of their lovers.

Another pleasant belief about roses is one which has its origin

in the East—that on a certain charmed day of the year the rose has a heart of gold. In some places in Germany, people wishing to ensure good fortune in their undertakings, throw rose-leaves on a coal fire. Whether any other sort of a fire would do as well, I have not been able to ascertain.

As for the superstitions of a doleful turn connected with the rose, we meet with them at a very early period of history. Brown, in his Urn-Burial, tells us that, in "strewing their tombs, the Romans affected the rose," in the same way as the Greeks gave a preference to the amaranthus and myrtle. In connection with this Roman practice, it is worth observing that Aubray mentions an old custom existing at Oakley, in Surrey, of planting roses in churchyards, over the remains of those who were betrothed. Might not this practice, it has been suggested, have been borrowed from the Roman one? Anacreon, the lyric poet of Greece, makes the comfort of the dead in the grave depend on the presence of our flower:—

"When age and vigour do decay,
The Rose their strength repairs;
It drives all maladies away,
And can prolong our years.
The dead, too, in their graves do lie,
With peaceful slumbers blest;
This is the amulet whereby,
No ills their tombs molest."

In many of the villages of Derbyshire, the primitive custom still prevails of suspending wreaths of white roses in the churches, over the pews of unmarried villagers who died in youth. In some parts of Germany it is believed, that if a white rose bloom in autumn, it denotes an early death. And a white rose bush putting forth unexpectedly is a sign of death in the nearest house. The flourishing of all roses in autumn used to be held an evil sign of an ensuing plague the year following, or some pestiferous disease. They were not the only unlucky flowers in this respect—the same was said of violets. A red rose seems to be of a more joyous turn than a white one; it is held that it will not bloom over a grave. If any one is to die soon, a rose or a lily will appear on his chair. And it is flying in the face of Providence to throw a rose into a grave; one will be sure in that case to waste away.

After interment, the rose often played an important part in connection with the buried dead, rising out of their graves, as in the case of Fair Margaret and Sweet William in the Scottish ballad:—

"Out of her breast there sprang a *Rose*,
And out of his a *Briar*;
They grew till they grew unto the Church top,
And there they tied in a true-lover's knot."

Roses, too, says the romance, sprung up all over the field of Roncevaux, and filled the whole mountain valley with fragrance,

where the good Prince Roland and the twelve peers had stained the ground with their blood.

The superstitious connection between roses and blood is in some places very remarkable. In France, Germany, and Italy, it is held that if one wishes to have ruddy cheeks, he has only to bury a drop of his blood under a rose bush. This, it has been observed, is a notion something of the same sort as that of the old nurses, who fancy that if they put a drop of human blood in a new-born infant's bath, it will be sure to have a rosy complexion.

The Turks say that the rose owes its red colour to the blood of Mahommed, and they will never allow one to lie upon the ground. It is a superstition in other quarters, that the crown of thorns worn by our Saviour, was made from rose-briar, and that the drops of blood which started from beneath it fell to the ground, and sprang up as roses.

There is a charm against nose-bleeding, and, indeed, all kinds of hemorrhages, once common to all Germany, and still to be found in Suabia and Westphalia, in which the rose is employed. In Westphalia, the words of the charm run "Abek, Wabek, Fabek; in Christ's garden stands three red roses—one for the good God, the other for God's blood; the third for the angel Gabriel: blood, I pray you, cease to flow!" In Suabia, it is somewhat different. "On our Lord's grave spring three red roses—the first, Hope, the second Patience, the third God's will: blood, I pray you be still!" At other times again it is: "In God's garden bloom three roses—Blood-drop, Blood-stop, and Blood-still; blood, I pray you, cease to flow."

In the heathen days, both of Scandinavia and of Germany, the rose occupied a high place as a mystic flower. The dwarfs and elves had it under their special protection. These dwarfs and elves were ruled—so says the Heldenbuch—by the mighty King Laurin, the lord of the rose-garden.

> "Four portals to the garden lead, and, when the gates are closed,
> No living might dare touch a Rose, 'gainst his strict command opposed;
> Whoe'er would break the golden gates, or cut the silken thread,
> Or who would dare to crush the flowers down beneath his tread,
> Soon for his pride would have to pledge a foot and hand;
> Thus Laurin, King of Dwarfs, rules within his land."

It has been asked, was not this Laurin the great original of the Beast, in the famous nursery tale of Beauty and the Beast? Every one remembers how the merchant, in that story, got into trouble by pulling a bunch of roses in the garden of the beast for his youngest daughter, and how the monster proved to be a prince under spells until some sensible girl would consent to marry him without regard to his personal appearence. For my part, I am hardly inclined to answer the question decidedly in the affirmative, but I set it down as worthy of notice—the supposition is as likely to be correct as not.

In Christian times the rose became a flower especially devoted

to religion. No doubt the allusions to it in the Holy Scriptures had much to do with bringing this about. Of the numerous Christian legends in which it holds a prominent place, we must be satisfied with two. These will be quite enough, for if there is anything in the world with which it is easy to be surfeited, it is those early legends. There always seems an unreal air about them, a theatrical, bowl-and-dagger, red-fire atmosphere that is far from healthy. Our first popular legend accounts for the fact that in early Christian times the rose became the flower of martyrs. It has been handed down to us by Sir John Mandeville. A holy maiden of Bethlehem "blamed with wrong, and slander," was doomed to death by fire. . . . She made her prayers to our Lord that he would help her, as she was not guilty of that sin. Then the fire was suddenly quenched, and the burning brands became red "roseres," and the brands that were not kindled, white "roseres" full of roses. "And theise waren the first roseres and roses, both white and red, that ever any man saughe ('Travels' p. 70)." The other legend is that of the Rose of Heldesheim, given by Thrope, in his Northern Mythology. As the Emperor Philip the Pious was one day hunting, he lost a cross that was filled with relics. On discovering his loss, he sent his attendants in all directions to search for the holy treasure, and at the same time made a vow to build a church on the spot where it should be found. The men followed the trace of the hunt, and discovered, far in the forest, and in the midst of the snow, the cross hanging on a blooming wild rose bush. They reported the miracle to the emperor, who immediately commanded a chapel to be erected there, with the altar on the spot where the cross was found on the bush. The rose flourished admirably on the sacred spot, and now, with its leafy shoots and branches like a vine, covers the arches of the cathedral up to its very roof.

As an emblem of the Virgin Mary, white and red roses have been used for ages. The rose, indeed, and the lily are the chief flowers dedicated to the mother of our Lord. According to a well-known legend, when, on the third day after the interment of the Virgin, the Apostles visited her grave, they found it open and filled with a growth of roses and white lilies. These naturally, from that time, became her special emblems. The rose was expressly recognised as such by St. Dominic, when he instituted the devotion of the rosary with direct reference to the life of the Virgin. The prayers appears to have been symbolised as roses. At any rate, the larger beads were called roses. The white rose is principally used for the fête days of the Virgin.

In the Scandinavian mythology the rose was considered the favourite flower of Holda, often called "Mutter Rose," or "Frau Rose."

In eastern lands the rose is esteemed before all flowers, and furnishes poetic illustrations without end. In Persia, in particu-

lar, the Folk-lore of the rose, and indeed of all flowers, has attained vast dimensions. Ghulistan is literally "the country of Roses." One beautiful eastern fable represents the Bulbul—so the Armenians call the nightingale—as falling in love with the rose, and as only beginning to sing when inspired by the tender passion. This fable has been happily rendered by Thackeray:—

"Under the boughs I sat and listened still,
I could not have my fill.
'How comes,' I said, 'such music to his bill?
Tell me for whom he sings so beautiful a trill.'

"'Once I was dumb,' then did the Bird disclose,
'But looked upon the Rose;
And in the garden where the loved one grows,
I straightway did begin sweet music to compose.'"

The poet Jami represents the perfect nature of our flower when he says "you may place a hundred handfuls of fragrant herbs and flowers before the nightingale, yet he wishes not in his constant heart for more than the sweet breath of his beloved rose."

One of the legends of Roumania recounts how the rose is an enchanted princess. It is thus given by Mr. E. C. G. Murray, in his "Doïne":—

"It is early morning and a yonng princess comes down into her garden to bathe in the silver waves of the sea. The transparent whiteness of her complexion is seen through the slight veil which covers it, and shines through the blue waves like the morning star in an azure sky.

"She springs into the sea and mingles with the silvery rays of the sun, which sparkle on the dimples of the laughing waves.

"The sun stands still to gaze upon her; he covers her with kisses, and forgets his duty. Once, twice, thrice, has the night advanced to take her sceptre and reign over the world—thrice has she found the Sun upon her way.

"Since that day the Lord of the Universe has changed the princess into a rose; and this is why the rose always hangs her head and blushes when the sun gazes on her."

Into the origin of the custom of holding the rose to be the symbol of silence, as is expressed by the common phrase "under the rose," I do not propose to enter at length. The question has been discussed enough already, without any satisfactory conclusion having been reached. It is certain that the custom prevailed in Egypt, and also in ancient Greece, where Eros is figured as offering a rose to the god of silence. "The vulgar saying," says Brand, "is stated to have taken its rise from convivial entertainments, where it was an ancient custom to wear chaplets of roses about the head, on which occasions, when persons desired to confine their words to the company present, that they 'might go no farther,' they commonly said they are spoken under the rose." In the Tyrol, it may be added that the rose-gall is believed to produce sleep.

The Sweet-Briar Rose, it may be mentioned, was the Eglantine of the old poets. Chaucer calls it Eglantere. Milton, it has been frequently observed, when he spoke of the "twisted Eglantine," fell into error, by applying the name to the Woodbine or Honeysuckle, a plant which never seems to have been called Eglantine. Shakespeare speaks of the sweetness of the leaf of the Eglantine, and Spencer, referring to the Sweet-briar, says,—

"Sweet is the Rose, but grows upon a breere,
Sweet is the Eglantine, that pricketh nee're."

The profusion of the bright red hips of the wilding rose of our woods and hedges was believed, as Lord Bacon tells us, to predict a severe winter, and modern rustics yet think so,—

"The thorns and briars, vermillion hue,
Now full of hips and haws are seen,
If village prophecies be true,
They prove that winter will be keen."

Last of all, in connection with the Rose, let me mention that the first English monarch, according to Mr. Lower, in his "Curiosities of Heraldry," who assumed the Rose, was Edward I. From this, in some way or other, not yet well explained, probably originated the white and red Roses of his descendants, the rival houses of York and Lancaster, who for many a long day wearied the country with wars which—

"Sent between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night."

THE THISTLE next solicits our attention, and certainly will not detain us so long as the Rose. It must be gratifying to every Scotchman to know that it was of old, sacred to Thor—a noble position, surely, for any plant to occupy. Its colour, it was said, came from the lightning, against which it is a certain safeguard.

When it is gathered for magical purposes, a dead silence must be observed. In this, however, the thistle is not exceptional; silence is an important element in almost all such ceremonies.

In an able article on "Mystic Trees and Flowers," by Mr. M. D. Conway, which appeared two or three years back in a contemporary, we are informed that the disease known among the poorer classes of Poland as "elflock," is supposed to be the work of evil demons, and that if one buries thistle-seed it will gradually disappear. It is said to be produced from a thistle-seed, and old wives crush if off with a sharp stone—a knife, or anything relating to our iron age, being prohibited. In East Prussia, if any domestic animal has a sore, the cure is to gather four red thistle blossoms before daybreak, and put one in each of the four directions of the compass, with a stone in the middle between them.

The Carline Thistle—that gay inhabitant of barren soil—has a curious tale attached to it, explaining how its name took its origin from the great Emperor Charlemagne. "A horrible pestilence," says the learned Tabernæmontanus, "broke out in Charle-

magne's army and carried off many thousand men, which great troubled the pious Emperor. Wherefore, he prayed earnestly to God, and in his sleep there appeared to him an angel, who shot an arrow from a cross-bow, telling him to mark the plant upon which it fell, for that with that plant he might cure his army of the pestilence, and so it really happened." The Carline Thistle is the plant.

It has been disputed what sort of thistle is really the "Blessed Thistle" of Scotland, but it is now generally agreed by botanists that the Cotton Thistle has the best claim to the honour. It became the emblem of Scotland, if legends be true, in the following way: When the Danes invaded Scotland, it was deemed unwarlike to attack an enemy in the darkness of night, instead of in a pitched battle by day; but on one occasion the invaders resolved to avail themselves of stratagem, and in order to prevent their tramp from being heard, they marched barefooted. They had thus neared the Scottish forces unobserved, when a Dane unluckily stepped with his foot upon a superbly prickled thistle, and uttered a cry of pain, which discovered the assailants to the Scots, who ran to their arms and defeated the foe with great slaughter. The thistle was immediately adopted as the insignia of Scotland.

According to Petra Santa, the oldest device on record is the thistle and relative motto, "*Nemo me impune lacesset*," which is in the royal achievement of Scotland, a statement, however, to our regret to say, which must just be taken for what it is worth.

If it has been a debatable question which is the true Scottish Thistle, we have not far to seek another much more so, namely, what is the true Irish SHAMROCK? Is it the leaf of the wood sorrel, or that of one of the trefoils? The weight of authority is certainly in favour of the latter; Dutch Clover being the one generally regarded by the Irish themselves as the true Shamrock. The reason for the adoption of the Shamrock as the Irish emblem is well known. It seems that when St. Patrick, the great Apostle of Ireland, landed near Wicklow, the inhabitants were about to stone him, for attempting an innovation in the religion of their forefathers. He requested to be heard, and explained to them that God is an omnipotent sacred spirit, who created heaven and earth, and that the Trinity is contained in Unity. His hearers were very disinclined to believe this apparent impossibility. St. Patrick, therefore, plucked a trefoil from the ground and illustrated with them. "What!" he said, "is it not as possible for the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost to be one, as for these three leaves to grow upon a single stock?" His simple and ingenious audience were immediately convinced of their error, and were baptized by the Saint. The remembrance of this incident is said to fill the minds of the natives of the Isle of Saints with veneration for the plant, so there is little to be wondered at in this

Another curious superstition concerning clover belongs to the vicinity of Altenburg. It is held there, that if a farmer take home with him a handful of clover from the four corners of his neighbour's field, all will go well with his cattle during the year.

Clover has some reputation as a weather-prophet. "Trefoile, or Clovergrasse, against stormy and tempestuous weather," says an old writer, "will seem rough and rise up, as if it were afraid of an assault." Pliny also tells how clover leaves were influenced by storms.

THE LEEK, which forms the national emblem of Wales, has, at least, an ancient and useful history to boast of. It was the food of the poor in Egypt, as we learn by an inscription on one of the Pyramids. The phrase "to eat the leek," it has been suggested, may naturally enough have taken its rise from this early connection with poverty. The adoption of the plant, as the national device of Wales, commonly worn by Welshmen on St. David's Day, the 1st of March, has been accounted for in various ways. According to some, it is because the leek possesses the old Cymric colours, green and white. Others affirm it to be in memory of a great victory obtained over the Saxons. It is said that during the conflict the Welshmen, obeying the command of St. David, put leeks into their hats to distinguish between themselves and their foes.

To quote the *Cambria*, of Rolt, 1759,—

> —"Tradition's tale
> Recounting tells how famed Menevia's priest
> Marshalled his Britons, and the Saxon host
> Discomfitted, how the green *leek* his bands
> Distinguished, since by Britons annual worn,
> Commemorates their tutelary saint.

Shakespeare gives a different account of the origin of the practice. According to him it dates from the battle of Crecy. In the play of Henry V., Fluellin addressing the monarch, says,—

"Your grandfather, of famous memory, an't please your Majesty, and your great uncle, Edward the Black Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

"*King.*—They did, Fluellin!

"*Fluellin.*—Your Majesty says very true; if your Majesty is remembered of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps, which your Majesty knows to this hour is an honourable padge of the service; and I do pelieve your Majesty takes no scorn to wear leek on St. Tavy's Day."

Mr. Robert Chambers, however, in his "Book of Days," takes a very commonplace view of the adoption of the leek as the Welsh emblem. "Perhaps," he says, "the English, if not the Welsh reader, will pardon us for expressing our inclination to believe that the custom had no romantic origin whatever, but merely

sprung up in allusion to the prominence of the leek in the *cuisine* of the Welsh people."

THE ELDER-TREE is the next inhabitant of the vegetable world which I shall select for description, and in it we shall find qualities revealed more mysterious by far than any that belong to the four national plants we have just been looking at. Amongst the northern nations a peculiarly weird character has always been ascribed to the elder. In England, magical practices with it were so common as to be taken special notice of by law. So we see, by turning to the "*Canones editi sub Eadgaro Rego*," where it is enacted that "every priest forbid the vain practices that are carried on with elder, and also with various other woods." As to the origin of its wonderful attributes, it would be rash to hazard a guess; but it seems as if we were on the way to discovering that origin when we consider the powerful being under whose protection the tree was represented to be, both in the Scandinavian and Teutonic mythologies, and also when we think of the solemn part which, according to popular tradition, the elder played in the crucifixion of our Lord.

According to a Scandinavian superstition, the elder-tree is inhabited by a being called Hyldemoer (Elder-mother), or Hyldegvinde (Elder-wife). By her all injuries done to the tree are avenged. In consequence of this the peasants, when about to cut the tree, ask permission in these words: "Hyldemoer, Hyldemoer, allow me to cut thy branches." And having said this—if they hear no rebuke—they spit thrice in order to drive away the vætts and other evil spirits.

In Lower Saxony, until very recent times, the country people, when about to lop the elder, observed a somewhat similar, though rather more elaborate, practice. They repeated the following prayer three times, with bended knees and folded hands: "Lady Elder, give me some of thy wood; then will I also give thee some of mine, when it grows in the forest."

No household furniture should be made of elder-wood; least of all a cradle; for were a child laid in it the Elder-mother would be sure to appear and strangle it.

In Prussia, Puschkait, the ancient Prussian God of the Earth, was said to reside in the elder.

The German names of the elder, says one writer, Ellhorn, Hollunder, Holler, Holder—whence our "elder"—indicate its association with Huldah, the good mother of northern mythology, whose offspring are the "elves." She was known by as many tender appellations as the Madonna, who succeeded her—Helle, Hilda, Bertha, Spillaholle (*i. e.*, Spindle Hulda), "Frau Rose." The varieties of the superstitions connected with the plant correspond to her varied helpfulness; and as she had rites performed in her honour in the Venusberg, near Eisenach, so late as the fifteenth century, it is not surprising that the superstitions concerning her

should be singularly strong. "Even within this century it was a plant which none dared destroy."

Referring now to the connection, already alluded to, of the elder with the Christian faith, it may be mentioned that it is a popular belief that our Lord's cross was made of elder-wood. On this account the country people in some parts exercise the greatest care not to burn any of the tree lest they should be guilty of irreverence. In Scotland we find this idea very prevalent; the peasants there often address the following rhyme to the elder, ascribing misfortune to it ever since it was made the instrument of our Saviour's death:

"Bourtree, Bourtree, crooked rung,
Never straight and never strong;
Ever bush and never tree,
Since our Lord was nailed to thee."

*Bourtree*, it may be mentioned, is the name of the elder in Scotland.

Another remarkable popular idea is that Judas hanged himself on an elder-tree. There happen to be mushrooms resembling the human ear found usually growing on the elder-tree: these are known as Jews' ears. Now this, say the best authorities, is a corruption of Judas' ears, and alludes to the superstition just mentioned. It seems the fungus has grown on the elder ever since the death of Judas. These mushrooms, by the way, have wondrous virtues, and we find an old remedy for a cough in the following lines:—

"For a cough take Judas' ear,
With the paring of a peare,
And drink this without fear,
If you will have a remedie."

In the treatment of those ills that the flesh is heir to, the elder is also very efficacious. The following is a Danish cure for tooth-ache:—Take an elder-twig and put it in your mouth; then take it out and stick it in the wall, saying, "Depart, thou evil spirit!" The Danes have a cure for ague, as well, by means of an elder-twig. They stick it in the ground without uttering a word; the disease, it is held, passes then into the twig and attaches itself to the first person who unhappily approaches the spot. Quite independent of its magical powers, however, the elder is considered "a whole magazine of physic to rustic practitioners." Boerhaave, it is said, sometimes took off his hat when he passed the tree, so useful did he consider it in the alleviation of human maladies.

In some places it is held that one may shelter safely under the elder during a thunderstorm, as it is exempt from being struck by lightning. In North Germany, on Good Friday, after sunset, wreathes of elder are twined and hung up in the houses, and it is believed that they more effectually preserve the house than any lightning conductor that ever was invented.

Another foreign superstition is of interest to schoolboys: it is said that if boys are beaten with an elder-stick it hinders their growth.

Of the uses to which the elder is applied in curing diseases, we have some curious particulars in an old work, "The Anatomie of the Elder," translated from the Latin of Blochwich by C. de Iryngio, 1653. It tells that "the common people keep as a great secret in curing wounds the leaves of the elder, which they have gathered the last day of April, and which, to disappoint the charms of witches, they had affixed to their dores and windows." An amulet against the erysipelas is also taken notice of, "made of the elder on which the sunne never shined;" and another is described "made of the elder growing on a sallow." We are also told that "some hang a cross made of the elder and sallow, mutually interweaving, about the children's necks."

In Bohemia, three spoonsful of the water in which an invalid has bathed are poured at the root of an elder-tree, with the words, "Elder, God send to thee that thou mayst take my fever upon thee." This rite must be performed on three successive days; the sick person will then recover, if he has not meanwhile passed over water.

So much for the living: the dead also have an interest in the elder. In far back times it was among the plants burned with human bodies. More recently it formed the whip-staff of the drivers of hearses. It is a custom in the Tyrol to trim an elder-bush in the form of a cross and plant it on a new grave: the survivors judge by the blooming of the tree whether or not the soul of the deceased is happy.

It is well known that the younger branches of the elder are full of pith, which the schoolboy pushes out, and so forms a hollow pipe fitted for a toy. In old times musical instruments were made by dwellers in the country in this way; and from this circumstance the tree got the name in England of pipe-tree, or bore-tree, and in Scotland of bour-tree. An odd notion in connection with this is mentioned by Pliny as prevalent in his time. "The shepherds are thoroughly persuaded," he says, "that the elder-tree, growing in a by-place out of the way, and where the crowing of cocks from any town cannot be heard, makes more shrill pipes and better trumpets than any other."

In old times the appearance of the berries of the elder was held to indicate the season for sowing wheat:—

> "With purple fruit when elder branches bend,
> And their high hues the hips and cornels lend,
> Ere yet chill hoar-frost comes, or sleety rain,
> Sow with choice wheat the neatly furrow'd plain."

THE ST. JOHN'S WORT is a plant of quite as wonderful a nature as the elder, and used to be considered in England as "powerful for the expulsion of witches and the prognostication of the fates

of young men and maidens." It is closely connected, indeed, with old English customs and observances. But in almost all countries it is the same: people credit it with the possession of miraculous power, speak of its seed gleaming like gold on St. John's Eve, and attribute to it the most surprising medicinal virtues. Why is it called *St. John's* wort? For the answer to this question we must go back to old Scandinavian times, when we shall find that it was the symbol of the witches. Now, the witches were, as was natural, unfriendly to Baldur (the sun), and the plant went commonly by the name of Baldur's blood. On the conversion of the North to Christianity, the summer solstice—in the northern mythology the death of Baldur—was made by the Christians to coincide with the nativity of John the Baptist. The day, however, in spite of the change of faith, retained its pagan characteristics. On Midsummer's Night witches peopled the air, ghosts were seen, and the future stood revealed to those who observed certain strange rites. As the heathen festival was taken into the service of the Church, so the plant also was baptized, and Baldur's blood became St. John's Wort, the reddish sap, which had been held to indicate the blood of the Scandinavian god now suggesting that of the Baptist.

In Sweden and Norway the St. John's Wort is the central plant of the Midsummer's-gvastar, and the bouquet gathered on St. John's Eve is hung up as an antidote to witches. "For on that night," it has been remarked, "the orgies of the Walpurgis witches demand that every precaution should be taken. The Bon or Bel fires, kindled in their honour when they were deities, were now kindled to scare them when they had been transformed into devils. The plant, put over every door as their badge, was now, with the cross, set to bar their entrance."

A few miscellaneous continental superstitions in connection with this plant must for the present suffice. In the Tyrol it is a popular saying that, if a traveller have a piece of it in his shoes, he will never be weary. In the Netherlands it is believed that, if it be gathered before sunrise, it will prove good against lightning. Wreaths of the St. John's Wort are placed on the roofs of houses on the Lower Rhine as a protection against evil. In Germany special power is attributed to the sap of the plant. It is sometimes mixed with beer; but whether to improve its quality or for more subtle reasons we are not informed.

In our own country, on Midsummer's-day, it used to be gathered in great quantities. Some of the uses to which it was applied may be learned from the following translation, by Barnaby Googe, of the Latin poem of Naogeorgus, called "The Popish Kingdom":

> "Then doth the joyful feast of John
> The Baptist take his turne,
> When bonfires great with lofty flame,
> In everie town doth burne;

And young men round about with maides,
Doe daunce in everie street,
With garlands wrought of motherwort
Or else with vervain sweet,
And many other flowres faire,
With violets in their handes,
Whereas they all do fondly thinke
That whosoever standes
And thorow the flowres beholds the flame,
His eyes shall feel no paine.
When there till night they danced have,
They through the fire amain,
With striving mindes doe run, and all
Their hearbes they cast therein.
And then with wordes devout and prayers
They solemnly begin,
Desiring God that all their ills
May there consumed be,
Whereby they think through all that yeere,
From agues to be free."

Stowe mentions, in his "Survey of London," that it was customary on St. John's Eve to hang up St. John's Wort over the doors along with green birch, fennel, orpine, white lilies, and other plants. Pennant, who wrote at a later date, describes St. John's Wort as hung over the doors in Wales on Midsummer Eve.

In love-divination St. John's Wort, as one might suppose, is largely used. Thrope, in his "Northern Mythology," mentions that it is a Danish custom among the girls on St. John's Day to gather St. John's Wort and place it between the beams under the roof, in order to form from it a judgment as to the future. The usual mode, it seems, is to place one plant for themselves and another for their sweetheart; if these grow together it is a presage of a wedding. Or they set the plants between the beams that they may know from them which of their relations shall have a long life, and which a short one. If the plant grows up towards the roof it is a good sign; but if downwards it betokens sickness and death. In Lower Saxony, sprigs of the St. John's Wort are gathered by girls and fastened to the walls of their chambers. If the next morning the sprig be still fresh, there is a lover in the wind; if, on the contrary, it be drooping and withered, the maiden is fated to lie in an early grave.

It used to be a popular belief in the Isle of Wight, before crowds of visitors drove the fairies out, that if you trod on the St. John's Wort after sunset, a fairy horse would rise from the earth and bear you about all night, leaving you in the morning wherever you might chance to be at sunrise.

One species of the St. John's wort (*Hypericum quadrangulare*, or *perforatum*) has its leaves pierced with minute holes, which are said to have been made by the devil with a needle.

The root of the plant is marked with red spots. These, as well as the sap, are popularly connected with the blood of John the

Baptist, and are reported to appear always on the day of St. John's being beheaded (August 29th).

And so much for this common, but interesting little plant, whose golden blossoms enliven our grassy banks and shady lanes often till far on in September.

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## POST OFFICE.

JOHN TIMBS.

THE General Post Office, London, has had five locations since the Postmaster to Charles I. fixed his receiving-house in Sherborne-lane, in 1635, whence dates "the settling of the letter office of England and Scotland." The office was next removed to Cloak-lane, Dowgate; and then to Black Swan, Bishopsgate-street. After the Great Fire, the office was shifted to the Black Pillars, in Brydges-street, Covent-garden; thence early in the last century, to the mansion of Sir Robert Viner (close to Sherborne-lane), in Lombard-street; and the chief office to St. Martin's-le-Grand in 1829.

The General Post-office occupies the site of the College of St. Martin's-le-Grand, at the junction with Newgate-street. It was designed by Sir R. Smirke, R. A., and was built betwen 1825 and 1829: it is insulated, and is externally of Portland stone; four hundred feet long, one hundred and thirty wide, and sixty-four high. It stands in the three parishes of St. Ann and St. Agnes, St. Leonard, and St. Micheal-le-quern; and one hundred and thirty-one houses and nearly one thousand inhabitants were displaced to make room for this single edifice. Several Roman remains were found during the progress of the work. The St. Martin's-le-Grand facade has three Ionic porticoes: one at each end, tetrastyle, of four fluted columns; and one in the centre, hexastyle, of six columns (from the temple of Minerva Polias, at Athens); it is surmounted by a pediment, in the tympanum of which are sculptured the imperial arms of the United Kingdom; and on the frieze is inscribed, "GEORGIO QUARTO REGE, MDCCCXXIX." Beneath are entrances to the Grand Public Hall eighty feet long by about sixty wide, divided by Ionic columns into a centre and two aisles; and in the vaulted basement are the warm-air apparatus and gasometers. North of the Hall are the offices for newspapers, inland letters, and foreign letters; south are the offices of the London local post; the communication being by a tunnel and railway under the Hall floor. In the middle story north are the offices for dead, mis-sent, and returned letters; south, secretary's offices, board-rooms, &c. The clock, over the principal entrance, was made by Vulliamy; the bob of the pendulum weighs four

hundred and forty-eight pounds, the object being to counteract the effects of wind on the hands of the dial. In the eastern front, facing Foster-lane, the letter-bags are received. The mechanical contrivances for the despatch of the business of the office display great ingenuity; steam-power is variously employed: two endless chains, worked by a steam-engine, carry, in rapid succession, a series of shelves, each holding four or five men and their letter-bags, which are thus raised to various parts of the building.

King James II. has the credit of having established something like an organized foreign post: when a man could more speedily receive a reply to a letter sent to Madrid than he could to one despatched to Ireland or Scotland. The home post was in the hands of carriers, and also of pedestrian wayfarers: and the former even could not convey a note to the North, and bring an answer back, under two months at the very earliest. Witherings, one of the chief postmasters of Charles I.'s days, reformed this abuse. He established a running-post, as it was called, between England and Scotland, the riders pushing forward night and day; and it was hoped, if the thing was not actually accomplished at the time, that the writer of a letter from London to Edinburgh would receive a reply within a week! When this running or rather riding, post was established, very sanguine was Witherings. "If the post," he said, "be punctually paid, the news will come *sooner than thought.*" He considered that news which passed from Edinburgh to London in three days and nights, by relays of horses, whose swinging trot never ceased, was outstripping thought.

The arrangements for the Foreign Mails in the present day show, in a forcible manner, the wonderful extent of British commerce and relationships. Here are departments for Austria, Baden, Bavaria, France, Norway, Denmark, and the most northern latitudes; the Brazils, Chili, the Equator, Spain, Sardinia, Switzerland, United States of America, North America, the various districts of India, Australia, &c. Here arrangements are made for the overland Indian and other mails. The letters, newspapers, and books are secured in cases of sheet-iron, which, when full, are carefully soldered up and inclosed in wooden chests, which are branded with crosses of red or black, and marked with the name of the district, city, &c., at which its arrival is awaited. Each of the boxes referred to weighs, when filled with letters and papers, about eighty six pounds, and the ordinary Australian mail, exclusive of the portion sent overland, generally consists of four hundred and eighty boxes of books and newspapers, and one hundred boxes of letters—in all five hundred and eighty boxes. These would weigh altogether forty-nine thousand eight hundred and eighty pounds, equal to nearly twenty-two tons and a half.

*The Mails* were originally conveyed on horseback and in light carts, until 1784, when mail-coaches were substituted by Mr. Palmer. The first mail-coach left the Three Kings yard, Piccadilly,

for Bristol, Aug. 24th, 1784. The speed of the mails was at once increased from three and a half to more than six miles an hour, and subsequently still greater acceleration was effected. About the year 1818, Mr. Macadam's improved system of road-making began to be of great service to the Post-office, by enabling the mails to be much accelerated. Their speed was gradually increased to ten miles an hour, and even more; until, in the case of the Devonport mail, the journey of two hundred and sixteen miles, including stoppages, was punctually performed in twenty-one hours and fourteen minutes. In 1830, upon the opening of the line between Liverpool and Manchester, the mails were for the first time conveyed by railway. In 1835, Lieutenant Waghorn commenced transmission to India, by the direct route through the Mediterranean and over the Isthmus of Suez, a line of communication subsequently extended to China and Australia. In 1859, the distance over which mails were conveyed by mail-coaches, railways, foot-messengers, and steam-packets was about one hundred and thirty-three thousand miles per day, this being about three thousand miles more than in the year ending 1857. In the year 1859, the whole distance traversed by the various mails was *thirty-seven millions, five hundred and forty-five thousand miles!* The annual procession of the mail-coaches on the birthday of George III. (June 4) was once a metropolitan sight which the king loved to see from the windows of Buckingham House. The letters are now conveyed to the railways in omnibuses, nine of which are sometimes filled by one night's mail at one railway. In 1839 was invented the travelling post-office, in which clerks sort the letters during the railway journey, and the guard ties in and exchanges the letter-bags, without stopping the train. Four miles an hour was the common rate of the first mail-carts; a railway mail-train now averages twenty-four miles an hour; while, between certain stations on certain lines, a speed of fifty miles an hour is attained. By the Pneumatic Despatch the mail-bags are blown through the tube in iron cars in about one minute, the usual time occupied by the mail-carts being about ten minutes. Persons have been conveyed through the tube, and returned by vacuum, without having experienced the slightest discomfort.

*The Rates of Postage* varied according to distance until December 5th, 1839, when the uniform rate of 4*d.* was tried; and January 10th, 1840, was commenced the uniform rate of 1*d.* per letter of half an ounce weight, etc. The Government received two thousand plans for a new system, and adopted that of Mr. Rowland Hill; but not until the change had been some years *agitated* by a *Post Magazine* established for the purpose. Among the opponents of the uniform penny stamp was the Secretary of the Post-office, who maintained that the revenue would not recover itself for half a century, and that the poor would not write. Lord Lichfield pointed to the absurdity of supposing that letters, the

conveyance of which cost on an average twopence-halfpenny each, could ever be carried for a penny and leave a profit on the transaction! The uniform rate was pronounced by Colonel Maberley to be "impracticable;" and as to pre-payment, he was sure the public would object to it, however low the rate might be! And a Scotch journalist ridiculed the idea of persons having to stick pieces of paper upon their letters! The stamped postage-covers came into use may 6, 1840; but the idea of a prepaid envelope is as old as the time of Louis XIV. A pictorial envelope was designed by W. Mulready, R. A., but little used. A fancied value is attached to this envelope; for we have seen advertised in the *Times*:—"The Mulready Postage Envelope—For sale, an Indian-proof impression. One of six, from the original block engraved by John Thompson in the year 1840, price 20 guineas." The postage label-stamps were first used in 1841; perforated, 1854.

*Number of Letters.*—The greatest number of letters, under the old system, ever known to pass through the General Post-office in one day, was received there on July 15, 1839, viz. ninety thousand; the amount of postage being £4050 a sum greater by £530 than any hitherto collected in one day. In the third week of February the number of letters is usually highest. The ordinary daily average is four hundred thousand letters; on 19th August, 1853, it reached six hundred and thirty thousand. The number of letters which pass through the Post-office in a year is nearly four hundred million. In 1864, six hundred and seventy-nine million eighty-four thousand eight hundred and twenty-two letters passed through the post, being an increase of thirty-seven million over the previous year; and in the same period the number of book-packets and newspapers which were transmitted rose to over fifty million, or seven million more than in 1863.

"It is estimated that there lies, from time to time, in the Dead-Letter Office, undergoing the process of finding owners, some £11,000 annually, in cash alone. In July, 1847, for instance—only a two months' accumulation—the post-haste of four thousand six hundred and fifty-eight letters, all containing property, was arrested by the bad superscriptions of the writers. They were consigned—after a searching inquest upon each by that efficient coroner, the "blind clerk"—to the post-office *Morgue*. There were bank-notes of the value of £1010, and money-orders for £407 12*s*. But most of these ill-directed letters contained coin in small sums, amounting to £310 9*s*. 5*d*. On the 17th of July, 1847, there were lying in the Dead-Letter Office bills of exchange for the immense sum of £40,410 5*s*. 7*d*." The value of property contained in missing letters, during twelve months, is about £200,000.

There are employed in the General Post-office, including the London District letter-carriers, but exclusive of the receivers, two thousand five hundred persons, in different offices:—Secretary's, Accountant's, Receiver's, Dead-Letter, Money-Order, Inland, and

London District Offices. For more than half a century there were only two secretaries to the Post-office, Sir Francis Freeling and Colonel Maberly. Sir Francis was brought up in the Post-office, had performed the humblest as well as the highest duties of the department, and was a *protégé* of Mr. Palmer, the great Post-office reformer. He was succeeded by Lieut. Col. Maberly, M. P., who retired in 1854, when Mr. Rowland Hill, the originator of the penny-post, was appointed secretary; his services were rewarded in 1846 by a public testimonial of £13,360; Knighthood and grant. It is singular that all postal reformers have been unacquainted with the department which they have revolutionized.

The net Revenue of the Post-office to the end of the year 1865 was £1,482,522. The number of effective persons employed was twenty-five thousand and eighty-two; of pensioners, one thousand two hundred and seventy-four; salaries, wages, allowances, &c., £1,295,153; postage stamps, £22,064; stationery, £32,396; buildings, repairs, etc., £75,331; conveyance by coaches, carts, etc., £140,517; by railways, £528,220; of mails by private ships and by packets, etc, £796,397; over the Isthmuses of Suez and Panama, with salaries of Admiralty agents, etc., £28,786; and for mail-bags and boxes, tolls, etc., £22,220; a total for conveyance of £1,516,442.

THE PENNY POST was originally projected by Robert Murray, a milliner, of the Company of Clothworkers; and William Dockwra, a sub-searcher in the Customs. It was commenced as a foot-post, in 1680, with four deliveries a day. These projectors, however, quarrelled: Murray set up his office at Hall's Coffee-house, in Wood-street; and Dockwra, at the Penny Post-house in Lime-street, formerly the mansion of Sir Robert Abdy. But this was considered an infringement on the right of the Duke of York, on whom the Post-office revenue had been settled; and in a suit to try the question, a verdict was given against Dockwra. He was compensated by a pension, and appointed Comptroller of the Penny Post, but was dismissed in 1698. The first office was in Cornhill, near the 'Change: parcels were received. In 1708, one Povey set up the "Half-penny Carriage" private post, which was soon suppressed by the Post-office authorities. They continued to convey parcels down to 1765, when the weight was limited to four ounces. The postage was paid in advance down to 1794. In 1801, the Penny Post became a Twopenny Post; and the postage was advanced to three-pence beyond the limits of London, Southwark, and Westminster; but in 1840 they were consolidated with the Penny General Post.

*The Money-Order Office*, a distinct branch of the Post-office, is a handsome new edifice on the west side of St. Martin's-le-Grand. Money-orders are issued by millions during the year, in numbers and amount, and have considerably added by commission to the Post-office revenue.

## ABOUT THE MOON.

WE have all heard of the "Man in the Moon," with a thorn-bush and a dog, or as two children bearing a bucket of water on a pole. In Ceylon it is said that as Sakyamuni was one day wandering half starved in the forest, a pious hare met him, and offered itself to him to be slain and cooked for dinner; whereupon the holy Buddha set it on high in the moon, that future generations of men might see it and marvel at its piety. In the Samoan Islands these dark patches are supposed to be portions of a woman's figure. A certain woman was once hammering something with a mallet, when the moon arose, looking so much like a bread-fruit that the woman asked it to come down and let her child eat off a piece of it; but the moon, enraged at the insult, gobbled up woman, mallet, and child, and there, in the moon's belly, you may still behold them. According to the Hottentots, the Moon once sent the Hare to inform men that as she died away and rose again, so should men die and again come to life. But the stupid Hare forgot the purport of the message, and, coming down to the earth, proclaimed it far and wide that though the Moon was invariably resuscitated whenever she died, mankind, on the other hand, should die and go to the Devil. When the silly brute returned to the lunar country and told what he had done, the Moon was so angry that she took up an axe and aimed a blow at his head to split it. But the axe missed and only cut his lip open; and that was the origin of the "hare-lip." Maddened by the pain and the insult, the Hare flew at the Moon and almost scratched her eyes out; and to this day she bears on her face the marks of the Hare's claws.

Again, every reader of the classics knows how Selene cast Endymion into a profound slumber because he refused her love, and how at sundown she used to come and stand above him on the Latmian hill, and watch him as he lay asleep on the marble steps of a temple half hidden among drooping elm-trees, over which clambered vines heavy with dark blue grapes. This represents the rising moon looking down on the setting sun; in Labrador a similar phenomenon has suggested a somewhat different story. Among the Esquimaux the Sun is a maiden and the Moon is her brother, who is overcome by a wicked passion for her. Once, as this girl was at a dancing-party in a friend's hut, some one came up and took hold of her by the shoulders and shook her, which is (according to the legend) the Esquimaux manner of declaring one's love. She could not tell who it was in the dark, and so she dipped her hand in some soot and smeared one of his cheeks with it. When a light was struck in the hut, she saw, to her dismay, that it was her brother, and, without waiting to learn any more, she took to her heels. He started in

hot pursuit, and so they ran till they got to the end of the world, —the jumping-off place,—when they both jumped into the sky. There the Moon still chases his sister, the Sun; and every now and then he turns his sooty cheek toward the earth, when he becomes so dark that you cannot see him.

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## MUSIC.

MUSIC, thou burning gate of worship, open wide
Thy golden self; one glimpse of God's wrapt choir reveal!
I wept, dreaming that thou wert dead.
The wild swan sadly wavered with his wing of snow
And ceased to be; the heart of Rapture broke; laid low
The dumb reed shivered when pale Pan forbore to blow;
The myrtle drooped in pain; frost numbed the lover's glow;
Blue-eyed forget-me-nots all ceased to grow,
For merry wedding-bells were dead.

Music, sweet child of bitter war, thy serfs rejoice.
Thou warblest, and they fall. They bleed in lands afar.
Thy hounds caress thee, and are dead.
Thy thrilling war-song sends each eager slave
Home to the cannon's mouth. It consecrates a grave
In deserts, flings the gay plume to the laughing wave,
Welcome as wine, it showers dangers on the brave,
Who thirsts to do and dare, to slaughter and to save.
Thou pilest hecatombs of dead.

Music, soft prince of joy, see where thy white feet glide,
The Universe quick drinks thy honeyed strains. We kneel
To Beauty which is never dead.
Kneel, prouder than the crest of Alexander's pride,
Who knit the East and West, whom carnage glorified,
Than Europe's fire-brand, who at St. Helena died,
Than Triton's horn of triumph, sounding far and wide
From crag to crag above the blue Ægean tide,
And foam that veils the shipwrecked dead.

Music, thou chorister adorable, whose voice
Leaps lusciously from lark to lark, from star to star,
Lovely amidst the dying, dead.
Thou harmony of all creation's glory, say
When Phidias saw Hellenic gods in sluggish clay,
When Newton read the spheres, when Luther learnt to pray,
Whose fruitful mercy framed hymn, statute, pæan, lay,
Inspired serenades by night, crusades by day,
Till harping Orpheus roused the dead?

ROBERT BATSON.

# THE FORMS OF WATER.

*No. VI.—Architecture of Lake Ice.*

WE have thus made ourselves acquainted with the beautiful snow-flowers self-constructed by the molecules of water in calm cold air. Do the molecules show this architectural power when ordinary water is frozen? What, for example, is the structure of the ice over which we skate in winter? Quite as wonderful as the flowers of the snow. The observation is rare, if not new, but I have seen in water slowly freezing six-rayed ice-stars formed, and floating free on the surface. A six-rayed star moreover, is typical of the construction of all our lake ice. It is built up of such forms wonderfully interlaced.

Take a slab of lake ice and place it in the path of a concentrated sunbeam. Watch the track of the beam through the ice. Part of the beam is stopped, part of it goes through; the former produces internal liquefaction, the latter has no effect whatever upon the ice. But the liquefaction is not uniformly diffused. From separate spots of the ice little shining points are seen to sparkle forth. Every one of those points is surrounded by a beautiful liquid flower with six petals.

Ice and water are so optically alike that unless the light fall properly upon these flowers you cannot see them. But what is the central spot? A vacuum. Ice swims on water because, bulk for bulk it is lighter than water; so that when ice is melted it shrinks in size. Can the liquid flowers then occupy the whole space of the ice melted? Plainly no. A little empty space is formed with the flowers, and this space, or rather its surface, shines in the sun with the lustre of burnished silver.

In all cases the flowers are formed parallel to the surface of freezing. They are formed when the sun shines upon the ice of every lake; sometimes in myriads, and so small as to require a magnifying glass to see them. They are always attainable, but their beauty is often marred by internal defects of the ice. Even one portion of the same piece of ice may show them exquisitely, while a second portion shows them imperfectly.

Here we have a reversal of the process of crystallization. The searching solar beam is delicate enough to take the molecules down without deranging the order of their architecture. Try the experiment for yourself with a pocket-lens on a sunny day. You will not find the flowers confused; they all lie parallel to the surface of freezing. In this exquisite way every bit of the ice over which our skaters glide in winter is put together.

I said that a portion of the sunbeam was stopped by the ice and liquefied it. What is this portion? The dark heat of the sun. The great body of the light waves and even a portion of the

dark ones, pass through the ice without losing any of their heating power. When properly concentrated on combustible bodies, even after having passed through the ice, their burning power becomes manifest.

And the ice itself may be employed to concentrate them. With an ice-lens in the polar regions Dr. Scoresby has often concentrated the sun's rays so as to make them burn wood, fire gunpowder, and melt lead; thus proving that the heating power is retained by the rays, even after they have passed through so cold a substance.

By rendering the rays of the electric lamp parallel, and then sending them through a lens of ice, we obtain all the effects which Dr. Scoresby obtained with the rays of the sun.

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## AN IDYLL OF THE RHINE.

Her loveliness I never knew,
Until she smiled on me.—WORDSWORTH.

THE thrushes were piping merrily, and it was to them that Lischen was listening, not to the three men and a boy who were puffing lustily at their instruments of music down below. For it was a feast day, and the people of Löwenberg were at the *Weinwirthschaft*, enjoying the fine evening and the music and the beer of their native land. The little circular dancing-ground was nicely sanded, the tables and chairs were set in rows beside it, and the German fathers and uncles were seated there, with their modest bottles of pale, jasper-coloured wine, or glasses of amber beer. And as the band puffed and blew with the sober steadfastness of Germans who knew their duty, and the young people went round and round in the waltz with the same sobriety, the men nodded gravely to the music and thought, "my Tracy or my Anna is the best dancer in the village."

Meanwhile, the mothers sat in an arbour and gossiped over their knitting, and sipped coffee from thick white cups, which might have served as shuttlecocks without injury to themselves. Those who had no beer and no coffee and no partner for the dance, sat on the edge of the road above and watched the fun. Lischen was one of these. Her sweet face, with its pure oval outline and clear thoughtful eyes, was framed in by a background of vine leaves, growing on a trellis. The sunlight flickered and fell across her light brown hair, smoothly braided in a round coil behind. She had none of the fine daggers or silver-headed pins with which the other girls ornamented their tresses. Her hands, brown with the sun, but smooth and finely formed, moved rapidly over her knitting; the pins twinkled as they moved; but her eyes roved with their calm, restful, thoughtful gaze on all the life around her.

No one asked her to dance: it was not because she was an orphan, the adopted daughter of old Jacob Müller, who had but little to give or leave. The lads of Löwenberg were not so sordid as that; but it was because she was so silent, so reserved, seemingly so far removed in mind from those about her. The young fellows were half afraid of Lischen, and the girls, when they gossiped at the spring, felt that she did not care for their simple chatter; she would rather get through her work as quickly as possible, and so save an hour for her beloved books. Even the Bauer's son, who had a great education, was shy of Lisa; but then it was known that he admired the wheelwright's handsome Katinka, with whom he was now dancing. The Bauerin herself was among the group in the summer-house, and as her eyes fell on Lischen sitting all alone, she observed to her neighbour, with that conviction which a sense of property is apt to give to all one's opinions: "Lischen is alone as usual. I am sorry for the girl; she must alter before she will get a lover. Men like a girl who can chat a little and laugh at their jokes, not seem to be dreaming of some one in the stars while they are speaking."

Meanwhile, the children of Frau Knatage, the wirthin, having to amuse themselves while their mother was running hither and thither among her guests, were dragging the baby to and fro in a little cart. Baby's round face, oddly placed in its little rims of cap, peeped over the top of the cart: the wheels made a frightful noise, *scroop, scroop, scroop.* All of a sudden, there was an outcry: Röschen, a little toddling woman of two, trotting steadily beside this majestic equipage, had been overthrown by its great speed, and lay prone and squealing upon the highroad. It was Lischen who ran to pick the child up, soothed her, and rocked her to sleep upon her knee. The little head lay pillowed on Lischen's bosom. The cart went scrooping up and down as before.

The dancing went on. Between the dances, two or three singers would stand up and take parts in a *Volkslied*, and all the rest, listening calmly, would afterwards hammer a little encouragement with their pots of beer; then a fresh waltz would begin. The sun began to sink; the shadows on the hill grew violet; the waters of the Rhine, seen between two slopes, began to wear a tender glow. Frau Knatage came and thanked Lischen for her care of the child, and the girl smiled with a strange smile which was quite her own, and gently smoothed the little head. The village shepherd came down the hill, walking slowly, because one of his sheep was lame. They followed him obediently, quickening their pace when he uttered his sharp "Brrr!" and turning off by twos or threes as they came to their own lanes or their own homesteads. The young people began to separate, but Lisa did not like to move, on account of Röschen, who still slept. The shepherd's note came with the soft distinctness of distant noises in the evening, and the grasshoppers close at hand seemed to mimic him with their smaller "Brrr! Brrr!"

A stranger had come up unobserved by Lisa, and seating himself at the board, had been served with the usual glass tub of small beer. He was an Englishman, with a pleasing face and observant eyes, which soon fell upon Lisa. He took out his sketch-book, and rapidly transferred to it the oval contour of her face; her far-seeing, untroubled gaze; the child nestling on her shoulder: the vine foliage behind. "I would give a silver groschen for that girl's thoughts," he said to himself. She was, in fact, thinking:

"What a quietness there is in the air; all round about this noise. The quietness seems to belong to me. It is very beautiful, yet I think I should like to have danced."

"Fraulein, will you have a waltz with me?"

The stranger, whom she knew at once for a foreigner and a gentleman, in his rough tourist's dress, stood smilingly before her. She started and blushed, and her eyes came suddenly back from her thoughts. She stood up with a little courtesy which had a simple dignity in it.

"No, thank you, Mein Herr."

"Do you not like to dance?"

"Yes, I think so; very much; but it would not be *passend* for me, a poor girl."

He received her little lesson in manners with submission, thinking, as he watched her speak, "It is the purest, truest woman's face I ever saw."

"Then, will you at least kindly point me out the way to the Löwenberg, Fraulein?" asked the stranger.

"Willingly," answered the girl; and she was glad to repair her rejection of the dance. "I will come and show you the way."

He thanked her, and she went on, carrying the child. The Bauerin had watched the little drama, and now nodded to her neighbor. "If it had been Katinka! But Lischen has no beauty."

Young Harry Thorpe did not think so, as he watched the healthy, well-poised form pacing steadily before him, a little bent back by the burden.

"The child is heavy for you," he said.

Lischen looked down on it lovingly.

"She sleeps so sweetly, I could not disturb her."

"Is she your sister?"

"No: I have no sister. I live here," she suddenly added, pointing to a small half-timbered cottage on a little rise.

"Are both your parents living?" He liked to see her clear, clean-cut lips parting over the even teeth, as she gave her simple answers.

"No," she said. I only remember my parents a little; my father was very weak and very poor, and when he died, old Father Müller took me. He was very good, and sent me to school. I kept his house while he travelled: for he is a pedlar, sir. What,

Röschen?" are the little eyes opening? Ah! it is only a peep. Good-night again. We turn up this way, sir, by the poplars."

"You say Father Müller *was* kind to you. Is he not kind now?"

"He is kind and gentle, always: dear little father! but when he came home last autumn, he brought with him a wife, and she is not as kind as Father Müller." Lischen shook her head.

"And so she keeps his house now. And what do you do?"

"I do what I can. No one wants me much now. Round this corner of the rock we shall see Löwenberg. There it is!"

"Magnificent!" cried Harry Thorpe, the first word he had spoken in the English language. Before him, on a rocky eminence, stood the old castle, hidden away in its mountain nook. Its old towers frowned defiance still, though there were now no foes to defy, and those ancient eyes, its windows, were blind and dark. Ivy and other growth clung about it, and caught a golden light from the evening sun. Red stone-crop glowed upon the gray stones of the hill-side. A few poplars shivered at the base; a streamlet ran bubbling down. Lischen smilingly pulled a large dock-leaf, and twisting it into a cup, dipped it into the water.

"Drink quickly," she said. "It is fresh and cool."

He put his lips to it as she held it; as he drank, the water flowed down over his breast. They laughed.

"I must climb up to the castle," he said. "Good-bye, Fraulein; a thousand thanks."

"*Ade*," she answered, her calm eyes dwelling on him. He felt as it were a spell that held him near this quiet girl, whom "no one wanted much," and as if he were breaking that spell when he sprang up the rocky steps. Half way up the ascent, he stopped to look back. The child had awakened and was gathering flowers; Lischen stood looking upwards at the traveller, her right hand shading her eyes from the evening sun. When she saw him looking at her, she raised her left hand and pointed to an easier path. "She is like Ellesmere's Gretchen," he thought. As he watched her, she turned to the child to receive its little treasure.

When he had watched the red ball sink in its glory behind a purple hill, from the very top of that aged tower, Harry Thorpe turned to descend. Lischen's form, now in the broad shadow of a slope, was still there. A boyish lightness filled his heart. He ran; he sprang from rock to rock. Suddenly, a stone on which he alighted gave way: it tottered, fell, and he with it. Lischen sprang up. "Oh! take care," she cried. She came rapidly towards him. He laughed and said, "It is nothing," trying to rise: but a spasm of pain shot through him, and his right foot sank under him useless.

"Is it broken?" asked Lisa anxiously, gravely, and with no embarrassment, passing her fine, strong hand over the ankle-bone.

"Only a sprain," he answered: but he felt sick and faint, and could say no more.

"Lie still," said the girl, quietly. "You will be better soon. I will fetch you water." She went to make another cup, fastening it together better with thorns. While she was gone, the child came clambering up, and held out to him for comfort one of those garlands of beech-leaves which the country folk make; it was a treasure to him: Lisa had made it.

Presently, he was well enough to finish his descent, with Lischen's arm to help him. Englishmen have not the happy self-satisfaction which enables them to look sentimental in such light afflictions; they generally feel that they are looking foolish, and so felt Harry Thorpe. He was by no means happy to be hopping along the road, though leaning on the arm of the most beautiful girl, to his mind, that he had ever seen. It was a "horrid bore" and "a nuisance." He could not get back to his hotel, and the Weinwirthschaft had looked by no means inviting or even cleanly. He had formed no plan, when they reached old Müller's hut, Lischen's home.

"Come in, sir," she said. "Father Müller has oils and cordials that will do you good."

A sudden inspiration flashed across him.

"Do you think I may stay here?" he asked.

"Here? In our poor little hut?"

"You see I cannot walk," he rejoined, with a depth of cunning. She pondered gravely.

"No, you cannot walk: and Frau Knatage is not too clean. Perhaps—we must ask the mother. The beds have just been washed and are new filled with straw."

The cottage-door opened, and Father Müller came out with a look of mild surprise, enhanced in effect by the erectness of his few grey hairs, and the horn spectacles pushed up upon his forehead. Lischen explained and so did Harry, in his best German, and in the same he proffered his request. The old man shook his head. He could say nothing till the Hausfrau should come home; but the stranger was welcome to rest. The kitchen was clean as German country kitchens ever are, with their little black pots and pans in which such good savoury things are cooked, and Lischen moved about in her household work.

"Will the child never go home?" thought Harry, watching Röschen still on the doorstep; but the little cart came scroop-scrooping up the hill, and baby was packed in by Lischen, and drawn home triumphantly by her brothers. Then came Frau Müller, a stout, sour-faced woman; but she too remembered the beds were fresh-washed, and she was keen for the money which would ensue; and thus at last, Harry Thorpe took up his abode for three weeks in the Müllers' cottage.

It was a happy and a good time to him and happier still to Lisa.

Like her, he was alone in the world, and he was rich, and his time was his own. No irksome duties called his thoughts away from that still valley and simple household, where his mind, half-spoiled and shrunken by contact with the world, and by that sickening adulation which is paid to the rich and young, expanded and shot upwards like a healthy tree in the pure atmosphere of Lisa's presence. All in her was so simple and pure; she was like fresh, clear water. And her mind grew and opened like a flower under his teaching; all the poetry inherent in her German nature gained new life under the touch of culture which he gave it. When her work was done and she could take her knitting, he would pay her with a poem, or a story of other lands, for a song in her sweet, rich, thrilling voice. A new colour and life came into the girl's face; a new grace and vivacity into her movements. It was so fresh, so delicious to find that anyone cared for her; that her singing, which had only been used hitherto to lull a child to sleep, could give pleasure to some one. And perhaps there was a deeper feeling still.

But quietly and unconsciously this inner life went on; though the young man had sometimes asked himself how it should end, no definite answer had come, and he had not sought long for one.

But there came a day, when he was seated, with his book, beside the spring. It gushed out of the living rock into a stone trough fringed with ferns. The bank behind was gemmed with delicate flower-bells, blue, and purple, and pink, and white; and drooping trees overhung the nook. Lischen came up with her pitcher, as she had often come before. He looked up, expecting to meet her calm, bright smile,—perhaps of late a little less calm, a little more bright. But now, there was only a faint trembling feeling for a smile on her lips, and her eyes were red. She did not speak, and as she lifted the pitcher to the spring and Harry Thorpe sprang up to help her, he saw that one of those firm, rounded arms was waled with red streaks. He set down the jug, and took her hand tenderly.

"What is this, my Lischen?" he said.

The lips quivered like a child's and two great tears rolled down.

"The mother! I broke the best dish; it was wrong of me, but I could not help it, and she beat me."

"Beat you, Lischen!"

"Yes," she answered, shaking her head and looking down on the injured arm. "But it was very provoking of me to break the dish."

The young man's heart swelled with horror and hatred at the thought that this sweet maiden, his queen, should be so ignominiously treated. Resting on the broad stone trough, yet half kneeling before her, he looked up into her face, clasping both her hands.

"Oh! my child, come to me!" he said, "and I will make you so happy, so happy."

The soul within her eyes seemed to start back from him.

"Come to you!" she repeated wonderingly, with a half smile upon her lips.

"Come to me, yes; for ever, Lischen, and be my wife."

Suddenly she snatched her hands away and covered her face with them, turning aside from him. He rose slowly, and strove to comfort her; but he was timid, as a man must be when he loves his first love truly, and tries to win her. There seemed to be some great struggle in her heart, for she was trembling violently. At last, she turned; he was wonderstruck by the deep bliss in her look; but though there was a thrill in her voice as sometimes in her singing, she did not lose her quiet dignity of address.

"You are very good to me," she said, in the idiom of her country; "and I am too good to you to let you marry a poor girl when you might have some grand lady who could make you happy."

"Oh! Lischen, do you not know, then, that for every man there is but one woman in the world who can make him happy, and you are that one to me. I want *you*, nothing else."

The poor jug stood, running over, and no one heeded it; a nightingale sang, though it was day, and little blossoms from the trees fell at the feet of the lovers, but Mother Müller had to wait and cool her anger as she might, for no Lischen came back with the water for an hour's time. And when she came, it was as if the pale and green bud, close shut and unheeded, had suddenly opened in the morning sunshine into the grand white lily, like a glory of purity and perfection.

In the Schweigerthal there is a little graveyard, and therein stands a cross of marble, with this inscription:

To
LISCHEN
For three years the joy of a
most loving husband.

Well, a flower had opened and bloomed and faded: but he whose hand had held it, whose gaze had rested on it so lovingly, knew that it was blooming still in Paradise. In winter the snow of heaven covers the grave; in spring the snow of the hawthorns: but the eternal Sun still shines above, and human grief and hope look on towards the day when, as flowers from the soil, the loved and lost shall rise in new glory from their quiet sleeping-places.

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☞ *The second part of Rev. W. Begg's admirable discussion of Beauty was mislaid till too late for insertion in our present number. It will appear in our next issue.*

## CURRENT EVENTS.

THE events which have occurred in the Parliament at Ottawa, have fully justified our views as to the merits of the parties immediately connected with the great Pacific Railway scandal and exceeded our expectations. When we last wrote on this subject we feared that the spirit of party would carry the day against right and conscience; that the honour of our young nation was about to be tarnished so as that no future effort could brighten it; that political morality among us would henceforward be a bye-word; and that, radically corrupt, we could only look forward to a fuller development of still more nefarious transactions, conducted without disguise, and to which would be attached no disgrace. We have been agreeably disappointed. It was confidently predicted by the favourers of the Government that they would have a considerable majority, but as the debate proceeded, conviction that the action of the Premier was utterly indefensible deepened; and defection from the ranks of his supporters followed, and dismay sat on their countenances; and, we may confidently affirm, that at the last there was not a single member of the House wished to record his vote in favour of Sir John A. McDonald's transactions with Sir Hugh Allen. The Government did wisely, we may say, well, in resigning before a vote. We think with dismay of its supporters at the conclusion of the debate going into division on one side, while their sense of right drew them to the other, and we are heartily glad that the exigency of the situation did not compel this last, greatest, of all sacrifices—the wholesale immolation of conscience on the altar of political expediency.

From what we had, as we thought, learned accurately, of the position of the representatives from P. E. I., we discredited them in thinking that they would vote with the Government. Indeed we should have known some of these gentlemen better than to suppose that any material advantage to their country would prevent them from doing what was right. They acted, we will not say, nobly, but at least conscientiously, and that is much in these days of dereliction of duty, and tendency to weigh all things in the scale of expediency. We have to thank them because, probably, had they been less true, a condonation of the offence charged and proved might have been made: and the men who have dragged our Dominion through the mire might now be rejoicing in the successful issue of their corrupt bargaining, and demoralization of the Politics of the country.

We have read most of the speeches delivered on this "Scandal." We do not care to say what we think of some of those delivered in defence of the corrupt transactions. They were quite as good as could be expected under the circumstances. If you ask a man to justify what in his heart he condemns, you need not expect much.

A speech, to be a good speech, must have a soul—and that is denied to one delivered in opposition to truth and right. It is a mere corporate body of galvanized words—hideous and horrible. Such were most of the speeches in defence of Sir John, including his own; for Sir John did not and could not believe in his own innocence—nay, he knew more of the guilt and corruption in question than any other in the House. A story is told, I know not with what truth, of Mirabeau, who, when a young man, committed a highway robbery, almost expecting to be taken in the act, but desiring to experience the sensation of being utterly opposed to society, that he might thus school himself to the task which he foresaw was about to be imposed upon him in the terrible times of the revolution. A man would need to come through some such previous education whose fate it is to stand in defence of a great political crime fully revealed, and universally condemned by all save a few partizans. We do not wonder at the fact that Sir John's speech was not up to the mark of a great speech. On the other side there were several good, yet but one great, speech,—that of Mr. Blake,—fully rising to the grandeur of the occasion. There are many minor blemishes, probably owing to the inaccuracies of the reporters or the printers, but taken as a whole, it is a most masterly criticism of the whole case, leaving nothing to be added or desired. D'Arcy Magee, had he been living, and had he had the good fortune to be in the opposition, might have made a speech which, in classic diction and ornature, would have been more beautiful, but we question whether he could have made, in his best days, one so telling. After Blake's speech the Government must have felt their case hopeless.

We must retract an erroneous estimate which we made in our last issue, as to the power of party to resist truth and light. We expected no converts to be made in the Parliament by the persuasion of speeches. We were wrong, even there converts were made during the debate. In minor things, men may be relied on to stick to their party, but when a great principle is involved, some will be found who will prefer the right, let what may become of party. We should never despair of a great cause. Shakespeare was right—

> Thrice is he armed, who hath his quarrel just,
> And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
> Where conscience with injustice is corrupted.

The appointments which the Government made at the last hour of their existence are hardly defensible, save by an appeal to common usage and wont. We do not recollect the particulars, but we certainly remember outcries raised on many occasions against similar appointments made by Governments, both in England and in Canadian provinces. It is natural, though not consonant with a high toned public morality, to provide for those who have supported a government, by appointment to such places as

may be in its gift, at the period of its demise. There is more to be said in condemnation of the acts of those who held appointments to offices, and yet continued to occupy places in the Parliament at the same time. Mr. Blake's thrust must have gone home, "We have men sitting here and voting here with the promise of office and preferment in their pockets; we have men who vote here to-day, who may, for all we know, be Governors to-morrow, or who may be officers in various departments to-morrow." We all know now the truth of these words.

The new Ministry go into office under quite favourable conditions. The old party must be utterly demoralized. Some of their best men are shelved in excellent and lucrative offices. Some, who adhered to them, have already signified their intention to stand neutral, or to join at an early day the party who worship the rising sun. The Mackenzie Government have a great moral power on their side—the feeling that they have stood up against corruption, and public wrong. Till they falsify their words by their deeds their position will be impregnable. Let them give us a good Election Law; one which will make bribery in all its forms discoverable and deeply punishable: a law which will brand with disgrace, and drive from the floors of Parliament every man known to owe his election to those malign influences, which Sir Hugh Allen knows so well how to wield, and the late Premier to take advantage of. With the accumulation of money, let the influence of money be more restricted and neutralized. Let Capital be permitted to struggle with labour, but let us at least preserve law from its clutches, that things equal and just may be measured out to all men. Before the next session of Parliament closes, let us have such a law, and if it be impossible to get such a law from the present house, which we do not believe, let an appeal be made to the country while yet the knell of the downfall of a corrupt Government is ringing in its ears, and while the sores of bribery and corruption are yet exposed to view, and we have no doubt that a Parliament will be returned on this issue which will pass such an election law as will render the briber's ways so thorny and difficult, that but few will have any desire to be found walking in them.

As to the public policy which should be pursued, we need only say, we hope it will be liberal and go to the gradual development of the resources of the nation as fast as is consonant with our ability to bear the financial strain.

Should the Government either follow in the corrupt ways of their predecessors, or resile from their enlightened policy, they may expect soon to be required to lay down their trust. We could give them a watchword which, if they take it, we trust they will not belie—"Purity and Progress."

One of the most conclusive proofs we could have of the justice of the motion of want of confidence which brought about the resignation of Sir J. A. McDonald's Government is seen in the

fact that in no constituency, as far as heard from, could a hopeful opposition be raised to the return of any of the new Ministry. The public conscience so decidedly condemns the transactions in connexion with the Pacific Railway, that hardly any respectable candidate could be induced to run in a cause which, however remotely, appears based on a justification of Sir John's corrupt proceeding. The name of Liberal can galvanize, but cannot give life to any party whose object is to overthrow those who have brought about the condemnation of such criminal proceedings as those proved against the late Premier. In process of time, no doubt, failings and short comings may accumulate against the party which has assumed the reins of power, and then the liberal camp may hope to regain what they have lost, but at present, and till the new Government has been tried and found wanting, no respectable opposition can be mustered. Corrupt as is a large portion of the electors, debauched as they have become through the influences which have been brought to bear upon them, we are glad to see that the great body of the constituencies is still true to their conscience. In this is our hope. We may feel confident that however much inclined the party now in power may be to pursue the ways of corruption, they will for years to come be deterred from such a course, by the terrible retribution which has fallen on Sir John A. McDonald and his party. We hope that never again in the history of the Dominion will such a lesson be needed. Politicians of every colour will be led to assume a virtue if they have it not; to be honest through policy; and to know that there is no secrecy which may not be pierced, no finesse which can certainly conceal, when they would enter on a dishonest traffic with unprincipled speculators, or a corruptive commerce with the debased consciences of their constituents.

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SPAIN has got into further trouble, with civil war at home and rebellion in her chief dependency. She has become embroiled with America and that by a cruel, if not an illegal act of those who represent her in Cuba. One of her vessels of war took in the act of carrying arms and comfort to those in rebellion, another vessel the *Virginius* sailing under the American flag. Whether this flag really covered an American vessel, or whether the capture was made on the high seas or in British waters, are points which can be known only after investigation. If the vessel were a pirate; and if she were taken on the high seas, she was a lawful captive and subject to condemnation, and the lives of her crew legally forfeited. But even in that case the proceedings were surely both hasty and cruel in consigning to death the whole of the men employed. Still, the legality of the capture granted, we can see no reason for the interference of the United States in the matter. If it should appear, however, that the capture was illegal, Spain must make ample reparation or suffer the retribution of a war

with a power which would, in a short time, drive her fleets and commerce from the sea, and without doubt take the Queen of the Antilles from her possession. We can hardly think that the Spaniards would be so insane as to execute the crew of the *Virginius* if there was any doubt regarding the legality of the capture. If it should turn out that the capture was made according to the laws of war, the proceedings of the United States will end in bluster. When the *Caroline* was sent over the falls of Niagara, and when Walker was executed, there was quite as much excitement and talk of war, but all ended in peace. So may it be now!

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THE failure of Jay Cooke, and the collapse of the Pacific Railway have wide and vast pervading results; or rather the system of which Cooke's financing is but a specimen, bearing its fruit of disaster in great abundance. The financial schemes of many speculators would appear to be thoroughly rotten; and their supposed capital to be but fairie's money. As one great establishment after another goes down, panic spreads, and the area of distress grows wider. Money cannot be had with which to purchase exchange for payment of goods, which in many instances have been sent back to their former owners, the consequence is that gold is needed wherewith to pay for the corn, cotton, tobacco, etc., imported into Europe. One, at the first blush, might suppose that as gold is flowing into America, her finances were in excellent condition. But this influx of gold only shows that the former importers of dry goods and other commodities have no means of paying for them, while it is true that the exporters of various classes of goods are receiving directly the money which would in a healthier state of things come to them through another channel. Of course this abstinence from purchase, and curtailment of expenditure will bring things round to there normal condition. The balance of trade will be against England and other European countries, and may entail disaster there. Goods produced for the American market will lie on hand, and the manufacturers will suffer. It is difficult to say where all this will end. The prophecies of a speedy return of trade to former channels may not be soon realized.

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THE English expedition has arrived at Sierra Leone some time ago, and have had some experience in fighting with the Ashantees. According to accounts these are a very warlike people, capable of sending into the field one or two hundred thousand fighting men. It is reported that Sir Garnet Woolseley will be opposed by an army of at least sixty thousand. With breech-loaders in an open battlefield, a few hundreds of English soldiers might be sufficient to conquer this, or any greater number, with such rude arms as are possessed by the Ashantees. The scene of battle will, however, be some thick jungle, where the best of arms will be of little avail.

Much caution would require to be exercised by the English commander. England appears, however, to have great confidence in Sir Garnet, and expects victory to crown the plans which he may adopt. But little reliance can be placed in the Fantees—the allies of Britain on this occasion. Their mode of warfare is to shout fiercely, fire their muskets in the air, and run away as fast as their legs will carry them. It is thought that the conquest of the Ashantees will be far more difficult than that of the Abyssinians. Negotiations for peace are talked of; but to prepare the way a display of force will be first needed. But what if that should only render the enemy more determined on resistance? This savage war may be more difficult to finish than was at first thought—perhaps the conquest of the whole country may be the result.

THE following view of the situation is given in correspondence to the *News of the World*:—

THE KING OF COOMASSIE'S WEALTH AND TREASURE.

From all that can be heard, his wealth and possessions have not been exaggerated. The natives give out that King Koffee is fabulously rich. Traders say, who have seen what they describe, that at every Yam custom one hundred basins full of nuggets of gold are set before the King as presents. All lumps of gold above a certain size are, by virtue of the Constitution, Royal property, and not to be appropriated under dreadful penalties.

MAKING THE ROAD TO COOMASSIE.

Twenty miles of the road to the capital have been made under the auspices of the Armed Police. This piece is merely an enlargement of the bush-path which used to exist. Our black friends have widened the single-file way into a good broad lane by the labour of three hundred hands, and the new road is a good specimen of what we require. But at this rate it would take, under the most favourable circumstances, about ten weeks to make Coomassie attainable, supposing our dingy foe will be good enough to allow our work to proceed under his nose, or perhaps to lend us a helping hand in carrying it forward. But these twenty miles have been cut chiefly as an experiment, to prove the feasibility of getting through the bush. Large trees have been felled and cleared away; gullies filled in, drains made, stubs rooted up, rocks blasted, and undergrowth lopped. In most places the labour is not so heavy as has been imagined; the bush is largely composed of tall, soft-stalked grasses and tough shining shrubs like laurestinus. Now and then only a moderately large boll of hard wood has to be removed, with more frequently a huge but soft-hearted silk-cotton tree. All is disposed of quite easily by native workmen, and the soil beneath is rich, loamy, manageable stuff, easily turned about with the spade; while the rocks encountered

are overcome by fire and the strokes of the stonebreaker's hammer. There are no hills and no serious enemies to stay our march, except the hideous Fever, which stalks along our new path and sneers at the white man's energy. The African labourer is the most expensive in the universe. He demands ninepence from us in a land where twopence will keep him in ridiculous plenty, and he does about as much as a very stupid English lad of eight years might in Berkshire. Besides the ninepence he must have "dash" for every inch of extra work, and overseers must be everywhere to note that each stroke he gives is in the right, and not in the wrong, place. It is next to impossible to find a good black overseer; the nature of your Coast African is to be driven, not to drive.

SIR GARNET WOOLSELEY'S RECEPTION OF NATIVE CHIEFS.

Sir Garnet Woolseley on the 4th met all the chiefs in a grand conclave. The following was the text of his speech:—"I am very glad to meet so many kings and chiefs who are loyal allies of the English nation. Her Majesty the Queen, having been informed of the injuries that have been inflicted upon her allies in this part of the world by the Ashantees, who, without any just cause, have invaded your country, and having learnt that you were unable to repulse your enemies without assistance, has sent me to unite in one person the chief military and civil administration, so that as a general officer I may be able to help you. It is necessary that I should learn from you what you can, and what you are prepared to do. If you place all your available resources at my disposal, and are loyally determined to fight your hereditary enemies now, I will guarantee to you that I, with God's assistance, shall drive them out of your territory, and that I will inflict such a terrible punishment upon them that for all time to come you can have nothing to dread from them. My intention is to chase them out of your country, and, if necessary, to pursue them into Ashantee territory. It is for you, therefore, to consider to-day among yourselves so as to give me information without delay of what you are prepared to do. Her Majesty cannot help those who will not help themselves. This war is not Her Majesty's war, but is your war. The forts that are occupied along the coasts by Her Majesty's troops are so strong that we can laugh at all attempts that may be made by any one to capture them. Her Majesty might, therefore, if she consulted her own interests, without any regard to the interests of the kings and chiefs of the surrounding peoples, who are allied to her, content herself by keeping her troops within the forts. But she feels that to do so would result in your destruction, and she is, therefore, most anxious to assist you, with advice, with able and selected officers, with ammunition, and with supplies of food, to enable you to punish those who have ravaged your country. I want to know from you how many fighting men you can furnish,

and the date that you will have them at Dunquah. You must yourselves accompany your men, and remain with them whilst the operations last. I propose to give to each of you kings a subsidy of £10 per month for every one thousand fighting men you furnish, to supply you with ammunition, and when the supplies of food, shortly expected here from England, arrive, I propose to issue daily at Cape Coast Castle provisions upon the following scale for all the fighting men you supply—viz., a pint of rice and a ¼lb. of salt meat for each fighting man. Until those provisions arrive I propose to issue to you in lieu thereof 4½d. a day for each fighting man; and, in order to impress upon you the earnestness of Her Majesty's desires to help you, I propose to issue to each fighting man, through the chiefs recognised by the kings, a daily pay of 3d. a day whilst their services are made use of in the field. Although I am prepared to act in Her Majesty's name most liberally to you, I shall also be prepared to enforce in the most stringent manner the terms of our agreement, punishing severely all those who may be guilty of disobedience or of unmanly conduct. When once you take the field I cannot listen to any excuses about your being unable to enforce your orders upon your own people; you must exert your authority, and I will support you in doing so. Her Majesty has been grieved to learn that you still continue to follow the barbarous practices of your enemies, and are still in the habit of killing your prisoners and mutilating your dead enemies. Brave men in civilized nations never do so, and I have to urge upon you the necessity for putting a stop to these practices."

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## TO OUR READERS.

THIS number concludes the second volume and the first year of the MARITIME MONTHLY. While we have not received all the support on which we had calculated, we are yet encouraged to continue the Magazine for another year, hoping that, during that time, we shall be able to place it on a permanent basis. Thankful for the many kindly and favourable notices received from the newspaper press, we may say that many of the dailies and weeklies have done less to bring it before their readers than we might have calculated upon. In an effort to furnish a native literature, we had reckoned on the hearty support of every newspaper to which we have sent exchanges. We would appeal to them to give aid in establishing a Monthly which, with all its drawbacks, has, we venture to hope, been worthy of the name which it has assumed. We trust to make the MARITIME MONTHLY more interesting and worthy of patronage than it has yet been.

THE EDITOR.

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